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My missionary apprenticeshi

To the
Rev. Dr. R. A. Olin
with the sincere regards of
Charles W. McCormick

Aug. 18. 1892.

DEC 1 1916

MY

MISSIONARY APPRENTICESHIP.

BY

REV. J. M. THOBURN, D.D.

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PREFACE.

THE writer of the following sketches began his work as a missionary in 1859, and consequently is now finishing a term of twenty-five years' service. He does not yet, however, regard himself as a veteran by any means, nor does he for a moment suppose that there is any thing in the record of these years which of itself would deserve more than a passing notice. The incidents related are neither striking nor startling in character, and are only spread before the public because it is hoped that they may serve as illustrations of missionary work and missionary life. While many books have been written on missions and missionary work, it has long been felt by many interested in this cause, that it is difficult to get a clear inside view of missionary life. God's call to the youthful messenger, the guiding hand that leads him forth, the new life in a strange land, the lessons which have to be learned, and the work which has to be done; the manner of working, the adaptations made to the peculiar character of the people, the laying of foundations, and the erection of spiritual temples;—all these things are but imperfectly understood by the mass of those who are interested in missionary work, and all information bearing upon these points is pretty sure to be received, not only willingly, but eagerly. It is in the hope of meeting this felt want, and at the same time bringing our missionary work nearer to our friends at home, especially the young men and women of the Church, that these sketches have been written.

In a field so wide and so varied as that which India presents, and in a work which, in many of its phases, has hardly yet

passed its experimental stage, a long apprenticeship must often be served before the missionary is prepared for the real work of his life-time. An apprenticeship of twenty-five years in such a work is none too long, and happy is the missionary who can thoroughly master the chief lessons which he needs to learn in that brief period. The following sketches are but the simple recital of some of the lessons learned during such an apprenticeship, and hence contain a mingled record of both success and failure.

The only apology which need be offered for the free introduction of the personal element in these sketches is, that the end proposed could be attained in no other way than by opening the front door of the missionary's house, and the front door of his heart as well, and letting a kind and sympathetic public step in and look around at leisure. The process may involve what some will, no doubt, regard as a frequent sacrifice of good taste, but this is inseparable from such a task as that which has been taken in hand.

It may not be amiss to explain, for the benefit of Indian friends, that these sketches have been written for American readers, and hence many things have been inserted which, to an Indian reader, may seem trivial or unnecessary. The sketches have been arranged in chronological order, but without any thought of writing a continuous history of these twenty-five years. Many important events have been passed over without mention, and the faithful labors of missionary associates only mentioned incidentally. The book is a collection of simple sketches, but is in no sense a history.

The Rev. B. H. Badley has kindly revised the final proofs, and in doing so has placed both the author and the publishers under obligations which they gratefully acknowledge.

J. M. THOBURN.

CALCUTTA, *June* 5, 1884.

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MY MISSIONARY APPRENTICESHIP

CHAPTER I.

THE CALL.

WHEN I was in my eighteenth year a little book, entitled "Early Piety," fell into my hands, and was read with some interest. It consisted of two sermons by Dr. Olin, both addressed to young men, and both containing pointed appeals to the conscience and reason of those addressed. I was teaching a country school at this time, and one day during the children's play-hour had walked out into the warm autumn sunshine, and was leisurely reading one of these sermons, when I came upon the following passage:

> The middle-aged pastor will generally be found unfit for the new duties and ideas of missionary life. The young man, on the other hand, has nothing to unlearn. He is pliable and plastic, ready to be molded into any form of physical and mental activity which the exigencies of the times may demand. . . . Several of our great benevolent enterprises, which are rapidly extending their influence to the remotest nations of the earth, were projected by young men while they were still under-graduates; and Mills and Judson and Newell passed immediately from the schools into the distant lands where they laid the foundations of Christian empires.

Up to this hour I had never thought of being a missionary, or felt any interest in missionary work, but as I read the above words there flashed upon my mind and heart a clear impression that my life-work would be in the missionary field. It did not occur to me that I was needed there, or that I could do a good or great work there, or that I should like such a life, but simply there came to me an indefinable and yet clear conviction that this was God's choice concerning me, and that soon or later he would lead me forth into the work for which he had chosen me. There was nothing pleasing in the thought of such a life, and I would have dismissed the whole matter from my mind in a moment had I been able to do so. But the conviction did not come at my bidding, and was not to be shaken off as a passing fancy.

At this time I was not enjoying the witness of the Spirit, and had not been converted, in the proper sense of that word. I was a communicant in the Church, and in a sense a servant of God, but had not received the adoption of sonship, and knew nothing whatever by personal experience of the meaning of spiritual communion, or the Spirit's guidance. Eighteen months later I found Christ, and began to live the life of Christian discipleship. The call, however, had followed me, and when I began to understand what it was to talk with God, and walk in the fellowship of his Son Jesus, the only change I noticed in reference to this conviction was that it seemed to become

more deeply rooted and to come more distinctly and frequently before my mind. And yet I was not at any time sure that I was interpreting the conviction aright. I thought—perhaps I ought to say hoped—that it would turn out in the end to be nothing more than a test of obedience put before me, and that I should never have to leave either friends or country.

Two years after my conversion I began to preach. By a very slow and cautious process of prayer, reflection, and observation of special indications of Providence, I had reached a settled conviction that I should become a messenger of Jesus Christ to men. While pondering this wider question the more specific duty of going into the mission field was constantly thrusting itself upon me. At times it assumed the form of a powerful conviction which demanded immediate attention and obedience; but a feeling of honest cautiousness rather than of disobedience kept me from accepting the call and letting the matter be settled once for all. When I began to preach I soon began to feel the need of a clear and definite call to that work. I had conscientiously come to the conclusion that God would have me preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ; but when I seemed to preach in vain, when people listened and yet did not seem to hear, and when no tangible result appeared in any quarter, I began to feel that life under such conditions would be insupportable. One afternoon, during a series of

meetings in Marlborough, Ohio, I went out into the woods near the village, and, kneeling alone among the branches of a fallen maple tree, I talked the matter all over with my Saviour, and there alone with him I received my clear and distinct commission to go and preach his Gospel to dying men. I heard no words, but the commission could not have been more specific and clear had the visible Son of God said to me, "Go preach my Gospel." From that hour I could preach with or without visible results. A foundation of adamant had glided under my feet, and I knew for whom I was to speak, and what the message was with which I had been intrusted.

A busy year passed without any change occurring in my inner feelings, or in the outward indications of God's will in reference to my call to missionary work. In a general way I still looked forward to the possibility of becoming a missionary, but I had received no definite call in such a way as to make the matter a question of personal duty. I saw no special pathway marked out in which I was to walk. I had often thought of going to foreign lands, particularly to South America, and had even thought of Africa as my future home, but had never once thought it probable that I might be sent to India. So far from this, I had a singular aversion to India, felt no interest in any thing connected with the country, and seemed to shrink from the very thought of missionary work in that land. The summer of my second year in the

work of preaching was drawing to a close. I had met with abundant outward tokens of God's approval, and was exceedingly happy in my work and the prospects before me, when like a shadow from an invisible cloud there began to flit across my heart a misgiving that my work in Ohio was nearly over, that my call to missionary work was soon to be brought to a definite issue, and that the field of my future labor was to be India. How this definite and disquieting conviction began I cannot tell. I never could recall its origin, or tell how it had taken possession of my mind. I only knew that the issue was at last being forced upon me, and must soon be decided definitely for all time to come. One day I came in from the post-office and sat down alone to read "The Christian Advocate and Journal," at that time edited by Dr. Abel Stevens. The leading editorial was an appeal to the young men of the Church, and it closed with a statement that six young men were urgently needed for India, and asked where they were to be found. I was powerfully moved by the appeal, not so much by any thing it contained as by a strong impression that I ought to be one of the six young men to go forth in the response to the call. I dropped the paper and fell upon my knees, and promised God that I would accept the call if only he would make it clear that he sent me. I asked for some token, for some definite indication that I was called from above, not only in a general way to become a missionary, but to

that special field, and at that special time. I had not long to wait for an answer.

Strangely enough, I had not, up to this time, sought counsel from any Christian friend. I had barely mentioned the fact, on two or three occasions in the course of two or three years, that I had more or less of a conviction that I should become a missionary, but for reasons which I did not then understand I felt averse to speaking to intimate friends on the subject. This inclination to reticence became stronger as my convictions became deeper, probably for the reason that there is a certain sacredness about the very deepest feelings of the heart which makes us at times shrink from all outward observation. Much that the Spirit reveals to us we feel at once like telling to the world, but there are times when the closet-door is shut, when the soul gains an audience on the mount, and when the whispers from the overshadowing cloud seem to conclude with a command to tell the vision to no man till God's time for doing so shall have fully come. I had thus far felt more and more like keeping silence about the matter, but now a point was reached where I felt that I must speak; I might be mistaking my own convictions. I had promised to obey the voice of the Church, and if God spoke to me directly he would also speak to me through the Church. If he were to bid me go, and at the same time bid the Church to send me, the latter call would be a strong confirmation of the former. My presid-

ing elder was the immediate channel of authority through which I received the commands of the Church, and hence I resolved to seek his advice. If he thought favorably of the matter I would take further steps, but if he disapproved of it I would pause and wait for more light; or, possibly, dismiss the subject from my mind altogether.

I was at this time junior preacher on the Marlborough Circuit, in the Pittsburg Conference, which at the time included south-eastern Ohio. My colleague was the Rev. R. Morrow, and my presiding elder the late Rev. D. P. Mitchell, of Kansas. It chanced that the latter had an engagement to preach at this time in the little village of New Harrisburg, on our circuit, and I determined to lay the whole matter before him and seek his advice. He came in at an early hour, having ridden on horseback from the nearest railroad station, and met me at the house of Brother Peter Keener, a cabinet-maker, who was one of the few members which we had in that French settlement. Keener's house was one of my familiar stopping-places, and at the head of the stair-way there was a tiny little room, barely large enough to contain a bed, a chair, a table, and a candlestick, where I had often slept when on my weekly rounds on the circuit. It was a snowy morning, and the presiding elder was sitting with his feet to the stove which stood in the cozy little room below, when he remarked:

"I met Bishop Janes on the train this morning."

"Bishop Janes!" I replied. "What can he be doing out here?"

"He is on his way West, looking for missionaries for India. He wants six immediately."

My heart leaped into my throat, but before I could say any thing the elder continued:

"James, how would *you* like to go?"

"It is very singular," I said, "but I have come here with the special purpose of asking your advice about going to India."

"Well, I must tell you that you have been in my mind all morning. I incline to think you ought to go. I have felt so ever since the Bishop told me his errand."

I went up stairs to the little prophet-chamber and knelt down to seek for guidance from above, but I could not pray. God poured his Spirit upon me from on high, and my heart so overflowed with a hallowed feeling of love and joy that I could not utter a word. Before I could ask, God had answered. It was not so much a call to India that I received as an acceptance for India. I did not receive any message, or realize any new conviction, or come down from my sacred audience with God feeling that the matter was forever settled, and yet that hour stands out in my life as the burning bush must have stood in the memory of Moses. It was my burning bush. It has followed me through all the years which have passed like a Divine Presence, and a hundred times when

wearied and oppressed with doubts and discouragements have I fallen on my knees and pleaded with God, by the hallowed memories of that hour of blessing, to prove faithful to the promise of his love and care which was then burned into my very soul. It has been one long inspiration, an unfailing source of strength and courage, when these virtues seemed about to fail.

Practically, the question of my going to India was settled when I came down fromthat little room, but I knew it not. I must have my name submitted to the Bishops and Missionary Secretary, and I was not sure that they would appoint me. Then I knew that the time had come when the matter must be submitted to relatives, and hinderances might arise from unexpected quarters. I arranged with my presiding elder to see Bishop Simpson and submit my case to him, and then sat down and wrote my mother and brothers and sisters, telling them of my call, and intimating an early visit to talk the matter over. I followed my letters a week later, and found, as I had anticipated, that the proposal was very unwelcome to nearly every one in the family circle. My widowed mother was beginning to feel the infirmities of age, and every one assured me that her consent to my going could never be obtained. I had anticipated as much, and was not surprised when told that she had said that she never could consent to let me go. But when God undertakes to open one's way he can fully

accomplish the task. When I began to talk the matter over with her she spoke to me, in substance, as follows:

"I crossed the ocean in the hope of finding a home around which all my children might be gathered, and at first I felt that I could not consent to see you go to the other side of the globe to spend all your days. But some days before your letter came God began to prepare me for a great trial. Each night as I lay down to sleep a strange peace would fill my heart, and I would become so happy that I could hardly restrain myself. Something made me understand that the meaning of this was that God was preparing me for a great trial, and on every occasion I had a clear impression that in some way the trial would be connected with you. I understand it all now. I feel as if I could not bid you go, but I cannot bid you stay. It is of God, and I cannot doubt it."

Here I saw one confirmation following another, and every day it became clearer that God was making my way plain before me. I still, however, hesitated to dismiss all doubts and formally and finally determine to go, till New-year's-day, 1859, when I went out alone among the familiar trees of the forest, and after weighing all the evidences and thinking over all the issues involved and praying to be kept from any mistake, I finally consecrated myself to God and the Church for service in India.

It is not to be expected that every one who is

chosen of God for missionary service will receive a call like the above, and yet it ought to be said that every missionary sorely needs the sustaining power of a supreme conviction that he is called of God to the work in which he is engaged. The call of Moses was more sublime than that of Elisha, but not more real. It matters not *how* God may speak to those whom he would make his messengers, but the messenger ought to be sure that he is sent of God, and that he goes forth authorized to speak for Jehovah. Here and there a missionary may be found who has sought and found a commission from above after reaching his field of labor; here and there others may be found who do fairly faithful work without being conscious of a call; but in most cases where young men go out to grapple with the tremendous forces of error and sin in the heathen world, unsupported by the divine command, they either seek an early release from their posts or remain through years of dull and listless labor, occupying, but not filling, positions for which God's true messengers alone are fitted. Speaking from personal experience, I have no hesitation whatever in confessing that I must long ago have given up the work had it not been that I felt perfectly sure that I was in the place to which God had sent me, and engaged in the work which he had given me to do.

CHAPTER II.

GOING FORTH.

WHEN it was finally settled that I should go to India, questions of all kinds, and from all kinds of people, began to be asked about the country and its people, about my plans and the nature of the work to which I was going. My answers to these questions must have been, I fear, very unsatisfactory; I knew very little about India, and in settling the question of making it my future home thought very little about the mode of life I should adopt, or the conveniences or inconveniences I should meet. At that time India was little known in America. The few missionary books which had been published had not been circulated very widely, and Bayard Taylor's somewhat hasty sketch of his tour through parts of the country was the only popular work on the subject to be found.

The Mutiny had just awakened a new interest in the country and its people, but trustworthy sources of information were few, and to most persons India was a kind of gorgeous dream-land, a land of gems and pearls, of perfumed forests and flowery plains, and yet peopled by a race of intense idolaters who were filled with a spirit of intolerance and

cruelty. The bloody stories furnished by the Mutiny had done much to intensify the mistaken notions which had been entertained regarding the people, and it thus happened that at the time I was appointed to India it was regarded by many as the very last country to be chosen for a future home and field of labor. But I thought of none of these things. My call to go forth was more to me than the destination appointed. I did not realize it at the time, but as I now look back upon those days I can see clearly that the distinctness of the call made every thing else so utterly secondary that it would not have mattered where I was to go or what I was to do. Abraham going forth from the land of Haran, with his face set toward strange lands and strange people, was the first of a great multitude of God's servants who in every age are called to go forth in like manner. "Get thee out of thy country and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee." Each term of this commission was as distinctly imprinted on my heart as if written in letters of fire. I knew well and felt keenly that I was to leave country and relatives and home, but I had hardly yet commenced to think of the unknown land to which I was going. I had received the call, and was now to go forth and let God show me the land of my adoption.

As there was a little uncertainty about the time of sailing, I returned to my circuit for six weeks, and

devoted the time to earnest work for God and souls. At various points God blessed the work, and especially at the little village of Greensburg, in Summit County, was I permitted to see much good done. While at that place, in the midst of one of the best revivals I have ever witnessed, a letter arrived from Bishop Simpson telling me to leave the circuit and prepare for my departure for India, and accordingly, on the 17th of February, 1859, I bade farewell to the dear friends at Greensburg, and rode over to my boarding place in the neighboring village of Greentown. Stopping a day here, I rode on to Marlborough on the 19th. It rained heavily all day, and as I was obliged to ride slowly through the deep mud I had ample leisure for reflection. I fully realized that my great journey had commenced. I was going forth from country and kindred and home, going as I then supposed beyond the reach of all such ties, and I felt the trial very keenly. Often during the day, as I slowly rode through the driving rain, hot tears were mingled with the rain-drops, and yet there was an undercurrent of deep and hallowed joy which began to rise in my heart that day, and which became more marked as the days passed by. It was the token of the Divine Presence. Strangely, and in a way which I cannot describe, I was buoyed up in every moment of trial, until at last people began to ask me how I could be so apparently indifferent in the midst of trials which others seemed to feel more keenly. I was learning by

a strange experience a precious lesson which was to be worth every thing to me in coming years. The messenger who goes forth obedient to a divine command never goes alone. As his day so is his strength. In the furnace he finds a companion, in the storm he descries the Son of Man coming to him upon the angry waves.

I took my final leave of my circuit on February 22. A farewell meeting had been held in Marlborough on the previous evening which was all that such a meeting should be. Farewell missionary meetings have somewhat fallen into disrepute in consequence of the artificial methods employed in too many instances to make them interesting, and the exaggerated pictures which are drawn of the devotion of the candidates, and the perils and privations of the very comfortable life to which they are going. It is a pity that this should be so. A good farewell meeting, with manly Christian addresses, and tender words of encouragement, is worth much to one who is going forth to a life-work in a strange land, and is often worth very much to those who remain behind. The whole village came together, and some who had never once consented to hear me preach were prompt to give me assurances of friendly sympathy when they saw me setting out upon such an errand.

I spent a month with my friends, most of the time in daily expectation of a summons to join the missionary party in New York. It was not, however,

till near the end of March that a day could be fixed for our departure. In the evening of Sunday, March 27, in the village church of St. Clairsville, Ohio, where I had worshiped in childhood, another farewell meeting was held. The Presbyterians and Methodists united in the service, and I received an expression of genuine sympathy and good cheer which was an inspiration to me for many days. Next day I spent at the old homestead where I had been born, and where I had spent the sunny years of a very happy childhood. I had no expectation of ever revisiting America, and felt that I was quitting those familiar scenes forever. I went out alone during the day and walked over the fields and through the woods, looking with a feeling of tender sadness at each familiar spot, and thinking of the unknown scenes to which I was going, and the unknown paths of life before me. I was sad, and yet joyous. Never has the home above seemed so near as it did that day when I, for Christ's sake, went out to bid farewell to that sweet home below. As I walked over the fields I seemed to see the golden gates opening just above me, and, uncalled, the sweet words of Montgomery's sweetest hymn were constantly flitting across my mind:

"My Father's house on high,
Home of my heart, how near
At times to faith's aspiring eye
Thy golden gates appear!"

Faith's aspiring eye saw the golden gates that day, saw the city of light, and the vision has lingered in memory like a chapter of a special apocalypse granted in a time of need to a disciple going forth to his life-work.

Three days later I bade farewell to family friends in Wheeling, where the whole family had gathered, and set out for New York. Stopping at Pittsburg for the night, I took the early train for Philadelphia on Friday. I had been longing to be alone, but I was recognized on the train, and had a friend beside me till noon. When he left I found my loneliness a luxury. I had time to think, and I was just beginning to think as if in a new world. Friends and home were behind me now, and I was going forth into a world which was to me practically unknown. I was a little sad, and my heart was a little sore, and yet as I now look back upon those days I can see that God was teaching me wonderfully, leading me in ways that I knew not, and girding me with strength for years yet far in the future. I thought of hopes which had vanished, ambition that had been mortified, plans that had perished, fond friends whose wishes concerning me had been disappointed, and I could only turn away from every such memory and look to Him who had called me, and who still beckoned me onward. At Harrisburg a party of politicians came into the car, and two of them sat down in the seat in front of me. With the officious

familiarity which is peculiar to their class, some of these men began to introduce some friends to one of the gentlemen seated before me, and I thus became aware that I had near me a candidate for the Presidential nomination by one of the great political parties of the day. I could not avoid hearing what was said, and as this distinguished man sat talking to his friend about the petty jealousies and belittling schemes of his fellow-craftsmen of the political world, I learned a new lesson. I felt that God had given me a noble calling. The world's great honors seemed dressed in the flimsy robes which really become them, and I felt that my city of gold gleaming in the sky above me was not reached by such paths of humiliation as those which lead to the White Houses which this world has to offer. Not many years have passed, and yet the name of this candidate for the highest position in America is already well-nigh forgotten, and all the schemes with which those busy men were engrossed on that afternoon have utterly perished.

I reached New York at noon on Saturday, April 2, and found a home at the house of the late Rev. David Terry. The Mission Rooms at that time were in Mulberry Street, opposite to the Book Rooms, and Mr. Terry's residence was next door. I was kindly received, and in all the years which have since passed never found a truer and more constant friend than Father Terry. He was Recording Secretary of the Missionary Society, and as such had to attend to all

the details of our arrangements for sailing. In the evening the Rev. C. W. Judd and his wife, who were to go out with us, arrived, and next day I met Messrs. Waugh and Downey, two other members of the party. On Sunday afternoon we attended a Sunday-school missionary meeting at a church in Jane Street, and each of the missionaries gave a brief address. I was asked to limit my remarks to ten or twelve minutes, and to confine myself to a simple narration of my conversion and call to missionary work, a caution which I believe was frequently given to young missionaries in those days. Next day I met Dr. Durbin in the Mission Rooms, and had my first business experience with that officer. My position was a little embarrassing, and some of my recollections of those days are not very pleasant. I was not only young, but of a very youthful and even boyish appearance. The Corresponding Secretary had asked for six married men, and under the impression that I was married had paid for the passage of myself and a wife who proved to have no existence. The shipping agents refused to refund the passage money, and no one was particularly happy over the mistake. In due time I discovered that my appointment was a matter of regret, and that had all the facts of the case been known ten days earlier my commission would have been canceled and I sent back to my circuit. When, however, it was settled that I was to go, I was made to feel that my acceptance was thoroughly cordial.

Dr. Durbin was at that time a man of immense power in the Church, hardly second to any of the Bishops, and the missionary party considered it a rare privilege to be placed in so direct a relation to him. He was not an old man then, but he had probably passed his prime. He was still an eloquent speaker, but the peculiar magnetism of his oratory had in a large measure ceased. He worked diligently, planned largely, and had large views of the missionary future of the Church. He devised liberal things for the missionaries, giving each a sum of money sufficient to provide an ample outfit, and assuring us that we should be sustained faithfully in our distant field. His ideal missionary was one who went forth to return no more, who obeyed orders, who asked few questions, and who worked with the courage and loyalty of a soldier. "When I began to preach," he said, "I never dreamed that my presiding elder could be disobeyed. Had my elder told me to walk directly through a stone wall, I would without hesitation have made the attempt."

As we were to sail from Boston, it was arranged that we were to go to Lynn, the seat of the New England Conference, where we were to be ordained a few days before the date of our sailing. We arrived in Lynn on the 7th of April, and found the Conference in session. Bishop Ames presided, and some of the notable men of the Church were present. Dr. W. F. Warren was one of the young men ordained on Sunday, and Gilbert Haven, then a prominent but

not yet a leading member of the Conference, spoke at one of the anniversaries. An incident which occurred at the Sunday-school anniversary has lingered in my memory. The church was crowded, and I could only get room to stand in the vestibule, near the door. I was leaning against the stair-way listening to a thousand children singing,

> "In heaven above, where all is love,
> There'll be no more sorrow there."

In those days, when my heart was constantly burdened with a certain kind of quiet sadness, these words came to me with a sweet, soothing influence which I shall never forget. A stranger stood by me, and noticing that he seemed to recognize me, I said:

"What sweet singing!"

"You'd better enjoy it all you can," he replied, "for you will never hear such singing again."

The words dropped upon my heart like lead. I was reminded that I was leaving privileges which had become interwoven with my daily happiness; but my unbelieving heart did not then dare to hope that in other tongues I should hear the songs of Zion warbled by the glad young voices of thousands rescued from the worship of idols. Often since that day, when listening to glad songs of praise in India, have I thought of the singers at Lynn, and my strange slowness to believe that their song was to be taken up by all the little ones of earth.

We were ordained on Friday evening. Mr. and Mrs. Parker had joined us at Lynn, thus completing our party of nine. Bishop Ames conducted the ordination services, assisted by Dr. Durbin and others, after which brief addresses were delivered by Messrs. Judd and Downey. On Sunday evening the missionary anniversary was held, at which the other three missionaries spoke briefly. An immense audience had packed the large church in every part. On the platform, among others, sat the venerable Father Taylor, of the Mariner's Church, in Boston. When I went up he drew me to him and insisted upon my taking his chair. I refused for some time, but at last, on his assurance that he had another seat, I consented; but no sooner had I taken the chair than the venerable saint sat down on the carpet at my feet, saying aloud, "I feel honored in being permitted to sit at the feet of a missionary." I sprang to my feet and insisted on his taking the chair again, and after a warm contest succeeded in persuading him to do so on the condition that I should sit on his knee. This I did, and he put his arm affectionately around me, and during the early part of the meeting gave me much good advice. He was afraid that my courage would fail me when I stood up before the vast audience, and repeatedly said to me, in substance, "Don't try to make a speech, but just talk. Don't be afraid of them; don't try to exhort, but just tell them how you were converted, and what the Lord has done for you." I

assured him that I was not afraid, but evidently he doubted me. When my turn came he pushed me forward with his blessing, and when I had finished he clasped me in his arms with passionate affection, and invoked God's blessing upon me for evermore. I had never seen him before, and never saw him again, but he lives in my memory like the vision of one of the old prophets, a man of God whose blessing is a legacy to be coveted above all treasure.

At eight o'clock on Tuesday morning, April 12, we went on board the little vessel which was to carry us to Calcutta. It was a snug little ship of only six hundred and fifty tons, and carried a cargo of Wenham ice. A dozen friends accompanied us, and a brief service was held in the little cabin of the ship. Instead of selecting a farewell hymn, we joined in singing,

> "O for a thousand tongues, to sing
> My great Redeemer's praise,
> The glories of my God and King,
> The triumphs of his grace!"

after which Dr. Durbin commended us in prayer to God, asking for protection at sea and victory on our distant battle-field. A tug took us in tow, but strong easterly winds kept us from getting out to sea till the morning of the 16th, when our vessel crept out of the harbor and began her long journey across the trackless sea. Late in the afternoon I went up on deck, and looking through the mist and rain took

what I supposed was my last view of the shores of my native land. The distant hills were fast hiding themselves in mist and cloud, and the view was utterly cheerless and desolate. I ran my eye along the coast line, looked at the hills, thought of greener hills and brighter skies farther west, and then turned away to look beyond the everlasting hills for the golden gates of the city of light.

CHAPTER III.

ON THE CORAL STRAND.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago missionaries to India and China were almost invariably sent by the long sea-route around the Cape of Good Hope. Those going from England could find well-furnished passenger ships built expressly for the Eastern trade, but as few persons except missionaries ever went from America to India, special arrangements had to be made for them with the owners of merchant ships sailing to Indian ports. The voyage was a very tedious one, but in most cases was by no means unpleasant. Ship life on a modern steamer is in many respects less enjoyable than on an old-fashioned sailing vessel. People who never get more than a few days' distance from the nearest port can never really understand what it is to be at sea. The passenger from New York to Liverpool is hardly out of sight of land until he begins to count the days, and even hours, which separate him from the end of his voyage. It was far different with us as we set out upon our voyage of four months. Our little ship became our little world. We had ample leisure for reading and study, and for thoroughly considering the nature of the great

work in which we were so soon to be engaged. It would have been well for most of us if we had been detained at home six months, or a year, and put under a course of special instruction for our work. Our ignorance of India, and of the real nature of missionary work, was very great, and ought to have disqualified us for an immediate appointment to the mission field. A brief time spent in special preparation would have been time well spent, and would have enabled us to begin our work much more intelligently, and prosecute it more successfully than we were able to do. The traditional custom—for it is still the custom—of making a hasty search when a missionary is needed, and laying hands "suddenly" on some raw youth, and sending him off to his life-work with little or no knowledge of the country to which he is going, and little or no preparation for the peculiar duties awaiting him, is unjust to the work, and sometimes cruel to the candidate. There may often be reasons to justify haste, but when it is known positively that a certain number of missionary recruits will be needed every year during the next decade, or the next century, there can be no valid excuse for not holding a number of prepared young men in reserve, ready to go forth when an emergency arises.

We had a congenial party, consisting of the Rev. C. W. Judd and Mrs. Judd, of New York; Rev. E. W. Parker and Mrs. Parker, of Vermont; Rev. J. W. Waugh and Mrs. Waugh, of Illinois; Rev. J. R.

Downey and Mrs. Downey, of Indiana, and myself. The Rev. James Baume, of Chicago, also belonged to our reenforcement, but he had been hurried off a few months in advance of us, going *via* England. Four of our party have since been called to the heavenly home, one has permanently left the field, and four still remain connected with missionary work in India. Having been provided with Hindustani grammars, we applied ourselves diligently and eagerly to the study of the language, and as the grammar included a small vocabulary we were able to accomplish a good deal of work which we found of no little value when we came to the practical labor of acquiring the language in India. In this study of Hindustani one member of the party, Mr. Downey, took no part and manifested no interest. He himself did not know how to account for his disinclination to engage in it, but during the latter part of the voyage he was accustomed to say that it would be seen in eternity that the line of study chosen by him had done more to glorify God than the study of Hindustani could have done. He fully expected to live and labor in India, but could never apply his mind to the study of Hindustani. He never had occasion to use that language. He lived to reach our mission field, but not the station to which he had been appointed. On the very threshold of what was supposed to be his life-work he was stricken down, and thus became the first of our Indian missionaries to exchange labor for reward.

He was a young man of superior ability, strong conscientiousness, and lofty purpose, and his death was felt as a profound affliction in our missionary circle in India.

I learned many lessons during our long voyage, one of which I little thought at that time would be of practical use to me in the future. Shut up as we were within the narrow limits of our little vessel, I had constant opportunities for seeing Jack in his own home, and I learned to appreciate his hardships, to see the temptations in the midst of which he lived, and to sympathize with him in his friendless life, in a way which served me well in after years. I was strangely led to take an active part in efforts for his good. Our captain belonged to a class of officers which, in former years, gave the American mercantile marine an unhappy notoriety. He governed his crew by brute force, considered it the proper thing to insist that they were amenable to no good influences, and was extremely harsh and even cruel in his treatment of them. We were forbidden to speak to them during the voyage, or even to show them kindness by making them presents of nuts or fruits which we had brought on board with us. Both the captain and first mate were as cowardly as they were brutal, and but for the pluck of the more manly second mate our voyage might have been attended with serious trouble. During those months at sea I thought much about sailors as a class, and learned to regard them as about

the most friendless and needy of all living men, and when later in life I found myself thrown among them, and saw them coming in throngs to hear me preach, I saw clearly that during the tedious days of our long voyage round the Cape, God had been preparing me for one department of work which was to meet me in after years.

After four months' sailing, we sighted the hills of Orissa on the 13th of August. Next morning when I awoke I looked through the little port of my cabin and saw the palm-trees along the shore, looking as if they were lifting their heads out of the ocean itself. Going up on deck I saw a large black object on the shore, and was told that it was the world-renowned temple of Juggernaut. It seemed as if heathenism had risen up to meet us at our coming and bid us defiance. My earliest missionary recollections had been associated with that temple and its hideous idol, and my mind and heart were strangely moved as I gazed upon the gloomy-looking black object before me. I was at the door-way of India, and began to feel eager for the strife which I knew was near at hand. This was on Sunday, and as we expected to enter the Hooghly next morning we held our last Sunday services together. At the evening meeting I spoke freely of the feelings with which I was drawing near to the scenes of my life-work, and I can well remember the sincerity with which I deprecated my personal unfitness to be associated with the devoted and

holy men who were engaged in missionary work in India. The estimate formed of my own worth was by no means too low, but I have often since smiled when recalling the feelings with which I regarded the general body of missionaries. I was fully possessed of the notion, still common in some quarters, that a missionary is not like other men, that his devotion is more pure, his life more saintly, and his labors more apostolic than if he lived in a Christian land and worked like ordinary Christians. My illusion was very soon to be dispelled, but for the time it was very real. I did not then understand, as I now do, that no service in the world can very materially affect human character. A missionary is no better after reaching his field than before leaving his native land, and if there is any difference at all it is probably in favor of the man who lives in the midst of Christian associations, and is guarded and strengthened by Christian institutions and usages.

We took a pilot on board on the morning of Aug. 15, one hundred and twenty days after dismissing our Boston pilot, and soon after entered the Hooghly. We were now within a hundred miles of Calcutta, but another week was spent in reaching the city. The pilot, who had just returned to duty after a term of suspension for misconduct, was too fond of brandy, and both he and our captain were soon unfit for serious duty. At a critical point in the river we were placed in great peril, and having been obliged to cut away an anchor

the pilot refused to proceed without a tug, and we were thus condemned to a long and wearisome delay almost in sight of our destination. On the afternoon of the 19th I took a stroll on shore, setting my foot for the first time on Indian soil. Poetry and romance faded away as I neared the land. From earliest childhood I had been familiar with Bishop Heber's hymn :

"From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,"

and one of my dreams had been that I should step lightly ashore upon the white coral of India's beautiful strand. Very different was the reality from the dream. I was pulled ashore in a clumsy boat, and then carried bodily by two naked boatmen through deep black mud, and set down on the levee above, where neither coral nor any other kind of stone had ever been seen. A native village stood near by, and the half-naked but kindly people gathered round us, some to beg, some to barter, but most to stare at us. Their houses were six or eight feet high at the eaves, ten feet wide, and from ten to twenty feet long, with mud walls, and covered with grass thatch. It was a typical Indian village, and the people fairly represented at least two hundred millions of the inhabitants of the empire.

We reached Calcutta on the evening of August 21, and received a most enthusiastic welcome from Dr. Butler, who had come down from Lucknow to receive us and escort us to our appointed field. We

had some necessary preparations to make which detained us five days in the city, during which time we had many opportunities for making observations, and were able to learn some useful lessons. Much as we had heard of the "City of Palaces" we were surprised at the princely life of many of the European residents. We stopped in the European quarter of the city, and found ourselves in the midst of comfort and even luxury. Near by, however, were whole squares of squalid little huts, where the swarming natives were living in what to us seemed abject poverty, and the contrast impressed us painfully. In the northern half of the city few Europeans are found, but the same contrast appeared. Many of the natives were very wealthy and lived in luxury, but the masses were very poor and lived in the simple style of the peasantry of the land. Calcutta is known as the City of Palaces, and it is commonly supposed that the large buildings which are seen from the river gave it this name. This, however, is a mistake. The name was a common one long before any of the present buildings had been erected; at a time, indeed, when only one house in the city could boast of a third story.

I had the pleasure of meeting a number of missionaries during our stay in Calcutta, and found them cheerful, energetic, and liberal men. Some of my notions, however, were rudely shocked by what I saw among them. Total abstinence was at that time hardly known in India, whereas I had been accus

tomed to it all my days. I had never in my life seen a minister of any Church touch a glass of wine, and when at a missionary party I saw three kinds of wine handed round, when I noticed that all politely accepted the proffered glass, and, above all, when I discovered that many of those present could not comprehend the scruples of the strangers, I began to reconstruct my ideas of missionary life and character. There were missionary giants in Calcutta in those days. Doctors Duff and Ewart were both working in the Free Church Institution, Dr. Oglevie was in the General Assembly's Institution, Dr. Mullens at Bhowanipore, and Mr. Lacroix had just died. I met none of these leaders except Doctors Duff and Ewart, whom we saw during a brief visit at their college. Dr. Duff was full of enthusiasm, and his soul was stirred within him at the sight of so large a missionary re-enforcement. He thought that a better day was dawning upon missionary work, that the Churches were awaking to a sense of their responsibilities, and that larger and still larger bands of missionaries would be sent out into the moral wastes of the earth. As we rose to take our leave we stood in a circle, and he passed round, shaking hands with each in turn. My turn came last, and he held my hand in his grasp for some time, talking to the group, but at last fixing his eyes on me intently, and making me feel as if he were talking to me alone. The tears coursed down his cheeks as he spoke of the trials and toils which lay

before us, and the sure harvest which faith would be permitted to reap when the fullness of time should come. With a voice choking with emotion he gave us his blessing and bade us farewell.

I had occasion during my stay to call on a dentist who had his office on the Esplanade, from whom I received some sage advice. Ascertaining that I was a missionary, and noticing my youth, he felt moved to dissuade me from further attempting the task which I had undertaken. "You are young," he said, "and may need advice. Let me assure you that these people never can be made Christians. It is philosophically impossible. You might as well try to make a Christian out of that brick pillar. They must pass through another stage of development before they will be prepared for a religion so advanced as Christianity. You will waste your life if you remain in India to do missionary work. I was talking with Father D. the other day, and he assured me that he did not believe there was a real Christian among all the converts in India. I advise you to give it up, and turn back before you waste time and money in such an attempt."

I recall this incident chiefly because it illustrates one of the forms of opposition which missionary work encounters. This gentleman, no doubt, felt kindly toward me, and wished to do me a service, but he was talking wildly. At that time there were Bengalee Christians in the city who were his equals

in sincerity, and his superiors in intelligence, and who were developed quite up to any level which such objectors ever reach, but their existence was wholly ignored. My dentist is one of a large body of not very profound opponents of missions. They are found on the coast of China and in all parts of India. They will tell you how they have lived next door to missionaries, seen their converts, observed their work, and how they know it all to be a sham. The truth in nearly every case turns out to be that they know little or nothing whereof they speak. One may live next door to a neighbor without knowing any thing about him or his doings, and it is a notorious fact that Europeans in India know very little about the details of ordinary missionary life. The people on the Esplanade have forgotten that a dentist had his office there twenty-five years ago, but meanwhile I have been permitted to see a Bengalee Christian Church grow up within sight of the spot where in my youth I listened to this prophecy of evil.

During the five busy days that I spent in Calcutta my mind was often turned in the direction of the European and other English-speaking people whom I saw on every hand. I was exceedingly surprised to find that there was no Methodist Church in the city, as up to that time I had never seen a town in which there was no Methodist place of worship. One day when driving with Dr. Butler through the streets I

told him that it seemed to me that an open door stood before us in Calcutta, and that some one should be found to enter it. Even while yet at sea, while reading various books on India, I had made the following entry in the brief diary which I kept: "This book has more deeply impressed upon me a conviction before formed, that the English people in India must be made an important agency in this great work. It would appear from this book that they are a great hinderance. If so, we must direct our efforts toward them until a change is effected. Providence did not scatter the English all over India for nothing. Time will show it." I copy this unimportant note here, because it forms a part of the story of my apprenticeship. God was even at that early day turning my mind in the direction of an important part of my work in succeeding years.

We left Calcutta on Friday evening, August 26, for Lucknow, where the Annual Meeting of the mission was to hold its session on our arrival. Only two sections of the East Indian Railway were open at that time, one extending from the Hooghly to Raneegunge, and the other from Allahabad to Cawnpore. The rest of the journey had to be performed in small coaches, each drawn by a single horse, and intended for not more than two passengers. The space between the seats was boarded up at night, and a bed improvised on which the traveler could sleep. The horses were changed every five or six miles, and

were driven the whole length of their short stages at break-neck speed. We reached Raneegunge at midnight and found our conveyances waiting for us, but delay followed delay until broad daylight dawned upon us before we were able to get away. Here we discovered a fact which strangers in India invariably worry themselves over, that in the Oriental world time has little or no value. In a land where every thing seems to move in a leisurely way, and among a people whose time commands a merely nominal price in the labor market, one may as well bid a final farewell to the eager haste and rigid punctuality of the Western world. A man who is paid six cents for a day's labor cannot be expected to put a high value on his time, and will never regard punctuality as a virtue. Our coachmen made noise enough, and beat their wretched horses cruelly enough, but our progress was slow. The rainy season had not yet closed, and wherever the road was muddy the horses were apt to call a halt. Our party of ten persons had five coaches in company, and it often happened that serviceable animals could not be found at the changing stations. The rivers were all swollen, and it was a most wearisome task to get our coaches drawn up on the boats which were to convey us across. The entire journey occupied eight weary days and nights, including one Sabbath, during which we stopped to rest. Late at night on Saturday, September 3, we were

nearing Lucknow. The rainy season in Upper India was drawing to a close, and the full moon was shining down upon us from a cloudless sky. I took a small book from my pocket, and found that I could read it by the bright moonlight with ease. It was a night of entrancing beauty, and it was with a feeling of intense gratitude and delight that we were nearing the end of our long journey. We had just crossed the boundary line of our mission field, and it seemed as if we were entering an eastern fairy-land. We entered the suburbs of the silent city at a late hour, drove on mile after mile, passing at times through ruins left by the recent siege, under the arches of massive Oriental gates, or under the shadows of imposing palaces, until at last on the extreme western suburb of the city we were whirled into the beautiful and quiet compound of our mission premises. The brethren met us near the gate-way, while four ladies stood in the bright moonlight in front of the nearest mission house. They were all dressed in white, and their thin and pallid faces made them look like invalids who had just risen from a long and weary illness. They received us joyfully, and we were more than thankful for their greeting; but I took note as I looked at their white faces that under the bright skies of this enchanted fairy-land there must lurk hidden foes to the health and vigor of strangers from beyond the sea.

CHAPTER IV.

MISSIONARIES IN COUNCIL.

AFTER a Sabbath's rest in Lucknow we assembled on Monday morning in the little temporary chapel to hold the Annual Meeting of the mission. Thirteen missionaries were present, nine of whom were from America; three were Englishmen who had joined the mission in India, and one was a Hindustani young man who had been given to Dr. Butler on his first arrival by the Presbyterian brethren at Allahabad. One of the English brethren had been admitted as a probationer in a home Conference, and the other two were expecting to be admitted in like manner. The Hindustani brother, Joel Janvier, had been made a local preacher, but his relation to this Annual Meeting was wholly undefined. I had known before arriving in Lucknow that such a meeting as this was to be held, but had given it little thought, and had not for a moment anticipated any thing but a few days of delightful Christian fellowship in connection with it. I was destined, however, to be somewhat disappointed. I was to learn some new lessons in my apprenticeship, and to catch a glimpse of some of the difficulties and anxieties which were to confront us in after years.

We had not sat in council an hour before perplexities began to meet us. The first question raised was a most important one, but we had no answer ready at hand. Young men were present to be received among us, but *how* were they to be received? The Conference membership was to be held on the other side of the globe. We had no legal right to touch them, and yet we could not but see that we as a body were expected to do something in the premises, and even if not expected, we saw at a glance that it was of the most vital importance to the future harmony and efficiency of the mission that we should have something to say in the matter. Then a most important question arose in reference to the character of the work to which we were to be assigned. A large and important school had been offered to the mission, and we were suddenly called upon to discuss the question of education as a missionary agency, and teaching as a legitimate part of a missionary's duty. We had first to decide whether we had any right to discuss the question at all, whether the authorities at New York, through the Superintendent, should fix our policy, or whether it should be done by formal action of the missionaries as a body. Next we had to decide whether we should establish schools, or confine our work to preaching alone. Next, if schools were to be maintained, what kind of schools were to be established — vernacular, or Anglo-vernacular? schools for Christians only, or for non-Chris-

tians as well? And if all these questions could be settled, then who were to be the teachers? Was every missionary to be subject to an appointment to the work of teaching? Was a man who had consecrated all his days to the one work of preaching the Gospel to find himself most unexpectedly transformed into a school-master?

I mention these merely as specimens of a few of the perplexing questions which met us at that memorable Annual Meeting. They may seem unimportant, or even trivial, to a reader in America, but to us on the spot, remembering that we were deciding questions which must powerfully influence our work for many years to come, they were very serious questions indeed. What added to our perplexity was the discovery that the law of the Church had made no manner of provision for an emergency of this kind. The Discipline was silent on the subject of missionary government. The Missionary Board had spoken, but in vague or equivocal language. A small Manual for the use of missionaries had been published, but it failed to deal with nearly all the really important questions which came before us. An official Letter of Instructions had been sent out by the Corresponding Secretary, but this also, while far in advance of the Manual, failed to meet our difficulties, and really created more perplexity than it removed. In short, we found ourselves in a position which had not been anticipated by the Church, and for which no proper

provision had been made. We did not know what to do, or what to leave undone. Under such circumstances it is not strange that we thought of the only provision which the Discipline of the Church at that time afforded us. We had discovered that an Annual Meeting had no ecclesiastical functions whatever, and no certain functions of any kind; then why not have an Annual Conference? Or, failing this, why not have the Annual Meeting legalized and its functions specified? To us, situated as we were, it seemed so reasonable that something should be done that we did not hesitate to adopt a memorial asking the General Conference to give us a legal status as an Annual Conference. This seemed the simplest step to take, as it is always difficult to secure legislation when new and strange issues are involved. Letters of inquiry in reference to various matters of administration were forwarded to the Mission Rooms, and it was hoped that in due time all our perplexities would be removed, and our way cleared for a steady development of our work.

A little reflection, or, perhaps, a better knowledge of men, and of ecclesiastical matters generally, might have prevented us from sending forward requests for such radical measures as were outlined by us, although subsequent events have proved that we were substantially right in our positions. In New York, however, our action was viewed with no little misgiving. The reply of the Corresponding Secretary opened with a

frank statement of his apprehension that we did not sufficiently realize the solemn responsibility resting upon us, and that we were allowing our minds to be diverted from the great work for which we had been sent to India. We were exhorted to be constant in our devotion, and not to allow any thing to come between us and our duty. A few questions were answered, but our chief difficulties were left untouched. It was evident at a glance that our position had been wholly misunderstood. The idea of a dozen young men, in a remote corner of the earth, without experience, without churches, and without membership, asking for the formal organization of an Annual Conference, seemed preposterous in the last degree. In America such a thing had never been done, and in India it seemed more out of place than at home. And as to legalizing the Annual Meeting, or making any special legislative provision for a handful of young men in a remote country, it was not to be thought of. To a distant observer on the other side of the globe it very naturally seemed that we were impatient for full ecclesiastical rights, and that part of the time which we had been devoting to questions of organization might have been better employed in prayer and devotion.

Our difficulties, however, were very real, and no depths of personal consecration could have affected them very materially. At home the idea evidently was that we were to go out among the heathen, and

after gathering the simple people around us and persuading them to be Christians, were to govern them in an informal patriarchal way, till such time as their growth in intelligence made it possible for them to assume the prerogatives of Church organization. It was not expected that questions of administration would concern us for many years to come, and hence it seemed to indicate grave impatience, if not rashness, for us to anticipate at the outset the problems which our children were expected to solve. But to one on the spot the case was very different. A mission field had been selected for us which, at the outset, included western Oudh, Rohilcund, and Kumaon, and subsequently was enlarged to include the whole of Oudh and the mountain district of Gurhwal. The population of this tract exceeded seventeen million souls; and any missionary could see in a moment that the people, when converted, were not going to be simple creatures who would meekly wait for a generation or two before beginning to manage their own affairs. They must be guided from the very first. The first generation of converts would leave its impress upon the whole of the next century. The questions which confronted us at the outset were as nothing when compared with those which must arise in the future; and it seemed as unwise as it was useless for us to try to ignore the inevitable, and assume that the foundations of a great Christian empire could be safely laid by men who worked under uncertain rules

and dispensed with the safeguards and helps of an authorized organization.

And yet there was a certain danger not fully realized by us at the time of borrowing too much trouble from the future, and perplexing ourselves with questions which were never to have a practical existence. It is impossible to provide a code of rules beforehand exactly adapted to the wants of every body of missionaries in the world, and it is impossible for the missionaries themselves to anticipate, with any completeness, the developments of their own work. An eagerness to legislate is not a healthy sign of statesmanship, and in both Church and State it is the part of wisdom to provide legislation only for actual wants, and to meet emergencies which have an actual existence. This being true, it follows that in every foreign mission there should be a certain freedom of action allowed, so that the missionaries may be able to provide for emergencies as they arise. From the very first they should be intrusted with a certain clearly defined responsibility, and should be made to understand that as the years go by they will be expected to organize thoroughly every department of their work, not in every case according to a pattern showed to them by parties beyond the sea, but according to the indications of God's providence as interpreted to them by the guiding Spirit of God. When they thus understand what is expected of them they will act more decisively, decide more wisely, and organize

their forces much more thoroughly and efficiently than when in doubt as to their responsibilities or restrained by disabilities.

The effect of our discussions during our meeting in Lucknow on myself was to open my eyes to the magnitude of the work which we had undertaken. The plan of the mission as at first approved by the authorities at home was to establish eight or nine stations, each at a central point in a district containing about a million of people. In due time these missions would be brought into close association with one another, and the whole territory thus be covered with a network of missionary agencies. The plan was a grand one, and the field selected was perhaps the most desirable one in India. But the statement of this plan on paper can give no one an idea of the vastness of the work which we had undertaken. To found a mission among a few thousand people on a little island of the sea is a vast enterprise, but to found one in the midst of an ocean of humanity, to establish a mission which shall be to the restless millions around it what a little island is to the restless sea, then to add another and another little island, each shut in by an unbroken horizon of its own, is to attempt a task too vast to be described on paper, or even realized by the imagination. And yet this vast field was in itself but a little corner of India. We did not propose to reach one fifteenth of the people of the empire. My enthusiasm was not in any measure lessened as I

began to see in outline the stupendous work which we had undertaken, but the survey of the situation which we were led to make had the effect of enlarging my views and making me study more carefully and intelligently many of the features of missionary work as then presented in India. The week spent in council with missionary brethren was one of profit in many ways, and the meeting itself was important as the first of a long series of Annual Meetings and Conferences which have exercised an increasing influence upon the development of the work.

The field selected for us was at that time all fallow ground. A few native Christians had drifted into Lucknow at the close of the Mutiny, and three or four had been engaged as assistants of various grades in our mission. A few inquirers had come to the missionaries in Moradabad, one or two had been converted in Bareilly, and a few were coming to the missionaries in Lucknow, but practically there was no such thing as a native Christian community in all our field. There were no girls' schools among all these millions, and not a single Sunday-school except the informal little gatherings held in the mission houses. We had to begin our work from the very foundation, and in developing it we had every reason to expect to be left to ourselves. Throughout the greater part of our field we had no missionary neighbors, and we had no reason to anticipate that any missionaries of other Churches would come to help

us till the soil for many years to come. Our thirteen men were distributed among five stations, one of which was in Oudh, three in Rohilcund, and one in Kumaon. The plan at that time was to put two American missionaries in each small station, and to have a larger number in the two chief cities of Lucknow and Bareilly. My own appointment was read out for Nynee Tal, the station selected in the mountain province of Kumaon, and for a colleague I had Samuel Knowles, a young man who had left a good situation under government to join our mission, and who is now one of the senior members of the North India Conference.

CHAPTER V.

MY FIRST STATION.

NYNEE TAL, my first station, was as little as possible like the India of my imagination. It was perched high up on the mountains, and was reached from the plain below by a narrow, winding road, or rather pathway. Accompanied by my colleague, I reached the mountains at early dawn of Friday, the 16th of September. I had been carried all night in a kind of palankeen, and when I awoke in the morning found myself in the midst of gigantic forest trees, at the very base of a long mountain range which rose up as abruptly out of the level plain as an island out of the sea. A narrow road led up the steep mountain side, and mounting a pony we started briskly upward. Very soon we were carried above the forest level, and in the early sunlight could see a vast plain stretching far away toward the south and west. The mountains were very steep, and abounded with precipices; but here and there a little hamlet could be seen, with a few terraced fields near by, while groups of mountaineers meeting us from time to time showed that a large population must be living in the depths of the great mountain range. Slowly, but steadily, the little narrow road led us up-

ward, sometimes passing through dense forests, sometimes creeping along the side of a rocky precipice, until at last we found ourselves in the region of the clouds, and looked out upon the distant plains, spread out so far beneath us that the long belt of forest looked like a strip of low shrubbery. Familiar trees began to appear by the roadside, including the ash and maple of the Ohio forests, and nearly every trace of tropical vegetation disappeared. At last we came in sight of the beautiful little lake called Nynee Tal, a kidney-shaped body of clear water, a mile in length, and nearly half a mile in average breadth, girt in by mountains, and sparkling in the sunlight of a day of wondrous brightness. A crescent-shaped mountain slope shut in the lake on the north and north-west, near the base of which stood the mission house, a cozy little stone cottage built on a terrace, and half hidden behind the roses which lined the wall in front and the honeysuckle which shaded the little porch. Along the margin of the lake, and nestling here and there all over the surrounding mountain slopes, were the white houses of the European residents. At the head of the lake, hidden among a clump of luxuriant willows, stood a small Hindu temple. A short distance above was the native town, a small collection of shops and dwellings called the bazar, the name usually given in India to markets and business streets. A mile and a half away, out of sight of the lake, stood the barracks, in which two or three hundred convales-

cent soldiers were housed. The whole population at that time did not amount to more than sixty families of Europeans and three thousand natives.

Nynee Tal had been selected as a choice spot for a sanitarium, but did not in its earlier days offer very good advantages as a place for a mission. It was perched on the outer range of the Himalayas, with no villages in its vicinity, and was in a great measure isolated from the province of Kumaon, in which it was situated. The lake is more than six thousand feet above the sea, and in winter the cold is so great that nearly all the natives migrate to the foot of the hills or to warmer places in the interior. Time, however, has wrought many changes in favor of the place, and while the station itself continues to be of secondary importance so far as natives are concerned, it has been made the center of a group of important out-stations, both in the plains below and in the surrounding hills. At the time of my arrival the climate was very much like that of the corresponding season at home. The rainy season was just closing, and the warm and bright days were followed by cool and pleasant nights. In the winter months it is quite cold at times, but the air is so dry that ice seldom forms except in damp and shaded places, while roses may sometimes be seen in bloom in the coldest winter months. In the months of April and May the sun's rays are very powerful, but the heat is never oppressive indoors. During the rains, which

begin in June and continue till September, the air is very damp, and clouds infold the mountain-tops for whole days together; but even when living in this damp cloud-land most Europeans enjoy good health, and find a change from the sweltering plains below most invigorating and enjoyable.

In point of domestic comfort I found that I had lost very little by exchanging Ohio for Kumaon. With the exception of some of the American fruits, nearly every thing to which I had been accustomed appeared on our table, and all idea of personal hardship in missionary service vanished in a day. It became evident at once that the trials of missionary life, if, indeed, any trials worth the name were in store for me, must be anticipated in the work to be done, and not in its incidental associations. I was delighted with my new home, and more than thankful that it had fallen to my lot to begin my missionary career in this mountain aerie, where a bracing climate and pleasant surroundings would enable me to endure the heavy strain of labor which comes upon most missionaries during their first few years in the country. The acquisition of a new language is a severe task to most persons, in addition to which abundant labors are usually thrust upon the new-comer from the day he reaches his field.

The Himalayas consist of a long range of lofty, snowy peaks, extending along the northern boundary of India, from the Brahmaputra River on the south-

east to the heights beyond the Indus on the northwest. Between the snowy range and the flat plains of India rises an irregular range of lower mountains, for the most part thrown together in wild confusion, and rising to an average height of eight of ten thousand feet. These lower mountains form a belt of varying width, but averaging, perhaps, fifty miles or more in a direct course from the line of snow to the sunny plains. In the valleys and on the terraced hill-sides live various races of hardy mountaineers. The province of Kumaon, which contains over 600,000 inhabitants, was once an independent state, but before its annexation by the British had been subjected by the powerful State of Nepaul, which lies to the eastward of Kumaon, and the western peaks of which can be seen from Nynee Tal. On the westward lies the small province of British Gurhwal, with a population of 338,000. The people inhabiting these two districts are much alike, and yet differ widely from one another, as well as from the mass of their co-religionists on the plains below. They all understand the Hindi, which is the language of their courts, and is taught in their schools, but in ordinary conversation they use local dialects, which are not understood except by limited sections of the people.

On my arrival at Nynee Tal I found a small Anglo-vernacular school, attended by thirty or forty boys, and held in a little stone building which answered the double purpose of school-house and chapel.

A stone chapel had been commenced near by, but the work had been suspended for some time. The missionary was expected to hold two English services weekly, one at the barracks on Sunday afternoon, and another in the school-room in the evening. He was also to hold a Hindustani service in the morning, and to preach in the bazar at least two or three times a week. He was also expected to teach at least two hours daily in the school, and meantime vigorously prosecute the study of at least one Indian language. A single glance was sufficient to convince me that the question of preaching in English must prove a most serious one, and my first impulse was to give it up altogether. It seemed impossible for any one to combine so many kinds of labor successfully, and as I had been sent to preach the Gospel to the heathen it seemed wrong to let any thing interfere with that great work. It was not so easy, however, to turn aside from this work. The soldiers seemed eager to hear, God blessed the work, and the way never seemed open to give it up. I was learning more than I knew. God was leading me in a way that I knew not, and even at that early day was preparing me for a sphere of labor of which at that time I did not even dream.

Soon after getting settled in my new home work was begun on the unfinished chapel. The mission aries had to superintend the work, as is usually the case when mission buildings of any kind are erected

in North India. A dozen stone-masons, a dozen carpenters, and fifty coolies were employed, and the superintendence of these workmen required the constant presence of one of the missionaries. The duty was very irksome, but I found the experience gained very valuable. During all the years that I remained in North India I nearly always had some building project in hand, and this part of my training was by no means time thrown away. It was also of value to me in throwing me among the people, and in a manner compelling me to talk to them. I was thus led to use the language as fast as I learned it, which is a wonderful help to one acquiring a new tongue. I also had opportunities for observing the people among whom I was to do my missionary work. Among the coolies were both men and women, and persons belonging to nearly all the castes found among the hill people. The carpenters and masons were all low-caste men. These men earned about ten cents a day, while the coolies were glad to work for five cents. This rate of wages afforded an accurate index to the social state of the people. There is much of sunlight in the darkest abodes of the race, and many alleviations can be found to the hard lot of the poor; but, after all, life becomes one long course of dull grinding at the mill to those whose daily toil can earn no more than the coarse food which satisfies the cravings of hunger. Hence I was not surprised to find the people weak in character, untruthful, and given to

all manner of subterfuges, ignorant and superstitious, and apparently without the shadow of a thought concerning the life to come. They worked in a dilatory way, and seemed to have little idea of hard, rugged labor. They represented the poorer classes, it is true, and yet were not very far below the mass of the hill people in point of intelligence and character.

As soon as I was fairly settled in my new home I began the study of the Hindustani language. A venerable old Mohammedan became my teacher. He had a long flowing white beard tipped with a red dye, and was altogether the most thoroughly Oriental character I had yet encountered. He was able to speak a few words of English, but could not frame a complete sentence, and his sole service to me was in occasional attempts at correcting my pronunciation. I read aloud out of a book, while he listened patiently, and occasionally called my attention to a mispronounced word. I soon saw that I would never learn the language in this way, and began more and more to make every native I met my teacher by engaging him in conversation as far as possible. It was my misfortune, however, to have to learn Hindustani among the hill men, who speak it imperfectly, and from whom I failed to get either a good pronunciation or a good idiom.

I was now living among the people, seeing them every day and every hour, and yet I knew very little

about them. I always accompanied my colleague to the bazar, where he went to preach, and used to stand by his side looking intently into the faces of the people while they seemed to be listening closely to his words. I had an intense desire to speak to them myself, and always felt sure that I could startle them by telling them of things of which they had never thought before. I little knew that I had much to learn besides a new language before I should make myself understood by such a people. A great gulf separated us. Their habits of thought, their accepted traditions, their low plane of morals, their reliance upon erroneous maxims which had to them all the force of religious axioms, their dense prejudice, and the caste rules which hedged them about on every side—all these things kept us at a vast distance from the people who stood close around us and looked with kindly interest into our faces. They seemed attentive, but very few understood what was said. My colleague was studying Hindustani successfully, but at that early day his idiom was probably English to a large extent, and his language too largely flavored with Persian words and phrases to be intelligible to the simple mountaineers. One day, when we were together as usual in the bazar, I noticed a young man with a large head, bushy hair, and square features, who at once attracted my attention. He stood with folded arms, and looked the preacher intently in the face, listening as if deeply impressed by every word

that was spoken. Mr. Knowles spoke "lustily," as Mr. Wesley used to phrase it, and when warmed with his subject his face usually glowed with a pretty full expression of the warmth felt within. I felt sure that this young man was deeply impressed. Whoever else might be careless, he certainly felt the force of the preacher's words. I hoped for good in his case, and wondered if I should ever find out what impression the message had made upon him. Two or three years afterward I chanced to meet him, and recognized his peculiar features at once. He also recognized me, and seemed glad to meet me again. After a little conversation, I asked him if he remembered any thing the missionary had said in his sermon.

"No, sahib," he replied; "I do not remember any thing."

"Did you understand him?"

"No, sahib. I did not understand him. He seemed to be very angry about something, but I could not make out what it was."

"What made you think he was angry?"

"He became red in the face, and spoke in a very loud and angry tone."

This story has become current in missionary circles in India, and is sometimes quoted to prove that young missionaries should not be allowed to preach until they thoroughly master the language of the people. I relate it for no such purpose. A man who will not run the risk of committing laughable

blunders will never become a ready preacher in a new tongue. Those who begin to talk as soon as they can put together the framework of a few sentences, and who flounder along like one struggling between swimming and drowning, are nearly certain to succeed, in the long run, in learning to speak fluently and intelligibly in any tongue which they have to acquire.

CHAPTER VI.

MY FIRST YEAR'S WORK.

A FEW weeks after I had become fairly settled in my new home, one of those changes took place which so often try the strength of missionaries in India. A vacancy occurred at a station on the plains, and it became necessary to remove my colleague to fill the place. To get out a man from America would have involved at least a year's delay, and the only possible way of providing for the emergency was by taking away my colleague, although this meant nothing less than the doubling of my work. To me, in my inexperience, it seemed like quadrupling it, and for some weeks the strain was very heavy. A native Christian boy was sent up to help in the school and to assist me by interpreting, but he proved worthless and I was obliged to send him away. All day long I was on duty among the workmen or in the school, and not being by any means a master-builder myself, the worry and bewilderment of directing gangs of carpenters and masons whose language I could not understand proved any thing but a recreation. In a very short time, however, I began to master the situation, and soon found that my isolation was not without its advantages. I was among the people

from morning till night, and, having no interpreter, was compelled to speak their language, and the result was that I very quickly picked up a vocabulary of common words and began to blunder through long sentences. All day long I was struggling to master strange idioms, and to find utterance for most unfamiliar sounds, until at late bed-time I would fall asleep with a jargon of Hindustani words ringing in my ears, and next morning would awake in the midst of what seemed to be a clamor of barbarous voices around my pillow. It was a hard discipline, but a good one. The Europeans had nearly all left the station for the winter, and with the exception of a few pious soldiers I seldom received a visit from any one. One of the English services was closed for the season, and my work among the soldiers was comparatively light.

From the day of my arrival in Nynee Tal I felt a most intense desire to speak to the people in their own language, but for a time it seemed as if an age must elapse before I could do so with any freedom. Sometimes, when mingling with the people, I would feel such a longing to speak to them that it seemed as if I would make any sacrifice if only my stammering tongue could be loosed. At the end of two months I could ask and answer questions pretty freely; but when I began to put sentences together my tongue was quickly in fetters. I kept on trying, however, until one evening, about three months after my arrival,

an incident occurred which gave me a wonderful impetus. Some workmen had come up to the mission house for their pay, and after taking the account of each, and paying them what was due, I began to tell them that in this way God would reckon with us when the work of life was over. Before I knew it I was talking, talking in continuous sentences, and with a freedom that amazed me. I was delighted beyond measure. I felt like a boy in the water who suddenly discovers that he can swim. I would gladly have used my newly discovered power every day, but soon discovered that I could not do so. Every successful public speaker knows that his mind is abnormally active when he is standing before an audience, and once fairly interested in his discourse. It is astonishing how accurately and rapidly some men can think when on their feet before a public audience. Forgotten things come to mind, and obscure things stand out in clear light. It was thus with me on this occasion, and many a time afterward. Every word in my vocabulary was on my tongue the moment it was called for, and some words which I could not possibly have told the meaning of, and yet which I had met with in reading, were as readily at my command as those with which I was familiar. I made sure that the men understood me by cross-questioning them before they left, and then thanked God for this signal encouragement in my work.

From this time forward I embraced frequent op-

portunities of speaking to groups of men when I chanced to meet them by the way-side; but not always with uniform success. Very often my tongue seemed heavy as lead, and the words refused to come at my bidding. Two months after this first attempt I was with a brother missionary in a bazar at the foot of the hills, and ventured to take a turn in preaching. Hundreds of noisy people filled all the space near by, while a crowd of staring men pressed close around us. I pitched my voice in an impossible key, and spoke for a short time with extreme rapidity of utterance. Words were not lacking on this occasion, however, it may have been with ideas. Some of my school-boys were present, and I ventured to ask them if they had understood me. "We understood *just the least little bit* of what you said," was the frank but crushing reply. I did not attempt to speak in the bazar again for two months, but I continued to talk in more quiet places as I found opportunity. One evening, about five months after my arrival, some workmen came into the house with the servants, to our evening prayers, and I ventured to expound the evening lesson to them, and, being encouraged by the effort, I next attempted a more formal exposition on Sundays, and thus was led to hold formal Sunday services. On the 27th of March, which chanced to be the anniversary of my farewell meeting in St. Clairsville, I again took my stand in the bazar, and attempted to preach. An audience quickly gathered,

and God opened my lips so that I was able to speak with great freedom. From this time forward I preached twice a week in the bazar, but it was not till five months later that I was able to conduct an entire service in the chapel. When that point was reached and passed I felt happy indeed. My knowledge of the language was still extremely imperfect, but I could at least do something, and every day was sure to add to my equipment for work.

Near the close of 1859 a native assistant was sent up to me from Bareilly. He was a Mohammedan convert, and had been but recently baptized by Dr. Humphrey. He was to teach me Hindustani and assist in the school, and also in preaching if he should develop a gift for that sacred work. He was a singularly modest man, and I soon learned to esteem and love him, but in less than six months he was called down to the plains. I parted from him regretfully, but I was to meet him again in after years in many a noisy bazar and in many a quiet village. He is now the Rev. Zahur-ul-Haqq, the first native presiding elder of our Church in India.

With the return of the hot weather the Europeans began to flock back to the station, and a large number of convalescent soldiers also arrived from the plains. Our chapel was finished at last, and on the first Sunday in May was formally dedicated. In a very short time it began to be evident that our work among the Europeans would surpass our expectations, and would

add very much to the ordinary duties of the missionary in charge. The chapel soon became too small to hold the Sunday evening congregation, and a marked religious interest was quickly manifested among the people. I was expected to preach at the barracks at six o'clock every Sunday morning, and in the chapel at five in the evening. I also held a week-night meeting at each place in English. In addition to this amount of work I was expected to speak or preach at least three times a week in a half-mastered tongue, to teach two hours a day in school, and meanwhile pursue the study of the language in its two branches, Urdu and Hindi, reciting a lesson in each daily to separate teachers. It was a mad undertaking to attempt so much, and but for the timely return of my late colleague, who came up to the mountains to recover strength after a severe attack of fever, I must have broken down sooner than I did. I was also aided during two subsequent seasons by Dr. Butler, who spent several months in Nynee Tal with his family.

The officer in military command in Nynee Tal at that time was the late Major Drysdale, of the Forty-second Highlanders. He was a man of good impulses, and fully appreciated every effort made for the good of his men. He was a rigid disciplinarian, for which I have reason to remember him gratefully. At the beginning of the season he said to me, "I shall be glad to have you preach to the men, but it

must be strictly on the following conditions: you must not be too early—I would nearly as soon have you too late as too early—and you must not be one half-minute too late. The service must not continue longer than one hour; sixty minutes must be the maximum." I was very willing to accept the conditions, and had no difficulty in meeting them except in abridging the sermons. I had been accustomed to preach sermons an hour or more in length, and now it seemed a difficult task to compress the whole service into that brief space of time. I did it, however, and did it successfully. Instead of reading whole chapters I began to select appropriate portions of chapters, seldom more than twenty verses. I also abbreviated the singing; I found that with a rapid tune a verse of four lines could be sung in forty-five seconds, while an additional quarter of a minute would suffice for other tunes, and I was careful to give out only as many verses as we had time for. The sermon was reduced to thirty minutes. I had been accustomed to make a formal introduction, and to attempt a formal peroration. I cut off both of these at a stroke, and found that in doing so I had simply thrown away so much useless wadding. Then I eliminated every thing which I did not really wish to say, and which did not seem really important to be said, and found that I could give the people God's message a great deal more effectively in thirty minutes than in sixty. To my surprise I found that the whole service was

made more effective by the rigid limitation of time, and I have ever since maintained the rule which was enforced upon me by the Scotch major. If I wished to deliver an oration, or a lecture, or to argue a question like a lawyer, I should ask for an hour's time at least; but when I come before people with a message from God, I prefer to be more like a man in haste. A messenger of the Almighty has no business to saunter into the pulpit and waste five minutes in lolling in an easy chair or sofa, no business to talk to the minister who sits beside him while the choir wastes precious time with operatic preludes and interludes, no business to perform the ritualistic duty of reading tedious and irrelevant lessons, to make long and wearisome prayers, to waste five minutes in reading notices, and then to spend one half the time devoted to the sermon in talk which might be omitted without the slightest loss to any human being. God's messenger should be a man in haste, and, when standing before those to whom God has sent him, he should be very careful not to waste a single half-minute.

Every missionary remembers with peculiar interest his first inquirer. Many persons may have come to talk, or to seek information, or to engage in controversy, but no one of these is remembered as an inquirer. This personage is one who comes with the avowed purpose of becoming a Christian, provided his doubts are cleared away and his path of duty made plain before him. He is often sincere, and often very

insincere, but the young missionary is pretty sure to take a large amount of stock in his first candidate for baptism. It is well that he should, but he is often doomed to a severe disappointment. My first inquirer was an elderly devotee of high caste, who was a stranger in Nynee Tal. His ears had been cruelly perforated, and he wore two large, clumsy wooden rings in them. He was a dull man, but avowed his intention to become a Christian, and seemed to have a little knowledge of the new religion. He expected me to provide for him in all respects, and I was unwise enough to assume the obligation. I took the case in hand with more vigor than common sense, and soon brought matters to a crisis. Having made up my mind that caste was a great iniquity, I required this simple old man to break through all its restraints at a stroke, and, in order to make the work more complete, I required him to show his renunciation of both caste and mendicancy by taking a basket and going to work among the coolies. He very meekly went to work, but when it came to the question of formally breaking his caste by eating with Christians he quietly but persistently refused. He remained a few days, but finding at last that he must choose between breaking his caste and leaving, he quietly disappeared. I thought at the time that the case had been well managed, but am not very proud of it now. Young missionaries cannot be too careful to study the prejudices and modes of thought of those to whom they go, nor

can they be too gentle or considerate in dealing with them. To the old devotee I must have seemed a harsh and exacting young man, while it is to be feared that he went away with an utterly distorted notion of the requirements of the Christian religion. One of the first essentials in the qualifications of a preacher is an ability to know men, and this qualification has a tenfold importance in a non-Christian country. I did not know the old man, did not see beneath the mere surface of his character, and in consequence exercised no skill whatever in putting new truths before him. I had nearly every thing to yet learn, so far as practical dealing with the people was concerned, and my first lessons did not give much promise of rapid progress.

As the season advanced the demands of our English work steadily increased, as did my misgivings about the rightfulness of devoting so much time to it. I had come to India to preach to the heathen, and now before the close of my first year in the country I found myself in charge of two English congregations, and perceived clearly enough that this kind of work would increase rather than decrease in the future. The station was growing rapidly, and the chapel was always too small to hold the people who came to hear the word. I enjoyed the work exceedingly, and yet it seemed very clear that, soon or later, it must draw me off from my mission to the heathen. Experienced missionaries advised me to leave the place,

assuring me that I could never master the vernacular successfully while preaching constantly in my mother-tongue. I fully sympathized with these advisers, and not only regarded my appointment to Nynee Tal as a misfortune, but firmly resolved that, as soon as I could find a better place, I would put a seal upon my lips, so far as English preaching was concerned, and preach only to those whom Christian sinners are accustomed to call "the heathen." "So foolish was I, and ignorant." I did not know that God had me in training for usefulness in years to come, and that the work which I would gladly have escaped was singularly adapted to prepare me for the field which he had in view.

Near the close of the rainy season the heavy strain of work of which mention has been made began seriously to affect my health. Without a half-hour's recreation in a whole month, with the day of rest changed into a day of triple toil, with sleep abridged and the mind in one incessant state of work or worry, it is not strange that I began to find "the climate" very injurious to my health. The climate of India has enough to answer for in all truthfulness, but in no other country are the ill effects of so much human indiscretion set down to climatic causes. The wrecks to health caused by an animal diet which would test the digestive powers of a Greenlander, washed down with unceasing draughts of beer and brandy, are nearly all set down to the account of the "beastly climate." In

missionary circles there may be temperance at the table; but intemperate work, neglect of recreation, disobedience to God's law of rest, and the transfer to the tropics of habits suited to higher latitudes, often result in a breakdown which ought not, and in justice cannot, be laid to the charge of the Indian climate. In my own case, nearly every law of health had been ignored, and God, who does not tolerate the violation of a law of health any more than of one of the Ten Commandments, suffered the appointed penalty to vindicate his unchanging law.

CHAPTER VII.

LENGTHENING THE CORDS.

WITH the approach of the cold season, both Europeans and natives began to desert Nynee Tal, the former returning to their homes in the various towns of North India, and the latter, for the most part, descending to the villages along the base of the mountains. The forest which skirts the mountains had been cleared away in some places, and thriving settlements of hill men had been established there. Immediately outside the forest lies another belt of rich but marshy land, called the Terai, where a deadly malaria lurks throughout more than half the year, and where Europeans and ordinary natives alike find it nearly impossible to live. An aboriginal tribe, called the Taroos, inhabit this malarial region. They are a simple people, observe no caste distinctions, are honest in their dealings, maintain a kind of devil-worship for a religion, and are much given to drunkenness. As soon as the people began to leave Nynee Tal I determined to follow them, and widen the sphere of our operations by establishing an out-station at a place called Huldwanee, at the foot of the mountains, and about fourteen miles from Nynee Tal. From this point I hoped to be able to reach the Taroos, and from

all the information which I had been able to procure there seemed good reason to hope that the Gospel might be better received by them than by orthodox Hindus, who were hedged about by caste rules, and subject to deep-seated fears and prejudices. I accordingly shut up the mission house and, early in November, removed to Huldwanee, where I expected to have my head-quarters during the cold season.

The Commissioner of Kumaon at that time was Major Ramsay, now General, the Honorable Sir Henry Ramsay, K.C.S.I., well known and highly honored in every missionary circle in India. Though hindered by his official position from taking an active part in missionary work, he nevertheless aided the cause by his personal influence, by open-handed giving, and by wise counsel and unfailing sympathy. Through his influence a boys' school which had been established at Huldwanee was made over to me, and this at once gave me a footing in the place, and opened a way among the people. I had previously been joined by a native Christian, with his wife, from a distant station, and hence I was prepared to begin work in this out-station with a little show of strength. It would have been better, however, if I had gone to the place alone. In those days a good many native Christians were drifting about in North India, and, as ours was a new mission, they were constantly seeking service within our borders. A few of them turned out well, but others gave us much

trouble and wrought lasting injury to our work. My man thought it of the first importance that he should command respect in his new position, and accordingly proceeded to speak to the officials in a lofty tone, and to order policemen about with the air of a man in authority. The result was a severe thrashing, which he solemnly set down to the account of persecution for Christ's sake, while he proceeded to seek for ample revenge in the court. This untoward event hindered us very seriously, and for a time nearly broke up the school. Another and a better man arrived about this time to join me in my projected itinerating work, and this better brother partly compensated for the weakness which my other assistant had caused. In those days of small things many mistakes were unavoidable, on account of the absolute necessities of the case; but in these better times it should be laid down as an inflexible rule, admitting of no exceptions, that only safe and tried men be sent to new stations.

In late November I set out on my projected tour among the Taroos. Two camels carried my baggage, which consisted of a small tent, two boxes, containing cooking utensils, dishes, etc., a small trunk for clothing and books, a bamboo cot, and a camp-table and chair. Samuel, the native preacher, and I rode on ponies. We passed through the forest, and after riding a few miles through tall jungle-grass, so tall that we were often quite hidden by it, emerged upon a beautiful little clearing in the midst of which stood

a Taroo village. The fields of mustard in its rich, yellow bloom, and of wheat just beginning its luxuriant growth, were in striking contrast with the dreary marsh around; and when the little tent had been pitched in the mango orchard near the village, and I sat by my small table enjoying the strange quiet of this enchanting little garden spot, I began to realize my first experience of a phase of Indian missionary life, which is to many one long delight. To go about among the quiet villages for weeks—to pitch one's moving tent in the cool depths of a dense mango grove—to sit under the trees and watch the evening shadows steal across the plain—to go out in the early morning and see the mellow sunlight gently dissolving the light haze which hangs above the horizon—to listen to the peaceful sounds, the dove by the roadside, the peacock in the distance, the cow-boy in the pasture, the farmers in their fields, the village children at their play—to gather the people together when resting during the heat of the day, or, better still, in the quiet village street in the bright moonlight, and talk to them in the name of Him who once went about doing good—all these things combine to make "itinerating," as missionaries in India call it, not only enjoyable, but, to some, positively fascinating. There is another side to the picture, it is true. The sun is so oppressive, even during most of the cold season, that journeys have to be made in the early morning. The tent must be taken down before

daylight, and the chill night air is felt as keenly by most persons as a veritable winter air would be in America. The roads are bad, carts and oxen break down, and it is by no means certain that a tent will always be ready at nightfall. Then the villages are not always quiet, the groves are not always cool, and the gentle cooing of the dove by day is often followed by the hideous uproar of troops of jackals at night. But when all these allowances are made, the fact remains that itinerating in India has a charm of its own, and that few missionaries who have once learned to love it ever succeed in shaking off its fascination.

I was eager to begin my work among the villagers, and soon after getting my tent in order I had a talk with the head man and some of his friends. They were not very unlike other natives in their religious ideas. Like all aboriginal races, they had imbibed a good deal of Hinduism from their Aryan neighbors. They had little shrines under trees near the village, and they believed that local demons or spirits hovered near these places, and at times they made offerings to appease them. They were not startled, however, as Hindus would have been, at the mention of forsaking their ancestral faith and becoming Christians. The head man gravely proposed to have the matter submitted to a council of the tribe, to be held at a great fair the following week, and when I dissuaded him from this he next offered to call together

the chief men of the villages in his immediate neighborhood and lay the question before them. He looked at the matter with the utmost coolness. It might affect the gods, but did not affect him. He was ready for an exchange if it was generally thought best, but was quite content to let matters remain as they were.

I journeyed on eastward for several days, keeping among the Taroos most of the time, and having constant opportunities for observing their habits of life and the range of their religious notions. They were a cleanly people, and comparatively opulent. Their rich fields produced bountiful crops, while the redundant pasturage made it possible for every one to keep cows and oxen. One little lord among them owned an elephant, and aspired to the title of prince. They did not seem to differ much from other natives in point of morality except in the matter of intemperance, which seemed to prevail to a frightful extent among them. They may have been more truthful than their Hindu neighbors, but I was not long in discovering that they were quite capable of speaking falsehoods. For missionary purposes they offered some peculiar advantages, but to make Christians out of them would have been any thing but a ten days' task. The notion that there are single tribes of primitive people who have all the Christian virtues in full bloom, and who only wait for some one to give them the hint in order to have them become

good Christians, ought by this time to be pretty effectually exploded. Mr. Stanley's account of the amiable King Mtesa is an excellent illustration of this popular notion. There are no heathen people in all the wide world who are ignorant of the ordinary vices of our fallen humanity, and there is not a tribe on earth which can be won to Christ and to Christian virtues without the severe struggle which always attends a victory over sin and Satan.

On the banks of the river Sarda, which separates the Nepaul border from Rohilcund, I found one of those immense concourses of people so peculiar to India, popularly known as melas or religious fairs. The original object of these fairs was wholly religious, but with the progress of time this has been largely lost sight of, and business, pleasure, and social cheer all unite to draw the people together. They come from far and near, by tens and hundreds of thousands, and settle down in a vast camp which assumes the proportions of a temporary city. The streets are marked off, often several miles in length; shops are opened, traders expose all manner of wares for sale, and all the sounds of bustling city life may be heard at every turn. A few of the better classes erect tents, but the majority find shelter in the temporary grass huts, or under the roof of reeds which serves as a cover for their carts. Tens of thousands, however, have no shelter but the blanket or sheet which they carry with them, and lie down at night under

the open sky, or at best beneath the leafy branches of a friendly tree. At these fairs all classes are in the best possible spirits. They enjoy to the full the sight of the great sea of human life, with the gaudy display of merchandise, the sound of mirth and gladness, the meeting with friends and kindred, and the busy scenes which make the day one long round of excitement. The women, especially, are fond of these great gatherings. The strict rules of seclusion which ordinarily govern them are partially relaxed at the great fairs, and after a year of hard work in the quiet village, which is their little world, they flock to the annual fair in their best attire, loaded down with all manner of ornaments, and gay as little birds in the morning sunshine. Missionaries were not slow in discovering the facilities which these resorts afford for the prosecution of their work. They can get unlimited numbers of hearers, can sell or give away books and tracts in large quantities, and have opportunities for meeting persons interested in Christianity from all parts of the country. At all the great fairs one or more missionaries may be found, while often a strong band of native preachers may be seen singing and preaching in company.

This was my first experience at one of these fairs, and I entered into the work with great enthusiasm. Samuel and I rode into the crowded streets, and preached on horseback to immense audiences. No missionary had ever before been at that fair, and this

made our presence a notable event. The people seemed to listen with intense interest. A few were disposed to dispute with us, but for the most part the simple people seemed anxious to know what our message was, and what we wished them to do. Many Taroos were present, and some of their leading men waited on me and talked freely about my errand to them, and seemed sincerely anxious to have me visit them in their villages. I remained three days at the fair, and then set out on my return, visiting a number of Taroo villages on the way. During our stay at the fair we preached daily for several hours, both morning and evening, and always to the same vast crowds of quiet and attentive hearers. I found the work very invigorating spiritually, and much less fatiguing physically than might be supposed. On such occasions the preachers take turns, and also take an occasional rest by stopping to read or sing, or, as often happens, they are forced into discussion, which is less trying to throat and lungs than a continuous discourse. At the present day parties of a dozen or more preachers take their stand together, and are thus able to keep up a continuous sound of singing, prayer, and preaching for hours at a time.

While at the fair I met the English magistrate in whose jurisdiction the Taroos whom I had visited lived, and received a proposal from him to take the oversight of five village schools which he had estab-

lished among the people. This seemed like a remarkable providential opening, and I was greatly encouraged by the prospect which was thus opening out among these people. I returned to Huldwanee in very high spirits, full of plans and hopes which were never to be realized. While riding through the Terai I had carelessly exposed myself to the sun, and this, added to the broken state of health in which I had closed the season at Nynee Tal, so prostrated my nervous system that I had to return to the bracing air of the mountains to recruit. The recruiting was a slower and more serious process than I had anticipated. For three months I was laid aside from work, and for three months more I was able to do very little. The Indian sun is extremely hostile to a foreigner's constitution, and it is the more dangerous because its range of temperature is no safe index by which to judge of its effects. The hottest noonday sun often produces no injurious effect upon the person exposed to it, while a very slight exposure in the early morning may result in very serious injury to the health.

While I was confined at Nynee Tal, Samuel made a few trips among the Taroos, and the other assistant did a little work in connection with the school. With the approach of the hot weather the people returned to their mountain homes, and both the native preachers came up to Nynee Tal.

During the summer of 1861 I had ample leisure for

reviewing the situation and prospects of our mission to the hill men, and of forming plans for the extension of our work. In the course of the season a school was made over to us by the government inspector at a place in the interior of the mountains, about fifteen miles from Nynee Tal, and another in a settlement at the foot of the hills, about twelve miles distant. Two other schools were projected in villages below, and another near a beautiful lake among the lower mountains. We had thus a central station with six village schools, serving as so many out-stations, making the outline of a very interesting little mission field. Our kind commissioner provided good stone school-houses in the villages, and funds were found for carrying on all the work without any aid from America. The English people who attended our services gave most liberally to the support of our work, and in the course of my second year at Nynee Tal I proposed to the Superintendent to relinquish all claims upon the Board at New York except for my own salary, provided the station should be made financially independent, and the missionary be allowed to disburse all the funds collected by him. This proposal was accepted, and not only was all our work carried on by funds collected by us, but a large surplus was paid into the mission treasury, the amount during the first year being more than double the salary of the missionary. This was an early illustration of what in recent years has been called "self-support," but at

the time it attracted little attention either in India or at home.

The Hindustani service increased in interest during this second year in Nynee Tal, and we frequently had fifty or more persons present. A few native Christians had come up for the season, and a few Hindus were nearly always found among those who came to hear the word. Early in the year a high-caste man applied for baptism, and for a time I hoped for much from him. He broke his caste with a great show of decision and courage, and for a time proved of great use to me as an interpreter, not of my words, which the people could understand, but of my thoughts or meaning, which I could not always convey to them. It is one thing to be able to speak a language, but quite another thing to be able to get the intellectual range of the people who use it. My inquirer had great ability in this direction, and often smoothed my way before me as I tried to talk to the people. There seemed, however, something not quite right about the man, and fortunately I did not make haste to baptize him. While his case was pending he was arrested on a charge of stealing, and from evidence accidentally discovered I was fully convinced of his guilt. The natives seemed astonished that I made no effort to secure his acquittal, and I think Christianity suffered a little in the estimation of some of them when they perceived that it did not stand by one of its adherents in a time of trouble.

The inquirer was a shrewd man, and defended his own case with such skill that he was acquitted, but his connection with me ceased.

The next inquirer turned out more satisfactorily. He was a young man of nineteen, and had been educated in a mission school. He had a fair knowledge of Christianity, but never had any interest in spiritual things until a few weeks before his baptism, when he came to Nynee Tal, and while attending some of our meetings the Holy Spirit, to use his own language, "came into his heart like a breath." He promptly asked for baptism, and as his case seemed clear in all respects, he was publicly baptized in the mission church on Sunday, November 3, 1861. The native Christians who were present were greatly rejoiced, and some of the two dozen Hindus who came in to witness the ceremony seemed much impressed. The young man wished to drop his Hindu name, and having asked me to select a new name for him, I gave him the honored name of my college president, John Barker. He has not proved unworthy of so good a name, and is now a valuable laborer in the North India Conference.

I had been more than two years at work before the baptism of this first convert, and the occasion was to me an era in a life-time. The story of those two uneventful years is quickly told, but the feelings of discouragement and depression which would at times arise, the disappointments which were met, and the

daily trial of faith and patience which had to be endured, are things which may be mentioned, but cannot be described. The baptism of a single youth was in itself an unimportant event, but as a token from above it was a signal of encouragement. It told of better things and brighter days, and assured me that in God's own time the little one should become a thousand, and the small one a strong nation.

CHAPTER VIII.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

MY first work during the cold season of my third year in India was among the Taroos. Finding that these people lived too far away from Nynee Tal to be reached without great difficulty, it was arranged to open a new station at the large town of Pilibhit, on the plains, and only a dozen miles from the nearest Taroo settlements. An English missionary who had formerly been a "Scripture Reader" in Calcutta, and had subsequently joined our mission, was stationed at Pilibhit, which was attached to Nynee Tal as part of a vast circuit. I met my new colleague early in the cold season, and we made a tour together through the Taroo country. The people received us most kindly, and our way among them seemed to be opening most satisfactorily. They seemed eager to have us establish our work among them, but much of this eagerness was but an expression of politeness. They felt it their bounden duty to show their appreciation of our good intentions, but did not expect us to accept their assurances in any thing like a literal sense. We soon discovered this when we finally fixed upon a village for the head-quarters of our proposed work. The people seemed delighted at first, but when we

proceeded to clear the ground under a huge banyan tree for a little thatch school-house which was to be erected they began to raise difficulties. After much parleying we were told that a god or demon had formerly had a shrine under the tree, and that if we disturbed him he would almost certainly bring many woes upon them. Fever and pestilence would smite them, tigers would tear them to pieces, elephants and boars would destroy their fields, and storm and tempest overwhelm them. Among the nettles and undergrowth I discovered a broken-down shrine, and after surveying the situation, I succeeded in quieting the troubled people by promising to assume the whole responsibility in the case. We did a little work merely to let them see that we were in earnest in what we told them, and then went on our way to Pilibhit.

I may as well pause here to finish the story of this projected mission among the Taroos. Many friends of the cause would no doubt counsel me to leave the story untold, but I have undertaken to tell how I learned to do missionary work, and in simple honesty feel bound to give a faithful account of all the lessons received. Nothing is gained by concealing the truth from those who support the work, and it ought to be frankly admitted at the outset that many mistakes are made in the mission field, many reverses encountered, and many disasters suffered. Young missionaries, like other young men, are often found to be

impatient of supervision, and anxious to have a separate field in which they can work according to their own ideas. Like other young men, too, most of them need the supervision which they dislike, and should not be trusted alone till they have been well tested in a subordinate position. In this particular instance it was the misfortune of both my colleague and myself to be young, and this made it harder for the junior to be junior. It soon became evident that he would not work cheerfully in a subordinate position, and the result was that the connection between us was severed, and he took sole charge of the Taroos. I have often thought of them and prayed for them in the years that have passed, but have never seen them since.

Meanwhile the missionary left in charge took his family and moved out in a tent to spend the cold season among the people. The simple villagers brought him supplies at very moderate prices, but could not always meet his wants. The missionary was fond of kids, but the villagers had not many goats, and did not wish to part with their kids. The missionary insisted, and the simple people yielded. They gave as far as possible what was demanded, but closed their hearts against missionaries and their message, and our work among them came to a sudden end. It is possible that the attempt to evangelize them might in any case have ended in failure, but so far as one can judge from the known facts in the

case, nothing did half so much to make success impossible as the want of the most elementary self-denial on the part of the missionary. I can speak of him the more freely because he has long since ceased to be connected with any Christian Church, and his name is already forgotten in India. His error, however, if so mild a word as error can be used, illustrates a curious infirmity in human nature. Self-denial may mean much or little according to the spirit in which it is exercised. It by no means follows that those who forsake home and friends and country will always be found ready to give up the ordinary little comforts and preferences of daily life. A change from one side of the globe to the other does not effect the slightest change in human character, and it can hardly be said that missionaries as a class have learned how to exercise the daily duty of self-denial any more perfectly than other Christians. They are very much like their former selves when living in their native land, and find, as every Christian finds, that it is much easier to perform one special act of self-sacrifice in a particular case than to embrace all obligations of this kind in one supreme act of self-crucifixion, embracing the whole of a life time, and renewed every day that life lasts.

In a series of sketches such as I am writing it is impossible to omit all mention of matters of a purely personal character, especially when it is remembered that a missionary's whole life is so interwoven with

his work that any accurate account of the latter must involve many incidents which ordinarily would not find any mention in writings intended for the public eye. In the early part of this third year in India a change occurred in my life which was to open a new department in our mission work, and at the same time end in thrusting me out into other regions far away from the field which I was learning to look upon as in a peculiar sense my own. I had gone to India as a single missionary, and had found ample opportunities for useful work, but had thus far attempted nothing among the women. By my marriage with Mrs. Downey, who had been in charge of the orphanage at Bareilly, a light was not only brought into the mission home, but a new and important element was introduced into our missionary work. The hill women, with a few exceptions, do not live in seclusion like their sisters of the better classes on the plains, and are readily accessible in their village homes to ladies who go among them. We at once began to plan for a girls' school, and in the meantime began to direct the two Christian women who belonged to the mission how to go among the women and win their confidence and friendship.

With the opening of the hot season of 1862, a small school for girls was commenced at Nynee Tal. We had expected opposition, or at least alarm and suspicion, on the part of the people, but at first were

happily disappointed. A few girls belonging to poor families first came, but the number increased from day to day, and much to our surprise some girls from good families began to come, including the daughter of the highest native official in the place. We were exceedingly encouraged, and began to indulge the most sanguine expectations in reference to the school, but very soon a change occurred. One morning all the high-caste girls were absent, and it soon appeared that a whisper had been passed round warning the orthodox to keep away from the school. The mischief was traced to one of our own Christian assistants, whose zeal was vastly in excess of his common sense. His head was quite turned when he saw the daughters of influential people coming to the school, and he determined to make the most of the occurrence. Without taking counsel of any one, he went into the bazar, and began to blaze abroad the matter, and urge all the people to send their daughters to the mission school. The rank and file were alarmed. The place was soon full of talk, the men who had sent their daughters to school were confronted by angry or alarmed neighbors, and the result, which any one knowing India might have predicted, was that the cause of female education received a serious check, from which it did not fully recover for ten years. The school, however, was not broken up. A fair attendance of low-caste girls was secured, and before the close of the season some of their mothers began

to manifest a most encouraging interest in the teaching received by their daughters. Some of them even went so far as to attend the Sunday service in the mission church, and strangely enough this little school for girls was found to be of more use in giving us access to the people in their homes than the much larger and less distrusted school for boys.

During this year our English work occupied a less prominent place than it had previously done, and I had an opportunity of learning a lesson which was to be unpleasantly repeated in after years. A new chaplain was sent to the place, and, unlike his predecessor, he was a good man and a faithful pastor. In all my Indian life I have not met a harder worker or a better chaplain. Soon after his arrival he kindly asked me to discontinue my work among the English people, except in the case of rigid "Dissenters," and much to my surprise I found that many of our friends who had applauded our work among the Europeans were now of the opinion that I should discontinue it, at least during the incumbency of this faithful chaplain. In those days the official character of a government chaplain was more generally recognized than at present, and many good friends of missionaries were ready to regard them as trespassers on the rights of others if they attempted to exercise their full ministerial functions among Europeans. This was to be done only in exceptional cases of necessity. It seemed to be taken for granted that in case a different kind

of chaplain should succeed this one we would, of course, drop our work among the natives so far as might be necessary to enable us to resume our English services. The chaplain was kind and friendly, but very firm. My wife had gathered the soldiers' children together in a Sunday-school, and so much pressure was brought to bear that this had to be closed. The colonel in command did not fall in with the popular opinion, and urged me to continue the meetings among his men, and by way of giving emphasis to his views he regularly attended our Sunday services. The whole affair, however, had a powerful influence in bringing me to a decision which for several years I supposed was final. I was inclining more and more to purely native work, and when I discovered that as a preacher among Europeans I could not expect to be more than a hewer of wood and drawer of water, that I could not build upon a permanent basis, but must get out of every man's way who might see fit to enter into my labors, I decided to give up English work altogether, just as soon as arrangements could be made for doing so. I was quite sure that this was a wise resolution, but subsequent years proved that I did not know what I was doing.

During this season our work among the natives developed very encouragingly. The Sunday-school flourished, and the service in the mission church began more and more to assume the form of a regular

Christian service, such as one is accustomed to see in a Christian land. An orphan boy of fifteen who had come of his own accord to become a Christian, and an orphan girl of twelve who had been sent as a waif by the English magistrate to be taken care of by us, were baptized in the course of the year. A young widow from a village in the interior, who became the wife of our first convert, was also baptized. Inquirers began to multiply, and for a time it seemed as if we were entering upon an era of steady progress in the direct work of the conversion of the natives. Before the close of the year we had ten Christians living on our own premises. A second orphan girl was received, and there seemed every reason to hope that the following year would witness a very considerable ingathering of adults of both sexes. A prosperous and happy year was drawing to a close. The future was bright with hope, and we were busy with plans which reached forward into coming years. The Rev. C. W. Judd and wife were with us, having come up for a month's change at the end of the hot season. My wife had been ill for several days, but not a shadow of a misgiving as to the result had crossed my mind. One evening Brother Judd asked me to go out for a walk, and when alone asked me if I had at all thought of the possibility of a great bereavement being at hand. "No," I replied, "I have no fear whatever of such a thing. You see how our work is bound up with my wife's life. Her death would scatter the little we have

gathered together; it would break up our plans, and indeed would undo nearly all we have been doing. God *cannot* take her away without undoing his own work, and hence I have no fears whatever of such a thing happening." I have never since used the word *cannot* when speaking of God's dealings with his own. An evening or two later the doctor expressed his fear of a fatal termination of the illness; but I still felt little alarm. At ten o'clock she was worse, and I then knew that the crisis was at hand. A long night of wrestling with agonizing pain followed, and the next morning, when the chariot came to carry the weary pilgrim home, our lowly dwelling seemed as if transformed into a portal of heaven. The dying sufferer seemed as if a seraph's hand had been laid upon her brow, while the glow of the upper temple filled the room. "I am glad," she said, "that life has been given me that I might have the privilege of dying." While trying to urge her Mohammedan cook to give his heart to Christ, her strength failed her, and a moment later she was at rest forever.

The scattering of our little flock and the breaking up of our home were not long delayed. Two weeks later I took our baby boy, then but six weeks old, with the orphan girls, to Bareilly. Mrs. Waugh kindly assumed charge of the delicate little babe, and tenderly and nobly did she fulfill her task. I stayed a week, and then kissed the child a good-bye the full meaning of which I did not understand. He is

now twenty-one years of age, but out of the twenty-one years which have passed since that first good-bye, all the time I have spent with him, counting even fragments of weeks, does not amount to eighteen months. I returned from Bareilly to a desolate home. The orphan boy alone remained, and I at once locked up the house, and set out for a cold season's campaign among the villages at the foot of the hills.

When all alone in my little camp on the edge of the great forests, and under the shadows of the silent mountains, I had ample leisure for reflection. The blow which had fallen upon me was heavier than I at that time knew. From the first I knew that other changes must follow, but did not fully realize that my work in my first mission field was nearly over. As the weeks passed by, however, this feeling grew upon me more and more. What was in the future I could not know; but unconsciously the feeling was slowly creeping into my heart that my connection with Nynee Tal was not to be a permanent one. He who mars our chosen plans can make other plans for us, and I began to feel that God's thoughts were above my fancies, God's promises above and beyond my hopes, and God's vineyard a wider sphere of labor than the choice little corner which I had thought to call my own.

With the return of the hot season I went back to Nynee Tal. I had a great deal of missionary help

during this season, and found the work lighter than I had previously known. In the course of the season Mrs. Waugh came up to Nynee Tal, and I was able to make arrangements for keeping my child with me during the rest of the season. In the meantime the question of taking the child to America was seriously proposed, and it thus happened that before the close of the season I had determined to return for a brief visit to my native land. Nothing had been farther from my thoughts and expectations when I was leaving home, but it seemed to me that the pathway of duty pointed as directly homeward as it had before pointed Indiaward. The arrangements were soon made. The orphan boy, Harkua, accompanied me to help look after the child, and on the 2d of October, 1863, two days before the little fellow had completed his first year, we left Nynee Tal, and set out upon one of the most serious undertakings of my life. We stopped at several points on the way down to Calcutta, but at last got away by steamer on the 23d. A motherless babe needs no tongue with which to plead for the love of strangers, and it thus happened that everywhere, through our long and trying journey, kind friends were at hand to help me with my tender charge, until at last, with God's blessing, I was permitted to set foot again upon my native shores.

CHAPTER IX.

ON FURLOUGH.

I REACHED home during Christmas week of 1863, after an absence of less than five years. The country was in the throes of its great life-struggle with the Southern Confederacy, and had wonderfully changed during the few years of my absence. The war spirit ruled every thing and every-where. Partisan feeling was exceedingly bitter, and the time seemed most inopportune for calling attention to missionary interests. I was surprised, however, to find that the people were more than willing to attend missionary meetings, and to give most freely to the cause. It was a period of feverish and most unhealthy prosperity. Money was plentiful and easily earned, and people parted with it very readily. The churches were better attended than at any period since the war. I was every-where struck with the absence of gay colors in public congregations, and the marked prominence of the mourner's black, which told of kindred slain on the battle-field. The military spirit which filled the very air seemed to make the people appreciate the grand features of the missionary enterprise. They were ready to listen to plans for the conquest of the world, and they quickly grasped the

idea, so easily obscured in our worldly age, that the Church of Christ is a militant organization enlisted for conquest and equipped for victory.

I was at first very much surprised to find that my brief term of rather tame service in the foreign field had given me a prominence to which I had no manner of just claim. In those days, and in that part of the country, returned missionaries had rarely been seen. Dr. Maclay had spoken once or twice in and about Pittsburg, but few people in that region had ever seen a missionary, and the exaggerated notions of the romantic period of the missionary enterprise had yet to be dispelled. I had also the exceptional advantage of having a young Hindu with me. Harkua quite eclipsed me on all occasions, and had he not been blessed with what is aptly called a level head would probably have been hopelessly spoiled in a very few months. His complexion was dark, but his features were distinctly Aryan, and this made him a puzzle to strangers. On our way West we were detained on Christmas-day at a hotel in Reading. The swarthy youth was the subject of constant attention throughout the day. As he passed through a public room a man stopped him and deliberately examined his hair, and then remarked, in a tone of great satisfaction, "Well, he ain't a nigger, anyhow." While I was at dinner, a half-tipsy young man, who afterward turned out to be a backslidden theological student, came in and asked for the gentleman who

had a baby up stairs in charge of a strange boy. "I can't make the boy out," he said. "He isn't a nigger, that's certain. And he isn't an Indian or a Mexican. He can't speak Spanish, and he can't speak Italian, and I can't imagine where in this world he belongs to." I was pointed out to the perplexed inquirer, and when he learned where the boy was from he had him brought down to the dining-room, and, standing behind his plate, served him with his own hands, meanwhile repeating to himself every now and then, in a tone of solemn gravity, "Any thing but a nigger! Any thing but a nigger!"

From the day of my arrival at home I was overwhelmed with work. Invitations to preach, lecture, address Sunday-schools, and attend missionary meetings poured in from every side, and I was constantly engaged in some kind of public speaking. Wherever we went the churches were crowded and the enthusiasm intense. The collections were large, and the people seemed fairly delighted to give. Harkua learned English rapidly, and was soon able to answer brief questions in public. He was not long in discovering that the people had some false notions concerning him, and sometimes was merry and sometimes angry over the questions put to him. The ordinary idea seemed to be that the boy must necessarily feel overwhelmed with gratitude on account of his rescue from heathenism, but as a matter of fact he saw no reason for being more thankful than

American sinners ought to be when converted, and declined the monopoly of gratitude which was so freely accorded him. Another notion was that a "heathen country" must be a most wretched abode for human beings, and that America must appear like a paradise to the Hindu boy. It seldom seemed to occur to any one that the youth could have any patriotic feelings, or that he could possibly think of India except by way of unfavorable contrast. He liked America exceedingly, but sometimes felt the cruel things said about his own country very keenly. In his heathen childhood he had never heard such horrible blasphemy as assailed his ears every time he went abroad in America. He had never seen a tenth part of the drunkenness which every American town displayed before his eyes. He had never seen so much fighting and violence as in those war times he witnessed nearly every week. In one town he saw a man stabbed through the heart, and escaping with me into another street, he saw an infuriated mob trying to kill another man who was lying helpless in their midst. It is not to be wondered at that the boy declined to believe that America was paradise restored, or that the millennium had fully dawned on the western shores of the Atlantic. He stoutly denied that India was an inferior country, and sometimes was even inclined to maintain in private conversation with me that there were more bad people in America than in India.

After four months of incessant preaching and lecturing, chiefly within the bounds of what was then the Pittsburg Conference, I went to Philadelphia during the second week of May, to attend the General Conference of 1864. Arriving on the morning of the 11th, I went to the Conference room at an early hour, and found that I was just in time to hear the report of the Committee on Missions on the organization of an Annual Conference in India called up for action. The missionaries in India had for the second time asked that a regular Conference organization might be granted them, and the committee reported in favor of granting their request, with, however, a memorable proviso attached, to the effect that the exercise of their Conference prerogatives should be "with the concurrence of the Bishop presiding." The debate on the report was very brief, but indicated very clearly, as did all the conversation of delegates at the time, that the object of the proviso was to guard against the irregularities which might be expected to arise in a Conference composed in a large measure of converts from heathenism, or as one brother expressed it, "of heathen members of Conference." A few questions were asked, and one pointed protest made, but the motion to adopt the report was carried almost unanimously. I knew beyond a doubt that it would give very great dissatisfaction in India, but could do nothing except listen in silence. The one thing which the mission-

aries in India had felt the want of was a legal and settled organization, and no matter how harmless this little proviso might seem, and no matter how good the intentions of its framers might be, I knew very well that it would suggest to those in the field the possibility of all the evils which are sure to arise from a policy of administrative uncertainties. It was distinctly a move in the wrong direction. An Annual Conference so exceptionally situated should be clothed with additional powers, rather than shorn of those which rightfully belong to it.

Dr. Durbin noticed me in the audience, and soon after the vote had been taken came down to where I was seated, and very kindly asked me if I thought the action just taken would give satisfaction to the brethren in India. I assured him that it would not, at which he expressed his extreme surprise, and for a time seemed to think that I must be mistaken. He was profuse in assurances that the restriction would only be put in force in extreme cases, but when I attempted to present the missionary view of the case he said, in a very firm tone, that the missionaries ought to be satisfied with what had been done by the General Conference, and gave me to understand that the action taken would be final. In due time he learned that I was not mistaken in my estimate of the opinion of the missionaries. The distrust of the proviso was extreme, and every possible effort was made to secure the repeal of the clause.

So far from finding any necessity for such a restriction, Bishop Thomson, who organized the Conference, actually allowed the little body to assume functions which are never conceded to Conferences at home. The next General Conference removed the restriction, and gave the Conference the same status, in all respects, as Annual Conferences in America enjoy; but the controversy which was occasioned by this measure was unfortunate, and in one respect affected the policy of the mission unfavorably. The chief, and indeed almost the only, reason alleged for the reservation of this Episcopal veto power was that the influx of native preachers would be so great, that in a very short time they would control the Conference, and it was assumed that they would almost certainly be found more or less unfit for the responsibilities of Conference membership. At that time this seemed to be the universal feeling at home, and hence it came to be understood in India that a too rapid increase in the native membership of the Conference would be regarded with disfavor, and at first the deliberate policy was adopted of admitting only a few representative men to the Conference, and retaining the remaining native preachers in the nominal relation of local preachers and exhorters. In due time this policy was corrected in a measure, but meantime the cry began to be raised at home that native preachers were not admitted to Conference membership as freely as in China, and

the India missionaries were censured, sometimes sharply, for not doing that which at first they were practically warned not to do. The worst result of this most unfortunate measure was thus to initiate a wrong policy, and put back the normal development of an Indian ministry for twenty years or more.

I had anticipated my visit to this General Conference with very great pleasure, thinking it would afford me rare opportunities for studying some of the most important features of our Church polity, and becoming acquainted with the leading men of the denomination. I succeeded in learning a good deal, no doubt, but some of the lessons were a little startling. For some unexplained reason legislative bodies, whether in Church or State, rarely succeed in exhibiting the noblest traits in the personal character of their members in such a way as to impress outside observers. In plainer words, there seems to be something demoralizing in the very atmosphere of such assemblies. A General Conference is not a place specially favorable to growth in grace. It is a body of very peculiar composition, being at once an electoral congress, a judicial council, and a legislative assembly. Its electoral functions overshadow all else, and not only tend to vitiate the legislation, but create something very nearly akin to mild demoralization at certain stages in the proceedings. I have been at two successive General Conferences in more recent years, and was glad to observe on both occasions a

marked improvement over 1864, but even at Cincinnati in 1880 I was pleased to notice the thoughtfulness of a Bishop who slipped down from the platform and went to the native delegate from India to explain to him that he must not expect to find the religious fervor to which he had been accustomed at Conference time in India, in connection with so unwieldy and busy a body as a General Conference. In 1864 the license of the war spirit to some extent pervaded the Conference. The election of Church officials absorbed more attention than all other interests combined. I very naturally watched the canvass for Missionary Secretaries, and was somewhat pleased to discover that a certain minister of some prominence was among the candidates. A day or two later, however, I was astounded to learn that by an exchange among the "friends" of certain candidates this man had been put up for another office. In other words, the offices were shuffled about to suit the candidates, on the principle that the office is made for the man, and not the man for the office. Vote-brokers went about among delegates making proposals like this: "I have twenty-five votes which can be cast for your man Brown, provided you can get an equal number for our man Robinson." This kind of thing may be all right among the politicians of this world, but to an unsophisticated young missionary it seemed wholly out of place, to put it very mildly, in an assembly of Christian ministers. Three

fourths of these elections should be taken away from the General Conference at once and forever, or, better still, the electoral functions of the body should be given to another assembly whose sessions would not be prolonged beyond two or three days.

It was arranged that I should return to India during the summer or early autumn with a party of missionaries who had yet to be selected. Early in August, Bishop Thomson sent for me, and told me he wished to have it arranged for me to accompany him on his visit to India, and that he was to start in a week or ten days. I hastened off to northern Illinois, where my child was living with his maternal grandparents, and waited for several days for the telegram which was to announce the day of sailing. No telegram, however, came, and I had to take an uncertain farewell of my friends, not knowing whether I was at once to return to India, or at a later day. I used the wire vigorously, but received no response till I reached Wheeling, where I was informed that the Bishop had sailed, and that to save expense it had been determined to send me by an ice-ship around the Cape. I very little thought that this would result in a stay of more than a year at home, but such proved the result. An effort was to be made to send off a missionary or two about the first of October, and in the hope of meeting one of these I visited the Ohio Conference, at Chillicothe, early in September. Dr. Durbin was present and made, as

he supposed, every arrangement for our sailing, but soon after the plans made were changed, and no one being ready to go, I was directed to wait till a party could be enlisted and prepared for sailing. The waiting proved longer than had been anticipated, and was sometimes very perplexing.

When I entered the Conference room at Chillicothe, Chaplain M'Cabe, who was then just rising into local fame in Ohio, came to me and told me that it was earnestly desired that I should preach in the evening, and pressed the matter till I promised to do so. As I was a stranger, wholly unknown to the members of the Conference, I was greatly puzzled to know how this desire to hear me had originated, and I was by no means elated when I discovered afterward that the Chaplain himself had been announced to preach, and that he had cleverly slipped out of the duty by catching a stranger with guile. The gentle trick might have been a more serious one under other circumstances, but as it turned out it opened a wide door to me, and gave me more than enough to do during the ensuing winter. After the sermon the preachers gathered around me and gave me such expressions of love and confidence as I had seldom received before. I was invited in all directions, and the next morning I discovered that the Chaplain had unwittingly given me a key with which to unlock all the doors of Ohio Methodism. The Cincinnati Conference was in session in an adjoining town, and I

was at once impressed for service there, and was also cordially invited to the North Ohio and Central Ohio Conferences. A wide field of usefulness was thus opened to me, and during the rest of my stay in America most of my time was spent within the bounds of my native State. Wherever I went the people were more than willing to hear about our missionary work, and the meetings were most enthusiastic and successful. The uncertainties of those war times, added to other difficulties, caused repeated postponements of the sending out of the proposed missionary party, and it thus came to pass that the ensuing summer found me still in Ohio, until at last I was permitted to meet Bishop Thomson after his return from India.

Late in the winter I chanced to be passing through Chicago, and having an hour to spare dropped into the Methodist Book Room. I was recognized by the gentleman in charge, who asked me how I liked my appointment.

"What appointment?" I asked.

"Why, your new mission station in India."

"What new station?"

"Why, have you not heard of it? Bishop Thomson has organized the Conference, and appointed you to a new station in an out-of-the-way place; but I forget the name of it."

I grasped the paper which he handed me, and read, to my utter amazement, that I had been appointed to

a place called Paori, in the remote mountain province of Gurhwal, some eight days' journey from Nynee Tal, and five days from our nearest station on the plains. An appointment to Kamtchatka could hardly have surprised me more, and for a time I was not very happy over the arrangement. There were only three or four Europeans living in the province, and only one of these resided permanently near the proposed mission station. It would have been easy to have found one hundred more accessible and equally needy places for a new mission, and I found it hard to understand on what principle this remote point had been selected, and on what principle I had been chosen for the new post. I did not, however for a moment feel like backing out, and the sequel will show that the appointment was by no means a misfortune to me, in any sense of the word. When I met Bishop Thomson after his return I learned that he had acted upon the judgment of others, but that he had carefully studied the quality of their judgment before acting. Sir Henry Ramsay had been the originator of the project, and the Bishop had studied the question till he was able to give it his cordial approval. With all his simplicity of character he had much of the insight which true genius gives to its possessor, and I was not long in discovering that his views while in India had been those of a far-seeing statesman. I was astonished at the extent, but more especially at the accuracy, of the information which he brought back with him. In a few hurried

weeks he seemed to have learned more about India and its people than I had done during a residence of more than four years. His calm approval of the proposed new mission did much to confirm me in my resolution to go out to my post at the earliest possible day. I accordingly arranged to go by way of Egypt, paying the difference myself between the cost of a passage by that route and the one round the Cape of Good Hope, and nothing remained but to time my departure so as to reach India before the session of the Conference.

Just here I must in strict fidelity tell of a little episode which occurred during the latter part of my furlough. I do so the more willingly because it had a very important influence upon me, and also because it illustrates God's method of teaching me how to walk in the light of his counsel. I had not been in robust health on my return from India, and contrary to expectation my stay in America had not restored my former strength. On the other hand, some new and rather serious symptoms began to manifest themselves, and several physicians told me that I should not return to India. Some family interests also seemed to indicate that I should remain in America, while I could not help noticing that my attempts to get away had been repeatedly thwarted. Just at this critical point I received a lucrative offer of an educational agency, in which I would be allowed to devote a large share of my time to missionary matters,

and which seemed to indicate the possibility of my ultimately attempting a project which at that time was much in my mind, the establishment of an institute for the training of missionaries for the foreign field. The idea of giving up India and spending the rest of my life in America was thus brought before me in the most plausible light, and before I fairly knew what I was about the dazzling false lights around me had diverted my gaze from the clear stars which God had set in my firmament. After all, might it not be possible that my duty now lay at home? Many things indicated that I ought to stay, but not a single token appeared to indicate that God wished me to go back again. I might live to see the institute founded, and thus do a much greater work for the missionary cause than if I went back. To go was to seek a living burial in the depths of the mountains of North India; to stay was to achieve a brilliant success in the midst of the friends of my childhood and youth. Day after day these thoughts passed before me, and every day the flaring false lights of earth seemed to glow more brightly, while God's stars paled in the distance and were soon lost to my view. The crisis came soon. I finally concluded to give up India and remain in America. I was in Wheeling at the time, and determined to announce the matter first to one of my sisters, the one who afterward joined me in India. I went out to St. Clairsville, Ohio, where she was staying. On the way out a man asked me how soon

I expected to start for India. The question startled me, and for a moment an indescribable feeling of guilt oppressed me, but I looked at the false lights for a moment, and succeeded in convincing myself that I was acting very conscientiously in what I was doing, and that my supposed sense of guilt was merely the effect of a sudden surprise. Arriving at St. Clairsville, I spent a pleasant evening with friends, and at a late hour asked my sister to go out with me for a walk in the moonlight. It was a night of rarest beauty, and as we walked along the deserted turnpike I began to tell of my changed plans in a spirit of glowing enthusiasm. The silvered landscape seemed to be in perfect harmony with my bright hopes of usefulness and success in the new field to which so many tokens seemed to beckon, and I unfolded the whole scheme without a shadow of a misgiving. I was allowed to finish my story without a single interruption, and when I had told all we walked a few paces in silence. At last I asked, "What do you think of it all? Why don't you tell me?"

"If I remember correctly," she replied, "you said, when you went to India, you were *sure* God called you?"

"Yes; and so I was."

"*Did* he call you?"

"Yes; I have never doubted it for a moment. It was the clearest religious impression of any kind that I have ever received."

"Then my advice is this: Whenever God gives you an equally clear call to leave India you may safely give it up. *Have you any such call now?*"

The effect of this question was astonishing. In a moment the false lights had vanished, and God's stars were again shining. I belonged to India again, and saw only one path of duty before me. The next morning it seemed as if the project of abandoning India was a thing of the distant past, and as I returned to Wheeling I could scarcely realize that I had only the day before been seriously contemplating such a thing as retirement from the field.

Before leaving I went out to northern Illinois, and spent three weeks with my child. He was nearly three years old, and I could leave him with a hope that he would remember me in after years. He could not of course understand that I was to take so long a farewell, and when I kissed him good-bye it was to him no more than if I had been going out into the village. I shut the door behind me, and when I looked back from the gate I saw his little face flattened up against a window-pane to which he had climbed to look after me. I turned away, and for more than ten long years the vision of that little face against the window-pane seemed to follow me everywhere. I was willing to leave the boy, willing to leave every thing, but at times a bitter feeling would rise in my heart, and would not be repressed. The last public engagement which I had away from home,

was at Elyria, where the North Ohio Conference was in session. On the way home from the Conference I was much oppressed with this feeling. At a railroad junction we were detained an hour or two, and seeing a little boy off by himself I went to him, thinking to engage him in play, and help him pass the time away. The little fellow was friendly enough, but, although I had gone to him for my own boy's sake, I could not bear to hear his merry laugh, and had to turn away. The train came along, and I took a seat in company with three ministers from the Conference. We had been sitting some time in silence when I was strangely moved to ask the brother sitting opposite to me if he had any children. "Yes," he replied, "I have a boy three years of age. He was a very bright and promising child, but he had an attack of scarlet fever nearly two years ago, and when he recovered we found that he had become perfectly deaf. If my boy could only be restored again," he added, while his eyes filled with tears, "I would gladly consent to go to the ends of the earth and see him no more." I felt rebuked, but not wholly comforted. I mused upon the strange workings of God's law of compensation among men, and began to see more clearly that the Almighty metes out good and ill with an even hand to all his creatures, but correct views of Providence do not make bitter things sweet, and I went on my way with a heavy heart. At Columbus I went to a hotel near the depot, and leaving an order to be called

up at three next morning for an early train, I went to bed and soon fell asleep. At the appointed hour a boy opened the door and put a light into the room, and I rose up in the bed. I had not dreamed, and had not been even thinking of any hymn the night before. No voice spoke to me, no angel whispered in my ear, but in my heart, repeated over and over in sweetest melody, the words of a couplet from Bryant, which I had learned in a reading-lesson in my earlier school-boy days, were strangely ringing:

> "And heaven's eternal bliss shall pay
> For all His people suffer here."

I did not note the words so much as their immediate effect. They seemed to have come to my heart freighted with sweetness from above. In a moment the bitterness was all gone, and gone to return no more. The sky was bright above me, the pathway clear before me, and I went forth with feet swift to run in the way of the Lord's commandments.

CHAPTER X.

BACK IN INDIA.

I SAILED from New York on the 18th of October, 1865, and after a tedious but very enjoyable journey arrived in Moradabad early in the morning of February 1, 1866. The Conference had been appointed to meet at Moradabad on that date, and I was just in time to be present at the first session. I was struck with the contrast between this little Conference and the Annual Meeting which I had attended upon my arrival in 1859. Bishop Thomson had organized the Conference a year before, and had done his difficult work wisely and well. We were now a people in the land, and were working under the familiar laws and usages of our Church. We had twenty-one members of Conference, with three Presiding Elders' Districts, and were equipped for active service in nearly every part of the field. My appointment to Gurhwal was renewed, but it was found impossible to send a native preacher with me, and I accordingly arranged to go alone. I had landed at Bombay, and as that city was not then in railway connection with the valley of the Ganges I had been obliged to make the journey through Central India in ox-carts and on ponies, and sometimes

on foot, and hence had not been able to bring my heavy baggage with me. This had been left to be forwarded by a carrying company, and such were the delays in those days that I was obliged to wait two months before the baggage reached Moradabad. While thus detained I determined to make the most of my time by assisting the missionaries at that station, and accordingly set off at once on a tour with the Rev. E. W. Parker, presiding elder of the district. Mrs. Parker accompanied us, and at many points was able to gather the women together for separate meetings. In the company of these good friends I visited many villages, and made several tours through different parts of the Moradabad District, but it will suffice to tell of the work done in one neighborhood where I paused for a time, and where we afterward gained a permanent and important foothold.

The first place at which we stopped after Conference was at a small town named Kunderki, about twelve miles south of Moradabad. A native preacher had been stationed in the neighborhood, and although he had no followers as yet he was opening a way before him, and had secured a good many friends. This man's name was Andrias, and I was afterward to meet him on many a battle-field. He was a short, square-shouldered, resolute man, with very little culture, but an immense store of ready wit, a robust faith, a manly courage, and an eloquent tongue. Before

his conversion he had been a roving devotee, of a class which abounds in North India. They are called by the generic name of *Gurus*, or teachers, and have disciples living at various points, upon whom they are dependent for support. They wear the coarse garb of devotees, and combine the characters of the traditional devotee and the religious teacher, but for the most part live on the best their disciples can give, and are not famed for their rigid morality. There are various classes of these Gurus, but those most frequently met with are either followers of Nanak, the founder of the Sikh religion, or of Kabir, a Hindu reformer of an earlier age. Their followers are almost exclusively low-caste people, and the Gurus themselves are for the most part outside the pale of strictly orthodox Hinduism. Andrias had attained some celebrity as a Guru before becoming a Christian, but he had been in the mission some time before any one suspected that he had in him the elements of a popular preacher. He was holding a petty post on a salary of two and a half dollars a month, when one day his ability as a speaker was very unexpectedly discovered. Mr. Parker was going out to this same town of Kunderki to preach on a market-day, when, at the last moment, he discovered that he had no one to go with him. In noisy market-places it is very desirable for the missionary to have some one to take his place when he becomes tired, that he may obtain a brief rest and be able to take the stand again with

renewed strength. On this occasion no one else could be found, and as the urgency was great Andrias was asked if he could take a turn in talking to the people, merely for the purpose of occupying the time, and he at once consented. When his turn came he mounted the cart, which served as the out-door pulpit, and began to talk, and at once the people began to press around. He spoke like a master. He parried blows from opponents with great readiness, and gave thrusts like a master of his art. From that day Andrias was numbered among our preachers, and when I first met him he had just become settled in his first independent appointment.

We spent Sunday at this place, and on Monday moved on to another town about six miles distant, and camped for the day. Andrias was with us, and the next morning took us to visit a village in which he had a large number of friendly hearers. I was by this time becoming interested in the man, and in the course of the morning had a good deal of talk with him. He had a kind of circuit, embracing some twenty-five villages, with friendly hearers in each. My enthusiasm took fire as he gave me an outline of his work, and I began to tell him how to get the vast circuit arranged for systematic visits, when he interrupted me by saying that it was impossible on account of his wife.

"She will not allow me to be absent overnight, and hence I can only go out to the nearest towns."

"But can't you explain her duty to her? She seems to be a good woman, and if you make her understand the case I am sure she will not object."

"I have tried to make her understand, Sahib. I have tried it twice, but it was all in vain. I merely struck her a few light slaps on the side of the head; but she raised such an uproar that all the neighbors came running together, and I had to stop. I cannot help myself, and so have given it up."

Christian readers in America will be shocked as they read of this Christian preacher lifting his hand against his own wife, and will be prepared to hear that he was summarily dismissed from the service of the mission. Nothing, however, of the kind was done. This man and wife had both been brought up to regard it as eminently proper for the husband to subject his wife to a discipline very much like that imposed on children. The father is the lord of the household, and his authority must be enforced. The wife is ordinarily more ignorant than her husband, and often submits to the government imposed on her very much as a naughty child would do. I mention this incident solely for the purpose of illustrating the nature of our work, and the character of the people among whom we were trying to plant Christianity. We attempted no violent domestic revolution among them. To those very villagers we carried Paul's injunction, "Wives, obey your husbands," and worked on in the confident expectation that the time would

come when husbands would be ashamed to strike their wives. But, taking the people as we found them, it would have been very wrong for us to have assumed that every man who punished his wife was necessarily a bad man. It is not to be supposed that Aquila was in the habit of striking Priscilla; but it is more than probable that Paul had to deal with weak and wrong-headed men and women, who had been trained to wrong notions, and whose domestic life would have been reduced to utter anarchy had the wives been suddenly instructed to throw off the authority of their husbands.

About the middle of March I returned to this neighborhood to take part in a campaign among the villages with the Rev. H. Mansell and wife, who were at that time stationed at Moradabad. We pitched our camp at Kunderki, and began to hold meetings in a small court-yard belonging to the houses of two men who professed to be inquirers. Every morning and evening we visited one or more villages and talked to such people as we could meet, and in the early evening we preached in the bazar of the town. Later in the evening we went to the open court-yard and held a regular meeting. The singing could be heard in the still nights all over the town, and was the means of drawing together an audience of from sixty to a hundred persons. We had no light except that furnished by one small lantern; but it was delightful to worship in this way in the still night-hours,

with the stars for our gas-jets and the bare earth for our carpet. The whole village was soon aroused, and a very hostile spirit was manifested by most of the people. The caste to which our inquirers belonged was that of the Chumars, or leather-dressers. These from time immemorial have been ranked among the lowest of Indian castes, and are every-where kept at a distance by both Hindus and Mohammedans. In the Moradabad district they are very numerous, and a little settlement of them may be found in nearly every village. Andrias had originally belonged to this caste, and it was among them that he exercised his chief influence. We preached to all classes, but our chief effort at that time was directed toward the Chumars. It was probably for this very reason that the Brahmans and Mohammedans were the more incensed against us. They saw at a glance that if these low-caste people became Christians they would at once rise in the social scale, that their children would be educated, and that they would no longer be able to keep them in a state of meek submission on the outskirts of their villages. With the perverse vision which selfishness always gives, they saw in the elevation of the Chumars their own degradation, and hence regarded as their worst enemies the missionaries who came among them to compass their social ruin. The poor ignorant Chumars did not see so clearly their own interest, and, so far from accepting the Gospel as an assurance of their own elevation, they were

easily persuaded by their crafty neighbors to regard it with extreme distrust, and it thus happened that a powerful opposition was excited against us.

One night after preaching we invited sinners to come forward for prayers, and five men responded. We had no bench at which they could kneel, but they adopted the Oriental style of kneeling down and bending the head forward till the forehead touched the ground. It was a touching sight to see these men thus kneeling before us, and at first we thought that a great work of grace was about to be wrought. The people seemed impressed, and others among them were undoubtedly serious. But we found that we had difficult work in hand when we attempted to deal with the five seekers. There they were on their knees before us, professing a desire to be saved, but strangely unlike any men found in American congregations as public seekers of salvation. I had worked in revivals in America had talked to hundreds of seekers, and had seldom found much difficulty in pointing inquirers to Christ, but here I was baffled. The ordinary instruction given to inquirers made no impression on these men. They were convicted, but their conviction was manifestly shallow. They prayed, and two of them prayed aloud, and the little company of Christians prayed with all earnestness for them, and yet there was no satisfactory result. I studied this case prayerfully and long; I have seen it repeated fifty times since, and whatever the ex-

planation may be, am fully convinced that the measure of spiritual power which produces decided results in a Christian country will not produce the same result in India. Those who select and send out missionaries should ponder this subject well. To send a young man to India who has neither experience nor skill in spiritual surgery, who has never dealt successfully with awakened souls under the most favorable circumstances, is to trifle with a most sacred responsibility. The weakest thing about modern theological seminaries is the absence of hospital practice for their students. Medical schools provide both instruction and practice for their young men, but the theological student, whose work in life is to be that of binding up broken hearts, is sent out in many cases in utter ignorance of the practical part of his profession. Whatever else a young missionary may be deficient in, he ought to know how to deal with the more difficult cases which he is sure to meet among seekers of salvation.

What the immediate outcome of our meetings might have been had we continued them I cannot say, but the hostility became so great that we, probably unwisely, concluded to leave. Three of the men who had come forward had wives in the village, and these dames were greatly enraged against us. If their husbands became Christians, their daughters would never find husbands, and this would be a disgrace not to be atoned for. All manner of disasters

would follow, and conversion would be simply ruin. When we met the next night two angry women hung on the outskirts of the congregation to stir up wrath. While I was praying one of them drove a big ox into the circle. A boy called out just in time for me to move aside on my knees, and let his oxship pass, after which I went on with the prayer. Meanwhile the women scolded, and interruptions of various kinds were frequent. Had we held on we might have won the day, but in view of all the interests involved we thought it best to move on to another point. Two of these seekers, with their scolding wives, have since been converted, and we now have an organized Church in the town.

While in camp at this place our tents were pitched in a grove of mango trees. A vulture had built her nest on the broken top of one of these trees, and one day I chanced to see a quill which had fallen from her wing. I picked it up and amused myself by making it into a pen, and having done this the thought occurred to me that I should write a letter with my strange pen to my sister in America. I sat down at once, and after describing my pen went on to speak of our work, of the condition of the women, and of the grand work which could be done by establishing a school for girls at a central point, and gathering them in from the villages far and near. I then suggested to her that she should come to India to undertake this work, and sent the letter off, but without

very serious expectation of its leading to any result. It, however, brought a prompt and decided answer, and the correspondence thus begun led, after various delays, to the appointment three years later of the first lady missionary of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of our Church.

Our second camp was pitched in a mango orchard near a village, named Haraurha, about six miles from Kunderki. We were at first well received, but opposition was quickly developed, and we had to use both tact and firmness in order to hold our ground. An empty hut, open on one side, was given us for our first meeting, and a large audience gathered to hear us. The room was filled with attentive hearers, while many more sat outside, where they could both see and hear as well as those within. The people seemed very cordial, and with the free consent of the parties in charge of the house we announced that we would hold another meeting in the same place the following evening. When the time came we repaired to the spot, but found to our surprise a long row of buffaloes tied in front of the hut, so that we could not possibly get near it. We called the man in charge and asked him what all this meant.

"Did you not say that we might hold the meeting here?"

"Yes, certainly, and you are welcome to the place."

"But don't you see the buffaloes? How can the

people get near the house with these animals fastened where they are?"

"We did not promise not to have the buffaloes here. You asked for the house, and we gave it. You are very welcome to it. There it is, perfectly empty. You are welcome to it."

A crowd had gathered around us in the moonlight, and our first thought was to hold our meeting in the street. Before doing this, however, we asked in a loud voice if any person present would be kind enough to invite us within his inclosure, and at once a weaver, a Chumar by caste, came forward and told us his place near by was at our disposal. We followed him, and found a little court-yard about forty feet square, with a small banyan tree in its center. Three small houses opened into it, and the three families living in these houses had a joint interest in the property. Under the banyan tree, on a small earthen platform about twelve inches high, was a rude private shrine for the use of the owners. An image of Hanuman, the monkey god of the Hindus, made of baked clay, a stone emblem of Shiva, and two or three small smooth stones, the use of which they did not seem to know, made up the little pantheon of these families. The people followed us into the court-yard and filled it in every part, while others leaned over the mud wall, or stood outside where they could both hear and see. After singing and prayer I stood on the mud platform, close beside

the gods, and told the people about Jesus and his salvation. They listened with eager attention, and the sight of their dusky faces upturned in the bright moonlight acted like an inspiration upon me. The idols by my feet gave no one a thought. All seemed to feel that a new message from God had come to them, and as I glanced up and saw the bright moonbeams struggling down through the thick foliage of the banyan tree it seemed as if God's everlasting light was shining upon us, and faith rose up in new strength to claim an assured victory. We prayed that night that God would give us that idol shrine and all the souls that bowed down to those images of stone and clay, and lay down to sleep in thankfulness and hope. I shall never forget the luxury of preaching which I enjoyed that night. It was an unmixed joy to preach in such a place to such a people and with such a hope.

We never lost the foothold gained that night. Under the same tree we held our meetings night after night. The high-caste people opposed us at every point, and many of the poor Chumars became their willing tools. Andrias was there and did valiant service. We held one memorable meeting in the open street at a late hour at night. A great crowd of men gathered around us, and we could see in the moonlight the heads of many women peering down from the flat roofs of adjoining houses. Andrias preached with great power. He assured the

people that we had come to stay. "They tell you that we will soon be gone to return no more. It is not true. We are just beginning our work, and shall not leave till it is finished. Wherever my sweat has fallen upon the ground in the service of my Master, there I shall stay, till my work is done." The people were manifestly impressed, but at that time we did not succeed in breaking their lines. Very soon after, however, Brother Mansell baptized the man who had invited us to hold the meeting in his court-yard, and from time to time other baptisms followed. Three years later, when I had been transferred to Moradabad, the last member of the three families was baptized, the idols were given to me as trophies, and a small room which opened into the square was fitted up as a chapel for the growing village congregation.

CHAPTER XI.

GURHWAL.

THE province of Gurhwal consists of a section of the Himalayas, embracing the head-waters of the Ganges, and extending from the plains below to the separating line between India and Thibet on the north. The whole region was conquered from the Nepaulese in 1815, but the English only retained possession of a part of the province, the other portion having been relinquished in favor of a native prince. British Gurhwal contains 5,500 square miles, and maintains a population of 345,629 souls. The country does not differ much from Kumaon, which joins it on the east, except that the mountains are more precipitous, the civilization a little more backward, and the principal points more remote and inaccessible. Within this little province are no less than five snowy peaks which are more than 22,000 feet high, the highest being 22,661. The scenery is second to none in the world. Switzerland is tame by comparison, and the mountains of America would sink down into insignificance in the presence of these majestic bulwarks of snow. The roads are mere bridle-paths, often cut along the sides of almost perpendicular mountain walls. There is not a wheeled

conveyance of any kind in the province, not even a wheelbarrow. The harvests are carried home from the little terraced fields on the heads of women and children, and nearly all the traffic on the public roads is carried on the heads or shoulders of the men. Ponies from the plains are sometimes used to carry packs, and sheep and goats from the highlands of Thibet may now and then be seen laden with little packs, of about fifteen pounds each.

The people of Gurhwal are short of stature, and, while resembling their neighbors both on the east and west, have a cast of features of their own, and speak a dialect which is not understood beyond their own borders. They are divided into three main divisions—Brahmans, Rajpoots, and Domes. The Brahmans are not recognized as orthodox by the Hindus of the plains, and are much less strict in their rules of religious exclusiveness than Brahmans generally throughout India. The Rajpoots represent the warrior caste of India, but like the Brahmans of the province they probably borrowed their caste distinction from the more orthodox and powerful Hindu race before which they retired in remote times into their mountain home. The Domes are outcasts, and evidently belong to a distinct race. They may have been, and most probably were, the aborigines of the country. They were held as serfs at the time the British took possession of the province, and so ignorant are they still, and so slowly does intelligence

penetrate this remote region, that many of them even now hardly realize the full extent of their enfranchisement. Less than twenty years ago an English magistrate had to explain to an ignorant villager in his court that he was a free man, and could go where he pleased, and do whatever work he chose. During my residence in the province a Brahman was arrested under a charge of murder, and, when arraigned in court, he at once admitted that he had killed the deceased, but pleaded in defense of the act that the man belonged to him, and that he had a perfect right to kill him if he chose. The Domes, like the two higher castes, are separated into a great many subdivisions, some of which are comparatively respectable, but the highest of these subcastes is separated by an impassable social gulf from the lowest of the caste next above them.

Two of the most famous shrines of India are found within the limits of Gurhwal, and each temple has a powerful college of priests attached to it, but their local influence is very small. Stone temples, some of them ornamented with elaborate carvings, are found scattered through the mountains, and it is evident that Hinduism must have had a powerful hold on the people in a former and not very remote age. At present, however, the people are chiefly devoted to the worship of local deities. They are avowed Hindus, and count themselves happy if permitted to visit one of the great shrines; but for practical religious

purposes they have recourse to a kind of spirit or demon worship. A rude stone is set up under a tree, a few rags are fastened on the bushes around it, and the people believe that a deity—whether god, demon, or spirit, they do not seem to know or care—takes up his abode there, and can be placated by petty little offerings, or by acts of adoration. This simple form of idolatry is the popular religion of all the hill tribes of this region, and orthodox Hinduism has been virtually supplanted by it. Many fine temples have become wholly deserted, and are falling to ruins. Of late years there has been a slight revival of Hinduism, and, singularly enough, its origin may be traced to the influence of Christian missions. At Almorah, the capital of the adjoining province of Kumaon, the London Missionary Society has long maintained a high class school, and the young men educated there in due time began to feel that their religious position was wholly untenable. They were very unwilling to become Christians, and feeling instinctively that the corrupt idolatry of the day could not be maintained, they hoped to find a more tenable position by falling back upon the more orthodox Hinduism of their ancestors. During my stay in Gurhwal I discovered that nearly all the movements in favor of the ancestral faith could be traced to the exhortations of young men from Almorah. In this there was nothing strange, and indeed nothing new. It is but a repetition of what has occurred on a wider

scale in other parts of India. Driven from popular idolatry by the influence of Christian teaching, the leaders of native thought fancy they can find a refuge in the purer faith of the earlier ages of their race, and thus we have had, and for many years to come may expect to have, attempts to build up a purely Indian system of religion, which shall arrest the progress of Christianity by taking away the necessity for its existence.

Human sacrifices were offered in Gurhwal up to a very recent period. For some years after the East India Company took over the country it was closed against Europeans, as the neighboring kingdom of Nepaul still is, and its affairs were administered by a Commissioner who retained, in most respects, the former native *régime*, allowing the people to maintain the institutions to which they had been accustomed without much question. It is probable that in those days many grave abuses were, if not permitted, yet made possible by the want of supervision which is now so thoroughly enforced. Ordinary natives can seldom remember dates with any approach to accuracy, and hence it would be hazardous to say just when the custom of offering human sacrifices ceased, but at the time of my residence in the province there were men still living who affirmed that they could remember instances in which this horrible expedient had been resorted to in order to save the life of dying persons. When a person is taken sick it is usually supposed

that he has fallen under the influence of an evil spirit, and a class of exorcists are found scattered through the hills who exert an immense influence over the people, and who are nearly always sent for on such occasions. These men, who in some respects seem affiliated with ordinary spiritualists, perform various rites, and, after a kind of dance with the head enveloped in a blanket, profess to fall into a kind of trance, under the influence of which they proceed to tell what must be done in order to induce the spirit or demon to leave the body of the afflicted persons. In ordinary cases the requirement is simple enough, the sacrifice of a goat being a very respectable offering on such an occasion, but in former years when a person of position was in danger the exorcists would sometimes direct that a low-caste man be sacrificed. The head man of the hamlet nearest to our mission house had been a local magnate of some little influence. When he was dying, and every other device had failed, it was announced that a man must be sacrificed, and without delay a poor wretch was seized in the nearest village and hurried to the spot. It took some time to make the preparations, as an elaborate diagram had to be made on the floor, and certain incantations performed, before the victim was put to death. Every moment was counted precious both by the friends of the dying man and the trembling victim of the cruel superstition. At last when all was ready the poor wretch was compelled to walk around

the cot of the dying man, the rule in such cases requiring that the creature offered in sacrifice shall walk seven times around the sufferer, and at the end of the seventh circuit be killed with a sword. At this critical moment, after several circuits had actually been completed, the sick man expired, and the intended victim, already half-dead with terror, was released. I heard this story from the lips of persons who had been living in the neighborhood from childhood, and had no reason whatever to doubt its truthfulness.

When the English government introduced the tea industry into India, one of the experimental gardens was established near the village of Paori, where the magistrate of the district has his head-quarters. A house with a few out-buildings had been built upon a detached portion of this tea estate, and for a time a European overseer had resided on the premises. For some years, however, before the establishment of our mission, the premises had been unoccupied, and we were fortunate in purchasing the house with nine acres of land for the sum of five hundred dollars. We were thus near a post-office, and close by the capital of the province, if such a name could be applied to the place, while at the same time isolated from the contaminating influence of town life. Seven miles below, in the hot valley of the eastern branch of the upper Ganges, is the ancient town of Sreenugger, once the capital of the province, and a town

of some importance. It was destroyed by an earthquake early in the present century, and the royal palace still lies in ruins. The town is built of stone, and its street is paved with stone from one end to the other. It is now a decayed place, but of importance from a missionary point of view, as a central point from which all parts in both British and native Gurhwal can be reached. The little village with which the mission house is connected is called Chopra, but the mission station is better known by the name of the post-office, Paori. Distances in the mountains are usually indicated by the standard of a day's journey, which varies from twelve to eighteen miles. Paori is eight days' journey from Nynee Tal on the east, seven days from Mussoorie on the west, and five days from Bijnour on the plains. It is thus an isolated spot, far in the depths of the mountains, but not by any means an undesirable place in which to live. The mission house stands on the northern slope of a mountain spur, at an elevation of about 5,500 feet. In the rear the mountain towers up about 2,000 feet higher, against a sky of deepest blue, while all along the horizon in front the vast range of snowy peaks which stand like giant sentinels along the Thibetan frontier afford a spectacle of grandeur rarely witnessed in our world. On the east stands the great Nanda Devi, towering up to a height of 25,661 feet. Passing over lower peaks the next great sentinel is Badrinath, 22,901 feet high, and farther west is

Kedarnath, with an elevation of 22,853. Farther west again, is a group of peaks to which the name of Gangotri is given, and among which the head fountain of the Ganges is found. Away beyond these peaks, on the extreme north-western point of the horizon, another group stands out clearly against the sky, called Jumnotri, and known as the source of the river Jumna. The immense extent of this view can hardly be realized by the imagination, or even by the spectator. At sunset I used to stand in front of the mission house, and watch the sunlight disappear from one peak after another in succession. Nanda Devi, which stood nearly 3,000 feet above the rest, but far to the east, would be the first to retire into the region of shadow. Next Badrinath would follow, and two or three minutes later Kedarnath. Gangotri would continue to wear its tip of gold some time longer; and finally, after every other object had crept into the deepening shadows, the distant peaks of Jumnotri could be seen with the lingering sunlight still gilding their snowy crests.

The house which I occupied at Paori was an old stone building, built loosely, with mud for plaster, and covered with clapboards overlaid with rough flag-stones. The rats had perforated the walls in all directions, and the roof was infested with snakes which were attracted there by the vast number of swallows which persisted in building their nests between the clapboards and the flag-stones. The snakes were not poisonous, but they sometimes made

lady visitors uncomfortable, and did not add to the attractiveness of the house. Scorpions, which have a liking for old buildings, often appeared unbidden, but no one during my stay ever suffered from them in the mission house. One missionary, however, had a narrow escape. He had taken up a piece of toast, and was in the act of putting it to his mouth, when a black scorpion whisked around from the under side of the toast. The missionary was seized with a sudden loss of appetite which deprived the scorpion of his opportunity of doing him any harm; but had a bite been taken, and a sting received on the tongue, it would probably have been fatal. The old house stood in the midst of a little paradise of fruit-trees. A large fig-tree crowned the terrace in front. Apricot-trees rose higher than the house all around. A dozen varieties of plums and peaches grew around the place, an apple-tree which bore excellent fruit stood in the garden, and to these I added cherries and pears. It was a lovely spot, and the landscape in front afforded an ever-changing picture of wonder and beauty; I could sit under my fruit-trees on a warm summer's day, and watch the snow-drifts wreathing the white summits of the distant snowy range, while nearer to me in one direction I could see a soft shower of summer rain falling in long, swaying waves, and in another direction a fierce snow-storm spreading a mantle of white over a range of higher hills. Winter never relaxed his icy grasp on

the heights above, summer never ceased to smile on the valleys below. To live in such a place may at times be lonely, but it never seemed to me in the most remote degree an affliction.

I reached my new home in Gurhwal about the middle of April, and at once entered upon my work. Fortunately I was accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Parker, who went up to spend four months at Paori for the purpose of recruiting their health. Their going was very opportune, as I not only had their company when at home, but could take counsel with my presiding elder in forming plans for our work in the new field. Mr. and Mrs. Mansell had spent the hot months of the previous year in the place, and had organized a small school of boys, under a Brahman teacher, whom I found waiting to receive me. Aside from this nothing had been done, and I had to begin to build from the very foundation.

CHAPTER XII.

AMONG THE PILGRIMS.

I have spoken of the two famous shrines in Gurhwal, to which every year large numbers of devout people from all parts of India make pilgrimages. In the month of April a great religious fair is held at Hurdwar, the point where the Ganges issues from the Himalayas, and thousands of the people who go to the fair pass on into the mountains, and visit the two great shrines of Kedarnath and Badrinath, while at the same time paying their respects to dozens of inferior shrines which crafty priests have built along the route of travel. One leading object in establishing our mission in Gurhwal was to reach these pilgrims. It was thought that men who came so far and suffered so much for the sake of their religion would probably be peculiarly favorable subjects for missionary labor, while their wide dispersion after the journey would scatter the Gospel into every nook and corner of the empire. I reached Gurhwal soon after the "pilgrim season" had opened, and wishing to examine carefully the character of these people, and the opportunities for doing them good, I lost no time in arranging for a visit to the shrines, following the pilgrim route, and spending my time among the

weary wanderers themselves. The two great temples are not situated near the head-waters of the Ganges proper, but near two main sources of its eastward branch, called the Alaknanda.

At sunrise on the 9th of May I set out from Sreenugger on my journey to the shrines. I traveled on foot, but had a small tent with me, so that I was not exposed to the same degree of hardship which most of the pilgrims suffered. I sought their company, walked with them, often sat with them in the shade, sometimes ate under the same tree, and found constant opportunities for getting acquainted with them, and finding out the range of their religious thought, and the depth of their religious convictions. They had come from almost every province of India, but the majority belonged to the valley of the Ganges. Some had come to fulfill vows made in a time of sickness or danger, some in hope of recovery from illness, some to secure an earthly blessing—most commonly the birth of a son—while the greater number had a vague notion that there was great merit in making the pilgrimage, and that the greater the hardship the greater the merit would be. All classes of Hindus have the utmost confidence in religious pilgrimages, and are ready to be persuaded that very great good in very many forms will flow to the pious soul that makes the journey. A very large proportion of these pilgrims were professional devotees. They belonged to different, and sometimes widely divergent, orders,

with much less in common than is found in the case of the various orders of Roman Catholic priests. In reality they belonged to different religious systems, but as each one was in some way connected with the great tangled network of Hinduism, they regarded themselves as members of a common faith, and descendants of a common religious ancestry.

I set out upon this journey with eager steps, not only because of the rare attractions of mountain travel, but more especially because I was eager to be among the pilgrims, and not without hope that some of them might be found not far from the kingdom of God. I made a short march the first day, keeping up the valley of the river and pitching my little tent in the shade of a mango-tree, the presence of which indicated that I was still within the line of tropical heat. I saw many pilgrims during the day, and had a good deal of conversation with them, but failed to elicit any thing of special interest from any one. The next day I made a march of eleven miles, and camped at the junction of the main stream with a branch from the west, which has its source near the temple of Kedarnath. The road had been steadily ascending all day long, and I was now in the midst of deep mountain solitude. The upper river, for the most part, has no valley whatever, but rushes down through a narrow channel cut out of the solid rock. It is seldom more than fifty yards in width, and often not more than twenty, but it is very deep,

and roars and rushes along like a little Niagara. The road, if road it could be called, was from two to five hundred feet above the river, and was in many places exceedingly rough and steep. The magnificent scenery became more and more impressive as I advanced into the depths of the great mountains, and, aside from the work in which I was engaged, I felt a great delight in the wild life into which I seemed to be entering. My intercourse with the pilgrims was much the same during the second day as on the first. I talked with many, was kindly received, and courteously listened to; but that was all. They did not seem to differ much from other natives whom I had met under ordinary circumstances in India.

A number of pilgrims had camped near me among the forest trees, among whom were two or three devotees. Late at night I went out for a little walk, and had made a turn or two up and down the little pathway by the tent, when I was startled by the figure of a man, perfectly nude, standing on a spur of rock which jutted out over the seething river below. His matted hair was bound up on the crown of his head, and he stood perfectly erect and still, with his clasped hands stretched toward the stars, while he seemed to be gazing intently into the distant heavens. A flickering camp-fire under a tree behind him threw its light upon his form, so as to give him a strange, ghost-like appearance, and for a moment I was quite startled by the seeming specter. I watched him a

short time, but he did not move, and he probably remained there long after I had fallen asleep. He was a typical Hindu character. Hindu tradition is full of stories of saints and sages who in a former and better era stood on lonely Himalayan heights, for long days at a time, in rapt adoration, or deep communion with the Infinite. The idea is that a man should withdraw himself far from the world, that he should escape from the cares and bustle of life, and in absolute quiet concentrate his thoughts on God alone, until his mind and heart become wholly absorbed in communion. This tradition, if it be tradition, has a strong hold upon the Hindu mind, and powerfully influenced the late Keshub Chunder Sen and his school of advanced Brahmos. It is more than probable that in ancient days those mountain solitudes were frequented by men of reputation both as saints and sages, and that the voice of tradition is correct in saying that they maintained fixed attitudes as above described, followed by a state of ecstatic or preternatural mental exaltation. It may have been, and very probably was, but an ancient form of the modern trance, as illustrated by professional manipulators. There are still saints among the Hindus who have the power of throwing themselves into this state, and in one instance which came under my own obser vation, when a native had been converted, and stoutly maintained that his change of heart was supernatural, an old devotee was brought to him to convince him

that he could superinduce an equally striking experience in his own case. The old man sat for some time looking intently at the palm of his hand, and then went off into a kind of ecstasy which was accepted as supernatural by all the Hindu spectators. When Joseph Cook was in Calcutta he was taken to see a famous Rishi—a Hindu term, meaning both sage and saint—who threw himself into an unconscious state, and then proceeded to give utterance to various wise or pious sayings which his hearers believed to be the offspring of divine inspiration. Mr. Cook, in telling me of the incident, said, "I told them that in Boston we would call such a man a trance-medium."

My third day's journey was rougher than any thing I had yet seen in the way of mountain travel, and I was heartily glad when we reached our camping-place in a beautiful valley, quite above the channel of the river. During the day I had met fewer pilgrims than usual, but in the evening I found all the talking I could do. Next day I pushed on again, but I had now gained the higher elevation of the cultivated mountain sides, and saw not only more pilgrims, but more of the mountaineers. I had reached a remote region where Europeans had rarely penetrated, and as my coming was heralded far in advance by the pilgrims who had passed on, I found many groups of people waiting to see me. I preached five times during the day, besides doing a great deal of miscellaneous talking, and having walked twelve miles over

roads so rough that much of the walking was literally climbing, I was exceedingly weary when I reached our camping-place. It was a charming spot, high up on a mountain side, with a grassy lawn in front, and the forest and fields around clothed in the verdure of summer, while scarcely a mile away a giant mountain stood up against a sky of deepest blue, with its shoulders draped in white, untrodden snow. It was Saturday night, and I halted for the Sabbath's rest. I had been four days among the pilgrims, and was beginning to feel what many a missionary has felt a hundred times over, the depression which arises from incessant labor without the slightest visible evidence of any effect being produced. The gigantic task before me in Gurhwal loomed up in all its vast proportions. I was alone. The people were wholly indifferent to my message, were inaccessible and ignorant, and, so far as preaching went, I might go on and talk for days and months and years, but it would not result in turning them from sin and Satan unto God. Pondering these things I lay down to sleep, and found my rest delightful after the weary mountain climbing of the previous four days.

The next morning was one of rarest beauty. The air was so still, the sky so blue, the verdure so green, the snowy mountain near by so white, that I seemed as if transported above the earth into a little paradise where every sight was in beautiful harmony with the sacred character of the day. The depression, however,

if I may call it depression, of the previous evening still continued. About half a mile below stood a large Hindu temple, at which I learned a great festival was to be held on this day. At an early hour I went down to the place and learned such particulars as I could, intending, if possible, to preach to the people who might assemble. At nine o'clock I went again, and found a great crowd around the place, all dressed in their gayest attire and in a high state of excitement in expectation of a procession in honor of the idol of the temple. I went among them, and spoke to one and another, but found that they were not in a mood to listen to my message, and not wishing to seem to countenance their exhibition by my presence, I returned again to my little tent. As I climbed the hill I heard a great shouting behind, and turning round I saw the people following the idol in a procession around the temple. They were in a state of wild excitement. Men, women, and children were shouting in honor of the dumb image which was carried before them. My heart utterly sank within me as I looked upon the strange spectacle. The tempter thrust at me with most malignant determination. How could I ever hope to make an impression upon such a people, to pierce through an ignorance so dense, to disperse a darkness so all-pervading, to overthrow a superstition so firmly rooted in both the hopes and fears of the people? With heavy feet and a heavy heart I climbed the mountain side, and in my

little tent found comfort in at least hiding myself from the idolatry without.

At eleven o'clock I took my pocket Bible and retired to a little thicket near by for my Sabbath worship. I was the only worshiper. No other person within fifty miles adored the God to whom I that day bowed down. I sat down on the soft grassy carpet, in the thick shade of a small evergreen oak, and opening my Bible at random began to read the thirty-second chapter of Isaiah:

> Behold, a King shall reign in righteousness, and princes shall rule in judgment. And a man shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. And the eyes of them that see shall not be dim, and the ears of them that hear shall hearken. . . . Until the Spirit be poured upon us from on high, and the wilderness be a fruitful field, and the fruitful field be counted for a forest. . . . Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters.

I had no definite expectation in my mind as I began to read this chapter. I was struggling against a feeling of extreme depression, and clinging to God's sure word of promise, but beyond this I was asking for nothing and expecting nothing. I read on until I came to the words, "Until the Spirit be poured upon us from on high," when it seemed as if a window of heaven had been opened above me. The Holy Spirit was poured upon me, and in a moment my sinking heart was filled with exultant hope and con-

fidence. I read on until I came to the last verse, "Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters," when I saw, and I felt it in my inmost soul, that in going forth to earth's waste places to sow I was the heir of a special promise and had the assurance of a special blessing. The experience of that memorable hour upon the lonely mountain side had to me all the force of a renewal of my commission from above. I little understood at the time what a permanent influence it was to have upon my subsequent life. It has not lingered like a bright spot in a receding past, but it has followed me wherever I have gone. Nearly eighteen years have passed since that day, but the influence of that manifestation of the Spirit to me is clearer and more powerful now than it was the day after the event. It lives in my heart like a vision of God. It has all the power of a special revelation, and it seems as natural for me to plead its memory in prayer as to make mention of any of the written promises of the Word. God took me apart from the world, withdrew me into solitude with himself, that he might gird me anew with strength, and teach me in my chosen school a lesson of service never to be forgotten.

Next morning I was off again, refreshed in both body and spirit, and was able to make a successful march of fourteen miles. The road became so bad that I left the tent behind, trusting to find shelter under some trader's hut by the way-side. I was now

drawing near the line of perpetual snow, and the scenery was every hour becoming more grand and sublime. For ten or twelve miles behind me I could see great mountain spurs, clad in white, jutting out toward the south, while in front the mighty giants of snow rose up before me with a majesty which at times filled me with awe. I did not wonder that the ancient Hindu sages who had painfully climbed up day after day until they stood face to face with those pure, white, stainless mountains, standing far above their world, clothed with majesty, and silent as the sky above them, were led away by the fancy that they had passed beyond the confines of the lower world, and reached the abode of the celestial beings. At night I found shelter in the garret of a small dilapidated hut, in the village near the crest of the last range I was to cross before reaching the line of snow. I had now passed above the region of wheat, and found nothing but barley growing in the rich fields which the mountaineers had built up like so many stairs on the mountain side. The villagers told me that barley was their only possible crop, and that even potatoes would not mature in their short summer. Strange forest trees began to appear, but the familiar maple and birch held a prominent place in the deep forests around, the former being among the very last to disappear before reaching the line of perpetual snow.

Next morning I set out early, intending if possible

to reach the temple before night. It was a wearisome, but intensely exciting day. I cannot tell of the wonderful scenery through which I passed, the dense forest, the beautiful cascades, some of them hundreds of feet in height, the foaming streams, the rock-ribbed mountain sides, the vast snowy peaks, all illuminated by a sunlight which seemed in that pure atmosphere to be touched with an unearthly brilliance. I hurried on, barely stopping to exchange a few words with the Brahmans who were now becoming more and more numerous by the road-side, until I reached the last halting place, near a large hot spring in a narrow ravine. Leaving my baggage here, I pushed on for the temple, which was situated six miles higher up. I was accompanied by my native cook, who carried a small tea-kettle, and a handful of wood for a fire. Before we had gone a hundred yards we came upon a great snow-drift in a ravine, fifty feet or more in depth, and from this point upward nearly every step of the way involved difficult walking or climbing. In many places large rough stones had been built up like a stair-way along the side of an almost perpendicular mountain, and at two or three points bridges had been built over precipices by thrusting poles into the crevices of the perpendicular rock, and joining them by laying loose planks from one to another, making a narrow and most precarious foot-path. The narrow path was crowded with pilgrims, some hurrying forward with eager steps, and others returning after

their visit to the temple. I crept on up, but in due time began to feel the exhaustion which severe climbing in that rare atmosphere caused, and finding a suitable place halted for a cup of tea. My cook found a rock from which the snow had melted, with foaming water all around it, and jumping across to it built a fire and began to prepare the tea. While waiting I had time to notice my peculiar state of exhaustion. I could hear the beating of my heart with a distinctness which quite startled me, and I was oppressed with a strange feeling, not exactly of dizziness, but of something very much like it. I took the cup of tea eagerly when it was ready—it was not a large cup—and drank it down, and then took cup after cup until the seventh had drained the little kettle-pot. I was not thirsty, but I drank with a strange, unnatural eagerness, and did not feel in the least measure satisfied when I had emptied the last cup.

The cook returned from this point, and I trudged on alone. The trees had all disappeared, and where the melting snow permitted the ground to be visible no kind of shrub could be seen except a species of wild gooseberry. The snow lay in vast drifts upon the sloping mountain side, and the feet of the pilgrims had worn a little foot-path along its hardened surface. Far below, the river, now near its very source, and swollen by the melting snow, rushed downward in a furious torrent, threatening certain death to any one who should lose his foot-hold above

and slide down the steep incline. The pilgrims had never seen snow before, and knew nothing about the danger of slipping upon its frozen surface, especially in the morning after the half-melted snow had been coated with ice during the night, and many stories were told of the disasters which had befallen them while threading the narrow little path which led across the treacherous drifts. Many of the pilgrims were barefoot, and all were thinly clad, and their sufferings were at best very great. Only two or three days before my visit, a party of five had been crossing the drift, when suddenly a blinding snow-storm swept down upon them from the heights above. They were soon overpowered, and, not knowing what to do, they huddled together and lay down in the snow, where they soon slept the sleep which knows no waking.

It was nearly three o'clock in the afternoon when I reached the temple. It stood on a small plateau, near the foot of a great glacier, and at the time of my visit was surrounded by snow. In July and August, however, the snow disappears, and the ground around is covered with rich green grass. The temple was not an imposing building, being smaller than I had expected to find it, and having nothing striking about its architecture. It was built of hewn stone, covered with copper sheeting, and surmounted by an immense bell. The priests in charge had heard of my coming, and had closed the doors of the

temple, so that I could not get even a peep at the inside, and no persuasion on my part would induce them to open the doors for me. In front of the temple, on a solid stone platform, was a huge image of Shiva's bull, named Nandi, and adored by devout Hindus as a member of their great pantheon. Tradition says that in ancient times Shiva was pursued across the mountains by an enemy, and being hard pressed he plunged into the ground at the spot where the temple stands, and a large rock which juts out of the floor of the temple is pointed out as a part of his body which was not covered. One of the thousand names of Shiva is Kedar, and the shrine is named in his honor Kedarnath, the word *nath* meaning lord, or master.

I found a large company of priests at the temple, among whom were some half-grown boys who regarded me with the most lively and friendly interest. The priests were courteous, but manifestly anxious to have me leave. They refused to accept tracts, but did not object to the boys taking them, and in a very few minutes the lads were sitting on the sunny side of the temple, each one reading aloud from the tract I had given him. I knew I must make my way back to camp before the sun went down, and hence could not prolong my stay. Seeing no other favorable place, I mounted the platform beside the huge bull of Shiva. The priests, with the boys and pilgrims, seated themselves on the steps of the temple in front

of me, and listened with respectful and almost eager attention while I preached to them of Jesus the Saviour and Judge of all. It was a delightful privilege to preach in such a place, and to such an audience. If ever I felt strong in faith, if ever I had an earnest in my heart of the victory which God has promised to his Son over the nations, it was at that gate-way of one of the most famous strongholds of idolatry in all this world. I would gladly have lingered with the people there, but the sun, looking in the deep blue sky like a great furnace of molten gold, was already tipping the western peaks of snow, and I was obliged to hurry away. I hastened down the rugged pathway, and reached my camping-place in such utter weariness, after my nineteen miles of walking and climbing, that I was obliged to halt for a day of rest, and when I moved on I had to go by short stages, and curtail my preaching by the way.

Space will not permit me to speak of many interesting incidents which occurred on my return journey. Leaving the road by which I had come, I followed the pilgrim route across the mountains to the valley of the Alaknanda, intending to proceed up the valley of that stream to the temple of Badrinath. I moved leisurely, and continued my work among the pilgrims, but found myself every day becoming more and more interested in the people of the villages through which I passed, and less in the pilgrims. The simple mountaineers were interested

in me and in my mission. They received me with all possible honor, and seemed prepared to serve me to any possible extent. As I neared one village the head man came out attended by a number of men, and went before me to "gather out the stones" which lay upon the narrow road. They did not dream of forsaking their religion, but they were not alarmed or displeased when told that a new faith was about to be introduced among their mountains, which must ultimately displace it. They were glad to see me come and sorry to see me go. The pilgrims, on the other hand, were very friendly, but they were all impatient to get forward. They had no time for quiet reflection, and they were, besides, too much absorbed in the duties and hopes of their pilgrimage to make room in their minds or hearts for any thing else. As for the devotees, like all of their class in all parts of the world, they were the last of all men to feel their need of a salvation which they had not earned. They were interesting men in many respects, but three weeks spent on this journey convinced me that there was little of a nature peculiarly favorable to missionary work among either these devotees or pilgrims generally. Before the tour was finished my heart had turned definitely to the inhabitants of the province as those for whom my future efforts were to be directed.

The night before I reached the Alaknanda I had camped near a village, and was sitting by my table,

when a stranger unexpectedly appeared, and informed me that he was one of four officers on a shooting tour, and was encamped near by. He had come to invite me to spend the evening with them, which I was glad to do. They were on their way to the pass above which leads into Thibet, and were bent on crossing beyond the snowy range to try their hand at shooting the gigantic game of that desolate country. We talked till late, and then I took my leave, telling them I did not feel well enough to pursue my journey further, but would start for home the next morning. I returned to Paori, and some weeks later heard that the corpse of a Scotch officer had been carried by natives from near the belt of snow to a tea-planter's residence in Eastern Gurhwal, where it was buried. In a small memorandum book in a side pocket was found a brief mention of a meeting with an American missionary, by which I was able to identify the poor fellow who had died alone in those upper solitudes. He had been taken ill, and had been left behind by his friends in the full expectation of his speedy recovery, but had grown worse, and had died in utter loneliness. His death so soon after my casual meeting with him impressed me deeply, and I could not help thinking of the exaggerated estimate which even good men put upon ordinary devotion. Had I died while alone preaching among those snowy mountains, I would have secured almost a martyr's fame. Devo-

tion, heroism, and I know not what other virtues, would have been attributed to me, to which I would have had no just claim. I felt then, as I still feel, that heroism is too cheap in the field of Christian warfare. All over the globe men may be found making sacrifices and braving dangers and enduring hardships for objects of little or no real importance, objects which cannot for even a moment be named in comparison with the high and holy claims of Christ's service. It is well to recognize merit and reward service, but I have often felt that the work of making martyrs out of missionaries who have fallen at their posts, in faithful but not extraordinary service, has been more than overdone.

CHAPTER XIII.

LAYING FOUNDATIONS.

AFTER returning from the tour among the pilgrims, it became necessary to decide upon some definite line of action for our mission work in the province of Gurhwal. I could not expect to do much in the way of preaching in the bazars, as there was only one bazar town in the province. I could not well make itinerating tours, as was so commonly done on the plains, on account of the inaccessible position of the villages; nor could I, except in isolated cases, find villages so compactly built that the people could be gathered together at any one point by the mere sound of singing. How to proceed I could not tell, but it was at once evident that I must hit upon some new plan or plans, differing to some extent from any thing which we had up to that date tried in our mission work.

While visiting the temple of Kedarnath I was much interested by a brief account of the founder of that famous shrine. His name was Shankar Acharjya, and he was one of the ablest men in the annals of Hinduism. He flourished in the eighth century, and was the great apostle of Shiva worship in both South and North India. He penetrated the

Himalayas, founded the temple of Kedarnath, established the college of priests which to this day is connected with the temple, and died at or near the temple at the early age of thirty-two. I was at that time nearing the same age, and was often in those days deeply impressed that I had not long to live. I had done nothing in my short life, and felt a strong desire to do something, to plant a vine, or lay a foundation, which might endure after I was gone. While looking out over the mountains from the high summits near the line of snow, it had seemed to me that I might at least emulate the zeal and energy of the Hindu reformer, and before my death succeed in planting a Christian institution in Gurhwal, confronting the great temples, and destined to live on and bless the province for long centuries after the temples should be forgotten. There may have been, and very probably was, some admixture of earthly ambition in this thought, but, on the other hand, there was the inspiration of hope in it, and a conviction which daily took clearer shape in my mind that God would have me try to build up at a central point some kind of a Christian institution, which would make itself felt all over the province.

While on my way up to Paori, on the second day after entering the mountains, some boys had asked me to provide a school for them, and when I spoke of the impossibility of doing this they asked if arrangements could not be made for them to go to

Paori and study English there. At once the idea flashed upon me that I might be able to open a central boarding-school, to which choice boys might be sent from the village schools, and in this way they would be brought under our direct oversight, and isolated from evil associations and bad influences. Young men who would thus grow up under our care would understand our position thoroughly, and through them we might hope to make our influence felt throughout the province. The idea of such a central school took a firm hold on my mind, and always came to the front when I began to think of plans for future work. I also hoped in time to gather together at this central point Christian agents of various kinds, and train them for missionary work. It was evident at a glance that the work of evangelization in such a region must be done by the hill men themselves. Neither foreign missionaries nor native preachers from the plains could ever be expected to seek out the people in their inaccessible hamlets. Evangelists must be found on the spot; and when once a beginning should be made, these could be sent to our central station for training. A certain proportion of such preachers might be trained at a regular theological institution, but the rank and file would never leave their native mountains, and would require a special drill which could only be given among their own people. A central missionary institution would thus become a nucleus of Christian influ-

ence around which all manner of agencies would gather, and from which streams of blessing would flow out among the people for ages to come. As the people should become Christians the institution would grow in importance until, in due time, it would exert an influence in the province which both of the great shrines combined had never known. Its day of power might be far off, but it was sure to come in God's own fullness of time.

To draw an outline of such an institution was not difficult, but how to carry out the project was a question which seemed beset with impossibilities. Money would be required for buildings, and the current expenses would be heavy, but I had only a thousand dollars in hand, and could not hope for much from any known source in India. The Corresponding Secretary in New York disapproved, but did not disallow, the plan; and even if it had met with favor, the finances of the Board were at that time in such a straitened condition that I could not hope for much help from that source. Another difficulty lay in the want of teachers. There was not a Christian in the province. I had taken a stammering convert from Mohammedanism with me, but he turned out to be an opium-eater, and I was obliged to send him away during my first season at Paori. There were Christian teachers in other parts of India, but few of them would have been willing to go to such a remote place, unless in the hope of receiving very high wages.

Without teachers I could not found a Christian school, and I knew not where to look for them. Nor did my difficulties end here. The boys who would come to the school would all be observers of caste, and I could not provide a common bill of fare for them, nor could they eat together or be served by a common cook. Boarding-houses for Christian boys had been successfully established in Indian missions, but the idea of having such a mission school for high-caste Hindus was, so far as I could hear, wholly new. Besides all this, the parents of the boys had no ready cash, and, with very few exceptions, would not be able to pay, even on a very simple scale, for the board of their boys. Thus at every hand I was beset with obstacles, but the more the project was considered the more important did it seem to carry it out, and before the close of the season it was formally decided to make a beginning. In those days I was, without knowing it, taking lessons in what some people call "faith work." In every kind of mission work in India the earnest laborer will find opportunities enough to test his faith in God and his promises, and over and over again will he find himself called upon to begin most difficult enterprises without seeing how they are ever to be carried to completion.

Around the old mission house stood a number of small out-buildings which had been used in the preparation of tea. Most of these had been dismantled, but one of them still maintained its roof, and in this

our school was accommodated. Arrangements were at once made to repair the others, and to build a row of small houses for boarders. The slate for the roofs had to be quarried on a mountain side four miles distant. The timber used had to be carried on men's shoulders from the nearest pine forest, part of it having to be brought from a distance of five miles. The nearest place at which lime could be burned was eight miles distant, and as the lime had to be carried in sacks on men's heads we used it very sparingly. In Gurhwal, as elsewhere in India, work of all kinds goes on slowly, and during the first season I only succeeded in repairing some of the dismantled houses, and in collecting material for building after the expected snow-fall of the winter. I planned a row of small houses for the boys, built of stone, each to hold four lads, and provided with a small window and a chimney. I took great credit to myself for this last innovation. The natives in the mountains live in substantial stone houses, many of them superior to the Italian houses seen in some places among the Apennines, but they one and all dispense with the luxury of chimneys. I was to teach them a more excellent way. I superintended the chimney building with great care, doing part of the work with my own hands, and felt confident that when the boys once learned how to keep a fire in a smokeless room they would go home and teach their fathers how to build chimneys. But I was doomed to disappointment.

When in due time the houses were finished and the boys began to live in them, they could not be persuaded to build a fire in a little hole at one side, but placed it in the middle of the room, where they could get the largest possible amount of benefit from it; when the smoke became too stifling to be endured, they would go out of doors. During my stay in Gurhwal I never succeeded in teaching them the use of chimneys. I might have succeeded better if I had given sufficient time and labor to the experiment; but most missionaries in India discover, soon or later, that they must accept native habits of life as they find them, and carry to the people a Gospel which is adapted to all possible conditions of men. Our Saviour was brought up in a house which had no chimney, and lived among people whose habits of life were very much more like those of my Gurhwali boys than of the people of the United States.

It was fortunate for me that my presiding elder was with me at this time, and ready to assist, not only in council, but in war. There are some missionaries who rigidly confine themselves to the one work which is assigned to them. They believe that if they do their own special work they will do their whole duty, and perhaps accomplish more than they could by accepting other cares; hence they will not teach, no matter how urgent the necessity, and they excuse themselves from various other duties on what seems a wise, and, from one point of view, reasonable princi-

ple. But this hard and fast rule is absolutely ruinous to missionary work in its earlier stages. The missionary must be ready and willing for any thing and every thing which may be thrust upon him, and during the period of foundation-laying his burdens will often be very heavy indeed. Here at Paōri I had a case in point. We had no teachers within call, and the only possible way in which we could begin our contemplated school was for the missionary to become a teacher. I was quite willing to assume my share of the work, but I could not always be present, and twice during the season I was absent on tours of some length. In this emergency my practical presiding elder came to the rescue, and taught in the school as patiently as if he had been a youth engaged for this special service. Our beginning was a small one, but before the close of the year three boys had taken up their quarters with us as boarders, and a dozen had been engaged for the ensuing season. Sir Henry Ramsay furnished funds for the first year, and before leaving for Conference I had the satisfaction of completing other arrangements both for strengthening the school and for enlargement of our work elsewhere. In the old town of Sreenugger, which stood in the hot valley of the river, seven miles below, there was an Anglo-vernacular school belonging to the government, which had been well managed and was in a good condition. This school, with the stone building in which it was carried on, was made over to us by the government

inspector, and the transfer did much to strengthen our position both in the town and province. Plans for two or three village schools were also formed, and when at the close of the year I left for the plains, to attend the session of our Annual Conference, I felt that a little had been done in the way of preparing for active work in the province.

While on the plains I had the pleasure of again joining in the vigorous work carried on in the Moradabad district. New-year's eve found me back at the village of Haraurha, where we had made our stand under the little banyan tree. The Parkers and the Mansells were there holding a meeting, and we arranged to have our watch-night service in a little tent among the mango-trees. Several inquirers had come from other places, and it was arranged that a number of baptisms should take place near midnight. Among them was a youth who had gone with me to Gurhwal as a servant, and who had been importuning me to baptize him for several months. He figured in the statistical tables of the year as constituting the entire membership of the Gurhwal mission, and as the only person baptized during the year. He became my Eleazer from that time forth, and remained with me during the rest of my stay in North India. Another convert baptized that night was the wife of a young man who joined me in Paori six months later as a teacher. Still another was a young man belonging to the village near by, a man of local influ-

ence in his caste, and whose conversion was making a great stir. His wife was bitterly opposed to the step he was taking, and when the critical hour drew near had recourse to a device which women in India often employ successfully. The converts, a dozen in number, were all standing in line, and the baptismal service had already commenced, when a man rushed over from the village, and, pushing his way through the throng of men and boys who had gathered around, called out that the young man's wife had become desperate, and was at that moment in the very act of cutting her throat. There was a flutter in the little congregation, and the young husband for a moment seemed to waver, but Andrias squared his shoulders, and firmly advised that the service proceed. The missionaries knew very well that although enraged wives did sometimes actually commit suicide in a moment of desperation, yet they much more frequently made a great show of doing so for the purpose of frightening their husbands, and in this case they felt pretty sure that there was no immediate danger. A message was accordingly sent back to the wife that no one would interfere with her in her purpose, and that she might cut her throat to any extent that would suit her purposes, but that meantime her husband would certainly be baptized. The ceremony proceeded, and one after another the converts confessed their faith in Christ, and received the outward sign and seal of their profession. Three of them belonged

to the village near by, where we had battled so hard in the early part of the year. It was a time of great rejoicing, in the midst of which we for the time quite forgot the poor distracted woman in the village who had seemed so bent on suicide. It need hardly be added that she did not die. Her husband returned to her, and the two talked the night away together, and when morning came the fierce lioness had become a gentle lamb. She sent for the missionaries, and told them to their utter astonishment that she wished to accept the new faith of her husband, and begged to be baptized on the spot. A little company gathered under a tree in the village, water was brought from a village well, and in the presence of her bewildered neighbors the poor woman professed her faith in Jesus Christ by receiving baptism. Her husband became one of our preachers, and when I last saw her she was a quiet, dutiful, and exemplary Christian wife.

CHAPTER XIV.

SECOND YEAR IN GURHWAL.

I returned to Gurhwal from the Annual Conference of 1867 in good spirits, and very much better equipped for work than when I had entered the province the previous year. I took with me a young local preacher who was a native of Kumaon, and who had been educated in the Mission Orphanage, and put him in charge of Sreenugger, which thus became an out-station of the mission at Paori. As it was impossible to get a Christian teacher for the boarding-school, I engaged a liberal-minded Hindu who had been teaching in the mission school at Moradabad, and by doing part of the teaching myself we were able to carry on the school. Work was commenced on the new buildings in February, and by the first of April we were ready to make a formal opening of the boarding-school. About a dozen boys came as boarders, and the number gradually increased until we had thirty present. Eighteen of these were aided by payments of two or three rupees a month. They cooked their own food, and ate separately, or in little groups arranged according to caste, but I had no trouble whatever in looking after their domestic arrangements. They were well-behaved, very studious,

and gifted above the average of boys of their age. No one among them was ever charged or suspected of immorality, and I had no case of serious discipline to administer during the year. At first a few of them were timid and suspicious, and refused to touch a copy of the New Testament lest it might damage their caste, but this fear quickly wore away. In addition to the boarders other boys came in from the villages in the neighborhood, so that we had nearly a hundred boys in the school, and more than half of these were regular attendants at the Sunday-school.

Among those who applied for admission as boarders were two young girls of fifteen, who came to prepare themselves for teaching in girls' schools, of which there was just beginning to be some talk in the province. They were brought by their parents, and accompanied by the grown-up brother of one of them, who was to remain with them and be responsible for their oversight. Their presence was at once an encouragement and a very serious embarrassment. It was a rare and, indeed, an unheard-of thing for two non-Christian girls to seek admission into a Christian boarding-school, and I was exceedingly glad to see this token of good for our work, but what to do with them was a very difficult question. There was no missionary lady about the place, and not even a native Christian woman of any grade, and according to native ideas it was regarded, and very properly, too,

as not quite right for these girls to be so far from home, with no female relative to look after them. Fortunately, however, in this emergency Mrs. Mansell determined to come up with her children from Bijnour to spend the hot months at Paori, and I at once arranged to have the girls placed under her care. They were quick-witted and bright girls, and learned very rapidly. They belonged to a class of roving bards, who go about among the villagers reciting popular epics which had been handed down from generation to generation, without ever having been reduced to writing. One of these girls could sit for hours, and recite village tales in verse, which she had learned from hearing them repeated by her parents, as they in turn had learned from their parents in childhood. A vast amount of folk-lore is kept alive in India in this oral form, and it is easy to believe the assertion of some learned orientalists that the oldest of the Vedic hymns were composed long before the ancient Aryans had learned the use of letters. It is easy, too, for any one who has observed the accuracy with which purely oral narratives can be transmitted from place to place, and from generation to generation, to believe that the common source from which the writers of the first three Gospels drew their materials was the oral teaching which had originated with the apostles and spread throughout Judea and Galilee, and into more distant places, during the first fifteen or twenty years after the Saviour's death.

In a few months I had our whole machinery in good working order, and had my hands full of employment. Once a week I went down to Sreenugger, reviewed all the classes in the school, inspected two small girl's schools which the government inspector had placed under our care, preached in the bazar in the evening, and returned home at nightfall. In neighboring villages I opened three vernacular schools, and these had to be visited every two or three weeks to see that the work done in them was satisfactory, and to give the boys a little Gospel talk, and pray with them. At home I had teaching to do in the school, a Sunday-school with about fifty boys, and a Sunday service at which sometimes as many as a hundred were present. The people far and near began to understand our purpose, and worthless inquirers began to come to me to talk about becoming Christians. This part of the work was very trying. Nothing could have given me greater joy than to have found a genuine inquirer after Christ, but to have one after another come with some corrupt or unworthy motive concealed under a plausible profession was very trying. I rejected a good many, but at last one man turned up who, if his motive at first was not the highest, in the end turned out well. I had a number of workmen engaged on a teacher's house, among whom was a young stone-mason. One day this man came to me and asked for an English first-book, saying he could read a little Hindi, but was

anxious to learn English. Like all artisans, he was a low-caste man, and in the course of a little conversation I said to him :

"Kyali, if you want to elevate yourself and your people, you must give up Hinduism. Its rules of caste will always keep you down. You know it can do nothing for you, and in your heart you do not believe in it. You should be a Christian, and get an education, and make a man of yourself, and thus be able to elevate your people."

"Agreed!" he exclaimed, much to my surprise.

"Agreed to what?"

"To be a Christian."

"Do you mean it?"

"Certainly, I do; I have done with gods, goddesses, ghosts, and devils. I accept your religion."

I thought very little of these positive promises, for natives of his class think nothing of making and breaking plausible promises of this kind. I gave him the book, and he returned to his work. In a few minutes there was a great uproar among the workmen, and soon a boy came running to me to say that Kyali was saying that he intended to become a Christian, and to ask if it were really true. It seemed that when he went back to his work he lost no time in announcing his decision, but no one would believe him. He assured them that he was in earnest, and swore a great oath to confirm his assertion, and at length so convinced them that a storm burst forth,

and for a time there was a great uproar. Even then I was slow to believe that any thing would come of it, but Kyali held firmly to his resolution. He studied diligently, began to pray, adopted various Christian habits, and never again wavered in his purpose. He did not, however, seem to get any insight whatever into the spiritual nature of the new religion, and for some months the question of baptism was scarcely mentioned to him.

A month or two after his avowal of his purpose, a man came to me with a grown-up son, some eighteen or twenty years of age, and wished me take him and make him a Christian. He had an unusual but very plausible story, to the effect that his son had learned to read and write, and in consequence stood well among his low-caste friends, but that he saw clearly that he had no chance in life as a Hindu, and that he had heard that Christianity gave an equal chance to all. He wished, therefore, to have his son pursue his studies at the school, "be made a Christian," and then permitted to go out into the world and work his way as best he could. The youth was intelligent, and seemed to enter heartily into his father's plans; and although I was greatly surprised at their course, I finally concluded that they were perfectly sincere, and that if their motives were not very spiritual, yet they were honorable enough, and so on the whole I thought it best to receive the young man and see what I could do with him. He was a model of good

behavior, studied well, and from the first seemed anxious for baptism. I kept him some time, and his case became well-known among the people, and as he was likely to be the first Gurhwali to become a Christian, every thing connected with his instruction and baptism was sure to be closely watched. In due time he was publicly baptized on a solemn profession of his faith in Christ, and formally took his place among the two or three Christians who were with us. A few weeks later I was one day standing near the school-house, when I noticed a policeman climbing the mountain in the direction of the mission-house, and in a moment a conviction flashed upon me that he was coming after my convert. Why I should have thought of such a thing I cannot tell, but a sickening misgiving took possession of me, and I felt certain that there was something wrong in his case. The policeman came on up the hill, walked past the house, and came directly to me.

"Have you," he said, "a young man here named S——?"

"Yes; what do you want with him?"

"I have a warrant for his arrest."

"Arrest for what?"

"For murder."

For a minute or two it seemed as if the big mountains were whirling round my head. Every thing seemed lost; I saw at a glance that the wily father, foreseeing the arrest of his son, had brought him to

me in the hope that I would defend him in court and secure his acquittal. I knew how the matter would be talked about all over the province, how contemptible our mission would be made to appear, and how every convert would be ridiculed in the future. I told the policeman to take the poor young wretch away, and during the rest of the day I think I knew the meaning of what are called missionary trials. It is not the heat of tropical plains, or the malaria of deadly jungles, or the isolation from home, or the exposure to hardship, which missionaries feel, but rather the trials and disappointments, the discouragements and reverses, which at times seem to enter like iron into the very soul, and sometimes leave wounds behind which are felt for long months and years.

In this case, however, all was not lost. The impression on the people around was less unfavorable than I had anticipated. The young man stood his trial, and every one saw clearly that the father had been foiled in his purpose. It turned out that the youth had not been implicated in a murder, but he had accepted a small fee for writing a letter which would involve an innocent man in the crime, and as it seemed that he had done this without fully appreciating the gravity of the act he was let off with a light punishment. For some time he led an unsatisfactory life, but at length found his way back to the mission, and is now a Christian in good standing, and

an official member of the Church. The strangest thing about the case was, that so far from ruining our infant cause, this crafty attempt was overruled to the salvation of a whole family, and to the strengthening of our mission. Four brothers of the young man have since become Christians, one of whom is a native preacher, a second is in the Bareilly Theological Seminary, a third in the school at Paori, while the fourth remains at home and sustains a good character. I have since learned, a dozen times over, that God's work can live and thrive long after the devil has given formal notice that utter and final ruin has overtaken it.

In the month of July an orphan boy came to the mission-house and asked me to take him in and make him a Christian. As he had neither friends nor home I received him as sent by God. In a few days another came, and then a third, and before the end of the month a fourth. I received them all, and put them to work among the laborers employed on the mission premises. They were able to earn enough by their work to pay for their food, besides spending some hours daily in school. A fifth boy came, and I saw that an orphanage was likely to grow up around me. Harkua, the lad who had accompanied me to America, was in Moradabad, where he had been attending school since his return, and as he was a mountaineer by birth I sent down for him to come up and take charge of the orphans. He came

promptly, and entered upon his work with great enthusiasm. Meanwhile other boys came, so that we had ten under our care before the close of the season. They learned rapidly, and if not at first very spiritually-minded were at least enthusiastic Christians. They sang lustily, and it was a joy to me to hear them make the mountains ring with the praises of Him who of old had weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance. They lived in the most simple style, and during my stay in Paori it did not cost more than a dollar a month for each boy to provide them with food and clothing. They added much to the interest of our meetings, and gave promise of growing up to be useful Christian men.

The two young girls had been doing well, and both of them had been somewhat interested in Christianity. They were light-hearted, however, and as they had been kept unmarried beyond the usual age of Hindu brides, their heads were sometimes filled with other thoughts than those pertaining to religion. One of them took a fancy to an imposing-looking Mohammedan who had one wife already, and, with the sanguine faith so characteristic of her sex in such emergencies, made sure that she would win him over to be a Christian after they were married. As for his wife, the poor child did not see any special difficulty in her case. Her husband could put her away, or she might become a Christian and live with them in peace. We succeeded in breaking up this little arrangement, but

it required all our skill and firmness to accomplish it. Meanwhile Harkua arrived, and at once it was evident that he was an object of profound interest to the young ladies. He had reverted to his Hindustani style of living, and wore the ordinary clothes of native young men, but there was something about his manner which impressed the simple people, and he was very commonly addressed as "Sahib," the title given to Europeans. It soon became evident that a new crisis was at hand. The girl who had been passed over by the Mohammedan suitor found favor in the eyes of the young stranger, and was herself in a delirium of joy at the thought of her good fortune in having won a lover of such brilliant promise. Her parents were quickly on the scene, and while not angry at the course which events were taking, yet made a great show of opposition in the hope of exacting favorable terms from the young suitor. It is the custom in Gurhwal for the bridegroom to pay a good round sum to the parents of the bride, and, unlike some other parts of India, girls are there regarded as so much wealth in the family. While this custom had the one merit of preventing infanticide, it was, after all, but another name for selling children, and in a province given up to polygamy was open to the greatest objections on moral grounds. Hence we thought it best to take a stand against it, and Harkua himself was utterly averse to it. He was ready to promise every thing fair and fine, but to pay a price

for his wife was a thing which he peremptorily refused to do, or even to talk about.

Finding ordinary negotiation of no use, the parents determined to try the effect of a removal of their daughter. The mother brought her into the house, told Mrs. Mansell that she would take her away, and that there must be an end to the whole affair unless the money demanded was paid. Harkua stood by listening to what was said, and the girl, whose name was "Garland," was the picture of distress. After the talk had gone on for some time Harkua suddenly flanked the bartering mother in the most unexpected manner. Turning to the despairing girl he said: "This is *your* business. Choose for yourself: if you marry me you must be a Christian, and if a Christian you must break your caste. Are you ready to do that?" The response in the affirmative was quick and emphatic. An apple-pie was on the table, and Harkua, taking up a knife, cut off a slice and handed it to her. She ate, and in a moment her caste was gone, and her price in the general matrimonial market had gone down to zero. The mother stood for a moment transfixed with rage, and then seized her daughter and began to strip her of her ornaments. Half a dozen rings were taken out of each ear, silver ornaments removed from her hair, bracelets and anklets taken from her arms and ankles, and then her very clothing taken from her. Mrs. Mansell quietly provided other clothing, and the enraged dame was permitted to

carry all away. For two or three days the storm raged with unabated fury, and then there came a great calm. Peace was made, reconciliation followed, the young people were married in the presence of the parents, and Harkua led away a bride whom he had fairly wooed and won, and for whom he had paid no base coin.

In the latter part of the season I succeeded in engaging a Christian teacher for the boarding-school, and the Hindu, who had been doing his work fairly well, returned to his home on the plains. I had now three Christian families in Gurhwal, and when the presiding elder came up in September we were able to hold a Quarterly Conference and formally organize the Church. Harkua's wife had been baptized, and also a brother who had come over from Kumaon, so that we had six members and three probationers to begin with. Every day now added new interest to the work, and the outlook appeared very favorable indeed. Mrs. Parker, who was in feeble health, came up with her husband. Mr. Mansell had also come, and during the fortnight which they spent at Paori I had a royal time. There was enough to do to keep us all busy, and for two weeks our little mission station was the scene of constant activity. One little task was accomplished during those two weeks which is perhaps worthy of special mention, and which, in its ultimate effects, has proved of great importance to the whole of the North India mission.

A District Association had been organized for the Moradabad District, chiefly through the efforts of Brothers Parker and Mansell, and had been worked with great success. It included in its membership all the missionaries, local preachers, exhorters, and Christian teachers within the bounds of the district. These various grades of missionary workers were increasing in number from year to year, and it seemed necessary to provide some plan for their formal organization. At that time it was understood that the authorities at home did not wish to see any considerable number of these men admitted to the Annual Conference, and hence it became necessary to provide some kind of similar organization for them. To let them remain as ecclesiastical nondescripts for any length of time was impossible, and for one pressing reason was very undesirable. These "mission helpers" were under the direction of the several missionaries, and were not subject to removal by any authority excepting the missionary in each particular case. The Discipline made no provision for fixing the yearly appointments of local preachers and exhorters, and the Missionary Society had made no attempt to deal with the question. Our familiar "itinerancy" was needed in the case of these men, and every year would be needed more imperatively. During that fortnight at Paori a constitution for the association was drawn up, in which it was provided that the presiding elder should be *ex-officio* president, and that

he should annually, with the advice of the several preachers in charge, fix the appointments of all the local preachers and exhorters throughout the districts. In other words, it was provided that he act the part of a president of an Annual Conference, constitute a "cabinet," and fix the appointments in due form. After a good deal of hesitation it was determined to change the name of the organization from District Association to District Conference. This was before the General Conference had made provision for District Conferences, and our fear was that the word *Conference* would excite alarm, and make some parties think we were aiming at something dangerous, if not revolutionary. In all our attempts to develop our work in India we have found it necessary to have due regard to the inexperience and incapacity of weak men in India and the misplaced apprehension of strong men in America.

When we met at the close of the year the native brethren voted upon the constitution, "item by item," with an intelligent interest and a frank independence which greatly pleased us. Several clauses which the missionaries favored were unhesitatingly amended or stricken out, the most notable one being the "time-limit." The missionaries had thought it best not to insist on a time-limit, but the native brethren, by a large majority, adopted the three-years' limitation of service of the Discipline. At the close of the Conference forty-three native brethren were assigned to

appointments, and as the list was read out by the presiding elder the eager attention of the audience showed that the people were aware that the District Conference was to them vastly more than any informal association could ever be. Two years later, when Bishop Kingsley presided in the Annual Conference, a report of a committee which had been previously appointed was adopted, by which it was provided that this plan should be adopted in each of the three districts of the mission, and in reply to a question on a point of law the Bishop gave a guarded but very emphatic opinion in favor of the arrangement. It was, no doubt, an act of ecclesiastical legislation by an Annual Conference, but it was justified by the emergency, and its results have been most satisfactory. The District Conferences have steadily grown in influence, and are now most important assemblies, and in the early future must become Annual Conferences in both name and fact. They have to retain an awkward and unmeaning nomenclature, their local preachers being itinerants, their exhorters pastors, and their traveling preachers men outside of the "time-limit," but they apply their own meaning to the terms and work away successfully enough.

I relate this little bit of history the more readily because my own share in the work was that of a late comer upon the field who had the honor of entering into other men's labors. I ought to mention, too, that a similar association had been organized in the

Bareilly District, and had been working successfully for several years. The whole case illustrates the wisdom of allowing a good deal of freedom of action to those who work in mission fields. Had we appealed to the General Conference for a legal sanction for our plan, or for something better, we would merely have created alarm, have brought down upon our heads endless lectures about the excellence and inviolability of the Methodist Discipline, and the necessity of maintaining intact the organism of the Church in every part of the globe, while not a hand would have been lifted to show us a way out of our difficulties. It may be doubted if any ecclesiastical body in modern times has ever, in a single instance, provided successful legislation for the local developments of the foreign missions under its care.

As my second year in Gurhwal drew near its close I was able to make some further arrangements for strengthening the mission. A large stone building in Sreenugger was purchased at a nominal price, and under its roof I was able to find accommodation for our native preacher and two or three teachers, and also a room which could be fitted up for a chapel. I also received a promise from the magistrate to provide from government funds for twenty scholarships in our boys' boarding-school. Meanwhile, inquirers had continued to come, and I had five or six candidates for baptism. As I was obliged to go down to the plains to the District and Annual Conferences, I

had arranged with Mr. Mansell to hold a joint meeting at the city of Nageena, some twenty-two miles from the foot of the mountains. The orphan boys were eager to go, and I was able to persuade three of the adult inquirers to accompany them. I was thus able to descend from the mountains at the close of the year with a band of seventeen persons *en route* to a Methodist camp-meeting. Some twenty-five or thirty Christians from the plains met us, and we held our meeting in a mango orchard on the outskirts of the city. Two tents were pitched among the trees, and a canopy raised in front, under which the people sat on a carpet, and joined in the worship. In addition to the meetings held in this little camp, we went into the city every evening and preached in an open space, where a large crowd of rather belligerent Mohammedans gathered around us, eager to dispute if not to hear. On Sunday morning we held a formal love-feast, which proved an occasion of great blessing to those present. Many of our converts were persons who had been intellectually convinced, and who had shown signs of repentance, but who did not seem to have advanced very far beyond what might be called John's baptism. They were not spiritual, and it was our constant prayer that they might be lifted up into newness of life in Christ Jesus. While we were talking in this love-feast the Holy Spirit fell upon us as at the beginning. Some were made to rejoice, some deeply moved with a feeling of com-

passion for their countrymen, and others convicted of sin. It was an hour of blessing, and of greater blessing than any of us at the time realized. A divine spark had fallen upon some of those hearts, and sacred fire was to be borne thence to places far away.

The meeting closed the same night. A baptismal service was appointed for the closing hour, and as my orphans were anxious to be baptized I thought it best to let them follow their own convictions. The three adults who had accompanied me were also baptized, together with several persons from the plains. One feature of the baptism of the hill men was at once ludicrous and touching. Each man wore a long tuft of hair upon the crown of his head, and when they came forward for baptism the native brethren called attention to the fact that this was a mark of Hinduism, and, as such, ought to be removed before proceeding with the ceremony. The candidates hesitated, and begged to be allowed to retain the tufts till after their friends had become reconciled to their baptism. The Christians assured them that this would entangle them in acts of duplicity, and urged them not to shrink from their duty. Harkua stood in front with a large pair of shears in his hand, eagerly waiting for their decision, and when at last consent was given he seized the tuft of the man nearest to him, pulled down his head, and the click of the shears soon told that the Hindu mark was gone. The second and the third followed quickly, and the three tufts of hair lay like

so many trophies on the carpet. There was a slight ripple of amusement in the audience, but when the service proceeded this quickly gave place to a deep but joyous solemnity. Kyali, the young stone-mason, was the first to receive baptism, and from that hour he has led a most exemplary life. He is now the Simon Peter of the Church in Gurhwal, a preacher of approved fidelity and much spiritual power. The other two men and the ten boys stood in a line, and one after another confessed their faith in Christ and received the sign and seal of baptism. I could not but rejoice, even in that day of small things. I had spent two fragments of years in Gurhwal, and was now on my way to Conference to report five schools for boys, two for girls, and a Christian community of twenty-six souls. I was not to return again to my mountain home, but as the work had not been mine, it was not to stop when I left. There are now three hundred Christians in Gurhwal. A large stone building has been erected for the boys' school, which is now a flourishing institution, and another for the growing girls' orphanage and school. The old mission-house has given place to a substantial and attractive building, and seven hundred and seventy-four boys and girls are taught in the twenty-eight schools of the mission.

CHAPTER XV.

MORADABAD.

AT the beginning of 1868 I received my first appointment to a station on the plains. My health had been so unsatisfactory in Gurhwal that nothing but an urgent necessity could have induced the brethren to think of calling me down from the mountains, but there seemed no other way of filling a vacancy which had occurred in Moradabad, while a substitute for Gurhwal was ready at hand. After much hesitation it was finally determined that I should give the plains a fair trial, and in case my health should give way I was to be allowed to return again to Gurhwal, or possibly, if the case should be serious, give up India and return to America.

Moradabad is a thriving city in western Rohilcund, and at that time contained a population of about 80,000 souls. In the district of Moradabad there is a population of 1,155,173 souls, being 506 to the square mile, and the field was at that time the most inviting and fruitful in the whole mission. The work assigned to me was exceedingly congenial, and for a few weeks I thought that I had at last found my place, and that my time of worry and care was now over. I was to have charge of the native

church in Moradabad and of the new work opening in the southern part of the district, and was to give my exclusive time and attention to preaching and pushing forward aggressive Christian work. No teaching or supervision of schools, no building or secular interests of any kind, were to come in the way. An efficient band of native helpers were to assist me, and with a hundred open doors before me I entered upon the year with the utmost enthusiasm and confidence. Mr. Parker, the presiding elder, was my colleague, and he generously took charge of the schools and all the more harassing part of the work. I was constantly among the people, and could preach to large audiences every day in the year.

I lost no time in going out into the villages, and had several plans formed for vigorous operations during the year, when suddenly all my fine arrangements were scattered to the winds. While out in the country a messenger arrived one day from Moradabad with a note, from which I learned that Mrs. Parker had been peremptorily ordered out of the country by her physician, and that her husband, who was also ill, was to accompany her. We had no one in India to take his place, and there was no help for it but for me to add his work to my own. This would give me daily teaching in the High School, the supervision of the branch schools, the secular care of the mission, and the presiding eldership

of the district. The hot weather was just coming on, and with the uncertainties of health, my inexperience on the plains, and the multitude of cares to be assumed, I felt for a few days completely dismayed at the outlook. In all the twenty-five years past no burden has ever seemed to press upon me so heavily as this did for the first few weeks. I smile when I think of it now, but I felt it most painfully at the time. The charge of the school would have been quite enough of itself, but to add to this daily preaching, frequent journeys, endless interviewing of native Christians from all directions, the settlement of all manner of domestic affairs in a hundred homes, and the management of the finances of both the circuit and district, all these things seemed to be more than enough to overwhelm me. I had no reason, however, to borrow trouble. Another lesson had to be learned, and learned so as not to be forgotten. When an avalanche of work suddenly descends, as it very often does descend, and blocks up the pathway before us, it can nearly always be cleared out of the way in a very short time if taken in detail, just as each separate task presents itself. The avalanche may defy our strength, but by concentrating attention upon the duty of the moment we lose sight of the great mass, and quickly begin to toss our finished tasks over our shoulders, and ere we know it the whole vast mass lies behind us, while we start forward again with an exhilarating feeling of confidence and hope. In my

own case I was not long in discovering that I had altogether overrated the size of the avalanche. By taking up the duties of each day just as they presented themselves, I soon found that I could do the work, if not well, at least much better than I had dared to hope. As for health, although the season was a trying one, I suffered little, and from that time forward ceased to be reckoned among the semi-invalids of the mission.

My work during this and the following year made it necessary for me to keep two, and sometimes three, horses. I traveled in a spring cart, and made most of my journeys at night. A horse would be sent out ten or twelve miles, another twenty or twenty-five miles, and a third thirty-five or forty miles. By borrowing a horse for the first and last stages, I could make a journey of sixty miles in a night, and thus after the work of the week I could make night journeys to various points in the country, visit our people, and hold meetings on Saturday and Sunday. This involved hard work, and I still remember, as if it were but yesterday, the heavy drowsiness of the long, hot nights, and the attempt to sleep in the close air of the low-roofed huts during the day. I took with me a Christian boy who served as cook, a small roll of bedding, and a basket of provisions. Thus equipped I could live during the cold season in very enjoyable comfort for weeks together. The poor villagers were glad to set a house at my disposal,

and this was usually well cleaned by having a thin coat of mud plastered over the walls and floor the day before my arrival. They would gladly have supplied all my wants, but their extreme poverty made this impossible. Sometimes they would ask the privilege of inviting me to a single meal, but more frequently would merely send a choice dish for my table. The fattest fowl in the village was sometimes killed in honor of my coming, and the white meat carefully separated for my table, while the rest would be served up for the Christians who went with me.

The teaching staff of the High School in Moradabad consisted of one Scotchman, one Bengalee, four north India Hindus, and one Mohammedan. The successful administration of the affairs of the school required much skill and constant oversight, and it was considered necessary for a missionary in person to be present and bear a part in the work of teaching, in order to keep up the prestige of the institution. There were also four branch schools in the city which required frequent visits, and four girls' schools which gave me no little trouble, but which I was never permitted to see. Both teachers and pupils were kept in strict seclusion, and all I could do by way of inspecting the schools was to sit in front of a screen and ask questions, which were answered by invisible persons, who might have been pupils, and yet very probably were teachers or other older persons.

I liked the teaching, and very quickly became intensely interested in the school work, but every day, and almost every hour, I was pursued by a conviction that this was not my work. I longed to be off on preaching tours, and every time I made a flying visit to the villages it seemed as if God would have me leave the schools and every thing else, and give my whole time and strength to the one work of evangelizing the people.

Meanwhile, as the months passed by God did not leave us without tokens of blessing. The native Church in Moradabad made some advancement, and in the villages there were very encouraging movements among the class of people from whom we had drawn most of our converts. At the city of Amroha, twenty miles west of Moradabad, Brother Zahur-ul-Haqq, who had been with me at Nynee Tal, was stationed, and all over his circuit an active work was going on among a low-caste tribe of people who had come from the Punjab, called Mazhabi Sikhs. At one place I baptized ten persons, and at another thirteen, all being the fruits of the labors of native brethren. At more distant points people were calling for us to visit them, and Brother Zahur-ul-Haqq urged me to arrange for an extended tour in a new region where but little Christian preaching had ever been heard. Dr. Waugh was at that time presiding elder of the Oudh District, and when I wrote him of the loud call which we were hearing, and of my

intense anxiety to get free from the school, he generously proposed to let one of his colleagues, the Rev. F. M. Wheeler, come to my relief. Mr. Wheeler, like myself, was very anxious to give himself wholly to the work of preaching, but in view of the necessity of the case loyally and cheerfully took his place in the school, and set me free for the work which I so earnestly desired.

On the morning of the 15th of October I set out from Moradabad, and in a few hours was among our Christians in the villages. I pushed forward to a town called Bashta, about forty miles to the northwest, stopping at various points along the route, baptizing a few converts, talking to the people, listening to grievances, confirming their weak faith, and trying to arrange for a better observance of their religious services. Notice had been given that a large meeting would be held in Bashta on Sunday, and we were very hopeful of a great work among the people. We were going in response to repeated and urgent calls, and felt confident of a cordial reception. Zahur-ul-Haqq and several other preachers were with me, and we were prepared to push a vigorous campaign. On our first arrival, however, no one came near us. It was a sore disappointment to me, for I had hoped for great things from this visit, and I could not understand the strange conduct of the people. It turned out in the end that they were not so false as at first they seemed. They had merely been seized by one

of those panics with which missionaries in India become so familiar, which at the last moment unnerve even sincere men, and keep them from an open confession of Christ by baptism. No violation of caste rules is so unpardonable as Christian baptism. This one act creates a Rubicon so wide and deep between the convert and all the world in which he has lived and moved before, that very many men of deep earnestness shrink back when brought face to face with it. These simple people in the villages around Bashta really thought they intended to be Christians, and so long as we were at a distance they were quite ready to make promises, but now that the decisive hour had come the courage of many gave way, and a panic seemed to be spreading among them on every side.

On Friday evening we visited a village near by and talked to the inquirers living in it for some time. They had many excuses and many promises to make, but declined to take any decisive steps toward becoming Christians. After a long talk I told them I must leave, but before doing so asked them to kneel down and join with us in prayer. They all bowed down to the ground, while I prayed earnestly but with a heavy heart, for I fully expected to leave them and pass on to another place. When we rose I began to bid them farewell, but was suddenly interrupted by the head man of the company, who held out his hand and gave me his promise to accept baptism at once. Others followed, and the result was that we

returned to the village the next evening, held a delightful meeting, and at its close baptized eight men and three women. We were all happy, and yet I had serious misgivings about what we had done. These three women knew very little about Christ or Christianity. They differed from the other women around them chiefly in the fact that they were friendly to Christianity, while the others hated it, but very few missionaries would have pronounced them "prepared for baptism." The men were better informed, and some of them more in earnest, but I had grave misgivings even in the case of the best of them. I feared very much that I had acted too precipitately, but there had seemed no other way open to me. To have left the people till they were better prepared would have been to abandon them to the wiles of intriguing neighbors, who would almost certainly have entangled them in various snares, and thus made it nearly impossible to get them safely within the Christian fold. I hoped that it would all turn out right, but feared it might be otherwise. Little did I dream, however, as I lay down to sleep that night, of the lesson which was in store for me next day.

Notice had been circulated through all the villages around that the grand meeting on Sunday would be held at eleven o'clock, and I had looked forward to this hour with eager expectation. The day was bright and clear, and a sweet Sabbath calm rested upon the quiet grove where our little camp was

pitched. Eleven o'clock came, but no audience appeared. This, however, did not very much surprise us, as the simple villagers in India have no idea of time, and on all such occasions may come an hour earlier or two hours later than the hour appointed. We waited till afternoon, and then gathered together a little company under a tree, where I preached, and afterward baptized two men, a woman, and a child. A few more stragglers dropped in, and at five o'clock I preached again, and baptized two women and two children. Shortly after I had commenced preaching a large company arrived and took their places under the tree, where they listened very attentively. While I was baptizing the candidates all had risen to their feet and were watching the ceremony with the greatest interest, but I had not given them any special thought. At the close, to my utter astonishment, eleven men stepped forward, and asked me to baptize them. They seemed serious and resolute, but I shrank from the idea of admitting so many uninstructed men to the holy rite of baptism. I accordingly told them that I was very glad to see them take this step, but that it would be necessary to give them preparatory instruction, and that in due time I would come again and baptize them. I saw their countenances fall in a moment, but did not divine the cause. Zahur-ul-Haqq, however, was master of the situation. To make time, he started a hymn, and then coming up to me, quietly said:

"If you put these men off in this way, they will not believe you. They will merely think that you have some secret reason for doubting them, and we shall see them no more. We must take them just as they come. Let them see that we trust them, and then they will trust us. If we do not accept them, and baptize them, we cast them off altogether."

I was in a great strait, and for a minute or two I knew not what to do. But it would have been fatal for me to seem to vacillate, and whatever was to be done must be done at once, and done firmly and confidently. I lifted my heart to God in prayer, and my decision was made. The men were called forward, and I told them that by the advice of Zahur-ul-Haqq I had determined to baptize them first and instruct them afterward. They brightened up at once, and were baptized in the midst of a rejoicing little company of Christians.

I left Bashta with no little misgiving. I had baptized twenty-seven adults, and organized them into a church, appointed a pastor over them, and arranged for a careful supervision of the work; but when I thought of those raw converts my heart almost sank within me. How could they be expected to hold together, adopt Christian habits, and develop the life of a genuine Christian church? What would other missionaries think of this wholesale baptizing of ignorant men whom I had never seen before, and whose antecedents and even names I knew little or nothing of

whatever? I was troubled not a little with questionings of this kind as I went on my way, but it was all for nothing. God was in the work. The little church founded in the wilderness, and built out of such rough material, was not to fall into speedy decay. A year later I visited the place and held a meeting, which was greatly blessed. Mr. Wheeler and Zahur-ul-Haqq were with me, and the latter received a rich anointing of the Spirit which added greatly to his efficiency in the work. On Sunday I baptized fifteen adults, and, after receiving the communion, one hundred and two Christians sat down under the mango-trees to a common meal. The church at Bashta now holds a notable place among the Christians of that region, and the survivors of the group who were first baptized consider it the chief honor of their lives that they belonged to the early pioneers of that day of small things.

The happy outcome of this singular movement did much to modify my views with regard to baptizing immature converts, but I would not have it understood for a moment that a similar course would in every case result so favorably. Beyond all doubt God would have us exercise a wise discretion in this matter. Some people who are eager for baptism may be much less sincere than others who realize that it is to them a very Rubicon, and who hesitate because they realize the weight of the obligations which it imposes. I merely state the facts as they

occurred, and leave missionary readers to draw their own inferences. From this time forward I adopted the policy of baptizing parties without hesitation who seemed fully decided to be Christians, and who could not safely be left in the equivocal position of inquirers in the midst of hostile neighbors. This was particularly necessary in the case of wives whose husbands had become Christians before them. It more than once happened that when we left such wives for a time to be prepared for baptism, crafty friends managed to make trouble between them and their husbands, and thus succeeded in either breaking up the family or winning the husband back to his former ways.

Space will not permit me to note all the events of this memorable year. Suffice it to say that I succeeded in holding all the quarterly meetings of the districts, except at my former station of Paori, and I even succeeded in reaching that remote place twice during the year. Each of the five circuits on the district reported an encouraging increase in membership. Two weeks before the close of the year Mr. Wheeler and I went out to a village nine miles from Moradabad, where a number of families having Christian relatives resided, and here again we saw a sudden and remarkable decision for Christ. Twenty-three persons were baptized on the spot, and other inquirers were reported from villages near by. Best of all, the year closed amid showers of blessing upon all the

native preachers of the district. They had met for their District Conference at Moradabad, and a deep and fervent feeling pervaded all the meetings. A work of revival had broken out at a camp-meeting in the Bareilly District, and Mr. Judd, with three of the native brethren, came over to Moradabad, all aflame with love and zeal for God and souls. Their coming was greatly blessed, and at the watch-night meeting on New-year's-eve a baptism of power came upon the assembly which made many of those dear native preachers new men. That was in reality an era in our India mission work. Not many noted it at the time, but the work, which had been spreading out rapidly, received a spiritual quickening which placed it upon a new vantage ground, and probably averted disasters which we could not then foresee.

A rapid sketch of this kind will give a very imperfect idea of the difficulties which we encountered in gathering together and caring for these people. The work was by no means a light recreation. It cost us much anxiety and much hard and disagreeable labor. Many were prone in a time of trial to go back to their heathen practices, nearly all were slow to learn the law of the Sabbath, and in some places it was nearly impossible to induce them to hold regular Sunday services. They had little idea of time, and paid very little attention to engagements of any kind. On one occasion, when out in the villages, a man came to me in the evening to say that his child had

died, and that he wished me to bury it the next morning. I was touched by the poor man's story, gave him money with which to buy a shroud, and promised to be present at early sunrise. The weather was intensely hot at the time, and I urged him to have every thing ready, so that I might return before the sun became too oppressive. To my surprise, however, when I arrived at his village I found that the grave had not been dug, the shroud had not been purchased, and no one was doing a thing to hasten the preparations. I waited an hour or more, and then had to direct the work myself. In the soft earth near the margin of a large pond a grave was dug about three feet deep, a small coffin-shaped hole was made at the bottom, the little corpse was laid in this, and protected from the clods by a few branches of a thorn bush, and then the earth filled in above. The vexatious trifling of the friends might have indicated to some an utter indifference, and yet the poor people had hearts and felt very deeply.

In those days I made it a point to insist on a radical reform in dress on the part of the village women, but here I encountered a determined opposition. They not only wore a profusion of coarse ornaments, but their hair was tied up into a kind of horn-shaped knot on the crown of the head, and this, with the colored cotton sheet which covered the head, gave the poor creatures a very ungraceful appearance. I not only insisted on their laying off their ornaments, but,

with a lack of good sense which now amazes me, I made war on the top-knot, and urged the dear sisters to adopt a style of dress which would every-where distinguish them from their heathen neighbors, forgetting that I had no business to lay down a rule of dress for the native Christians, and that, in any case, it was desirable to interfere just as little as possible with their food, dress, or occupations. The women were much more ignorant than their husbands, and usually held out long and bitterly against them when they wished to become Christians. I was very unwise in adding to their troubles, and in the sharp contest which was carried on between us I was decidedly worsted. There was one point, however, on which I insisted long and strenuously. For some unexplained reason the custom prevailed in that caste that a wife should never be allowed to show her face to the elder brothers of her husband, although the younger brothers might see and converse with her freely. It so happened at one point, that two or three of our leading men were elder brothers to so many of the women of influence, that it was impossible to hold a class-meeting, or indeed to get the two sexes together for any kind of joint worship, unless of the most formal character. I reasoned with them till I was tired, and finally determined to break up the custom by a *coup de main.* One day I was to preach in the village chapel, and before the service I exhorted the women to come in and sit down unveiled, and thus show,

once for all, that they had thrown their foolish custom to the winds. The husbands had given their consent, but I was by no means assured that my exhortations would be heeded. The hour of service arrived, and the men filed into the little mud-walled chapel, and, according to custom, took their seats on the floor at one side of the room. The women's side of the chapel was ominously vacant, and for a time I thought they must have conspired to stay away; but soon after the service had commenced a file of the good sisters entered the chapel. The class-leader's wife was at the head of the party, and she led the way to the corner on my left, where she busied herself for a minute or two in shuffling from side to side, but finally sat down with her face toward the corner, and with both her head and face carefully covered. I left the little stand, which served as a pulpit, went to the poor creature, who had just settled herself for the service, laid a hand on each shoulder, and requested her to turn round. She was startled half out of her wits, but turned at once. The woman next in rank to her had elder brothers-in-law present, but she bravely took her seat and uncovered her face, and then all the rest followed her example; and from that time the spell of this stupid custom was broken in that village and neighborhood. But there were other customs and superstitions which constantly hedged up our way in trying to introduce a better life among the women, and in our frequent efforts to

effect reforms by our summary and sometimes unwise methods we were often baffled and defeated. At times I was at my wit's end, and felt almost ready to give up the struggle, but I did not know that God was even then beginning to show us a more excellent way.

Just before Mrs. Parker left for America she had made a small beginning in the way of a boarding-school for girls, and had received the first three pupils. Her plan was to gather in the village girls, and after giving them a simple education send them back again to their homes, where they might be expected to act like so much leaven among the native Christians in the villages. Finding it impossible to arrange for these girls in Moradabad, Mrs. Parker had made them over to Mrs. Zahur-ul-Haqq, who lived in the city of Amroha. For a time the people held aloof, and were unwilling to send their girls away from home, but during these tours in the villages I succeeded in picking up a few pupils, and before the close of the year the school began to assume very respectable proportions. The next year the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society was most opportunely founded, and the school, having fallen under its fostering care, has had a career of wonderful prosperity. It now contains more than one hundred pupils, and the girls who have been taught in it are exerting a most wholesome influence all through the villages of that region. Natives of India, like

natives of other countries, wish to see a strange thing done before attempting it themselves. A missionary might lecture to the village women for years without inducing them to change their ancient habits and superstitions, but a better way is simply to send a few educated and intelligent young women of their own class to live among them. What precept cannot do example easily accomplishes. I am more and more persuaded that Christian boarding-schools are to be most important factors in the future development of Christianity in India. The boarding-school must follow close in the pathway of the evangelist. The school does not save the people, but it takes up the work of their improvement, and aids in the development of the new life which the Gospel brings to them.

CHAPTER XVI.

ELEVATING THE POOR.

FROM time immemorial India has been famed for its riches, but as a painful matter of fact it is a very poor country. It has vast natural resources, and has always possessed the art of making an imposing display of the most attractive forms of wealth, and yet the great mass of the people are extremely poor. Indeed, the word *poor* will fail to convey to the reader in America any thing like a correct idea of the crushing poverty of millions upon millions of the village population. Immediately after my appointment to Moradabad I spent a week or two in a mud-walled hut in one of the villages where we had a native preacher stationed, and improved the opportunities thus offered for observing the every-day life of the people. I enjoyed the confidence of the villagers, and had no difficulty in getting all the information I wanted. In the course of my observations I met with much that was pleasing, not a little that was repulsive, and a great deal that was simply astounding to me, even after so many years spent in India.

We had eight or ten Christian families living in the village. The most thrifty man among them cultivated a little plot of land containing about two

fifths of an acre, for which he paid a fixed annual rent. He owned neither horse, cow, pig, nor fowl, and did all the work of cultivating his tiny little field with his own hands. He had a brother who stood second in point of opulence among the Christians, who was a weaver, and who earned a little less than two dollars a month by working diligently at his loom from dawn till sunset. On this income he supported a wife and child, and was able to appear in clean apparel at the little village chapel every Sunday. A third man worked as a common laborer, and when he fell in with a good job could earn eight cents a day; but it often happened that no work could be found, and the wages of one working-day had to suffice for the wants of two or three days of idleness. The other families had even a harder lot, and yet, incredible as it may seem, these Christians were so much more thrifty than many of their neighbors that they were looked upon almost as objects of envy. One young Hindu with his wife lived near by, and I sat down one day by the door of their little mud hut and had them tell me all the story of their constant struggle for life. The husband had made an engagement to work during the sugar-making season for three months, for the lump sum of two dollars and thirty-five cents in cash, and as a perquisite a certain quantity of the drippings from the sugar presses. His wife also was to be allowed the privilege of gathering dry twigs among the trees in the

mango orchards. To supplement this wretched income the wife employed all her leisure time in spinning cotton yarn, and by the most unremitting diligence was able to earn thirty-two and a half cents a month. These items made up the sum total of their income. They paid thirty-five cents a year as ground-rent for their little hut, but had to erect the house and keep it in repair themselves.

This story will seem incredible to many readers in a land where the real bitterness of poverty is rarely tasted, and where such an income would be insufficient to support the life of two persons; but I am an eye-witness to the fact that vast multitudes of human beings live in this extreme depth of daily poverty, and not only live but enjoy a measure of content which is the most astonishing feature of their extraordinary lot. These two young people, for instance, were not unhappy. The husband trusted the wife, and the wife was proud of her husband. With the little cash which could be spared they bought a little coarse rice, or some meal made from the coarser kinds of grain, with a little pinch of salt and two or three red-pepper pods. The wife would then go out into the fields and gather mallows, wild mustard, "lamb's quarter," and other kinds of wild herbs, and these, when boiled and seasoned with the salt and red-pepper, would be added to the rice or cakes, and the whole would make a meal which the poor people ate in simple contentment. Sometimes it sufficed to satisfy fully

the cravings of hunger, and sometimes it only did so partially; but they had never been accustomed to full meals, and did not regard hunger as an affliction so long as it did not show its wolfish fangs and begin to gnaw at their patient stomachs. The case was harder when there chanced to be a group of children in the family, and yet even then the poor patient people did not seem to know how poor they were. The little store of daily food would be divided among them, be it much or be it little, and old and young alike had learned to be content with what was given. Millions upon millions of human beings in India and other lands seldom ever eat to repletion, and have to subsist the whole year round upon stinted fare.

It is among these extremely poor people that most of the village converts are found. A few are better off, and own oxen and plows, but at the outset the vast majority are very poor, and, as might be expected, one of the first cares of the missionary is to improve their condition. This, however, is by no means a simple or an easy task. A very little money would make an immediate difference in their daily bill of fare, but money alone will not elevate a people, and its unconditional gift paralyzes thrift instead of fostering it. Our first efforts, therefore, were directed to plans for securing better employment for our converts, and while their number was few this was easily done; but when they began to multiply by scores and hundreds it became very quickly impossible to

make special provision for each case, and we were thus led to attempt various expedients in the midst of the people in their village homes. The people of India rarely live in detached houses, but maintain the primitive village system of the earliest times. The whole country is dotted over with small villages or hamlets, as numerous in many sections as the farm-houses in Ohio and Illinois, and the land around is divided up into small farms, which are cultivated by the more prosperous of the people. The cultivators are the well-to-do class, but a large number of laborers, weavers, shoe-makers, and other artisans, with a few scavengers, may be found in every village. Our problem was that of taking people belonging to this poorest class and elevating them to a position of comparative comfort, in which their improvement would be brought within the range of possibility. The first and most obvious plan to try was that of securing land for them to cultivate, and some fifteen years ago we were constantly busying our heads with plans for getting possession of a village in which a settlement of Christians could be formed. One such attempt in the mission has proved successful, but other efforts signally failed. A year or two before my arrival in Moradabad the missionaries had rented a village, and at their own risk had gathered together some Christians as cultivators, but the experiment ended in serious loss to the missionaries, without any tangible gain to the Christians.

It was next determined to try some plan which would make it possible for the people to help themselves without, however, spoiling them by taking all financial responsibility off their shoulders. Accordingly, an Industrial Association was formed, with a capital of seven hundred and fifty rupees, held in shares of ten rupees each. A large number of the better class of native Christians were induced to take shares, and the experiment was inaugurated with great enthusiasm. The plan was to give a small advance of money, on approved security, to enable a weaver to buy his yarn in advance on better terms than when he purchased on the security of the cloth, to enable the cultivator to purchase seed, or oxen, or a plow, so as to get in his crop on terms which would not be ruinous to him, and to help the common laborer to buy a cart, or some tools, or to make some other petty investment which would give him remunerative employment. The presiding elder was made business manager of the association, not because this seemed a fitting arrangement, but because it was found necessary in order to give the people confidence in the undertaking. Unfortunately for me, this organization had been made just before the care of the district fell upon my shoulders, and one of the most perplexing of my duties was that of looking after the many little investments which had been made, and trying at once to save the money from waste, and the labor of the people from failure.

The experiment was not successful. With very few exceptions the people were found too weak in character, too much like impatient children, to bear any sudden improvement in fortune. Those who took advances for the purchase of seed could not resist the temptation to turn the grain into bread before the time of sowing came around. The weavers did well for a time, but the temptation to buy dainty kinds of food instead of cotton yarn overcame them, and in due time I found that their prosperity was leading them into debt. A huckster did well for a month or two, but in spite of all warnings and injunctions he would sell on credit, and soon he had empty baskets with nothing to show for them but worthless bills. Two men bought carts and oxen, and were able to earn about twenty cents a day, above expenses, by hauling goods between Moradabad and the Ganges. This was regarded as a splendid opening, and the fortune of the two enterprising men was regarded as made for life, but their brilliant prospects quite turned their shallow heads, and the old snare of making haste to be rich proved fatal to them both. They would not give their oxen enough to eat, they drove them too fast and too far in a day, they cut their feet by making them draw the carts over the rugged lumps of limestone with which the middle of the road was macadamized, and they injured the wooden wheels of their carts in the same way. The result was that in less than a month the carts and

oxen had been sold, and the two enterprising men were bankrupt. But I need not go on with the story of each case of experiment and failure. The end came soon. The affairs of the association were wound up without any loss to the native members, and with the profit of a most valuable lesson to the missionary manager.

"But had the people no principle of honesty?" asks some astonished reader. Yes, they were honest after their manner, but to put money in their hands under such conditions, and expect them to deal with it as men of the business world are expected to do, was like giving a plate of cherries to a dozen children five or six years of age, and expecting them to play with them all day long without putting a single cherry in their mouths. The vast majority of these simple villagers are the merest children on some sides of their character, although old enough in many other respects. They cannot be elevated in a day, or a month, or a year, and my further experiments convinced me fully that the efforts of the missionary toward the material improvement of the people must be of the most indirect kind. After winding up the association I next attempted to gather together a half-dozen lads and teach them a trade. An English engineer kindly gave me his assistance, and offered to provide a place among his men for them to learn the trade of brick-laying. In six months they could be taught enough to enable them to earn good wages,

but they had not the patience to wait, and after a few weeks of discontented labor they threw down their tools and left. Meanwhile a serious famine was impending, and many of our Christians were upon the very verge of absolute starvation. Determined to exhaust my utmost efforts in trying to better their condition, I secured a contract for forty men to work in a brick-yard. The work was not hard, the wages were the best any one among them had ever earned, and to protect them from any annoyance or unfair treatment a resolute Christian overseer was placed over them. All went well for two or three days, but as soon as their stomachs were well filled and they had a little surplus money in hand they became insubordinate, made unreasonable demands, and finally left in a body and went back to their village homes.

At last, however, I was able to do a little among the Bashta converts, of whom mention is made in the last chapter. Zahur-ul-Haqq, who had warmly seconded all the efforts which ended in failure, was the first to perceive the weak spot in the whole policy. One day he said to me: "If we wish to do these people any good *your* hand must not be seen in what is done. They think your money can never be exhausted, and that there can be no failure while you stand behind, and hence they are reckless. Whatever is done must be done through their own brethren. Let me put a little money in the hands of the two head men at Bashta, and I will take

security in our way by taking brass utensils belonging to them and keeping them till the money is repaid. They will look after it as we cannot, and no one will ever know that you have any thing to do in the matter." A small beginning was made in this way, and it proved entirely successful. Some families were put in the way of helping themselves, and they have gone on and prospered ever since, and the condition of the whole community is said to be steadily improving.

Miss Ellice Hopkins has well said in her admirable little book, "Work among Working-Men," that it is not poverty that keeps the lowest classes from rising, but *sin*. We may help these very poor village Christians in many ways, and ought to do so in every possible way; but, after all, the only way of lifting them up into a new social life is to put the elements of such a life into them. When they begin to live the Christ-life in the low depths of their present poverty they will rise as if by the power of a natural law. No artificial method will materially affect their condition. They must be lifted up by the natural laws of growth, and our first care must be to implant the elements of life and growth within them.

One of the most perplexing of our missionary problems in India is to fix some just and satisfactory standard of pay for the native preachers of various grades who work under foreign missionary societies. The inequalities of life in India are so

great that it is impossible to set up a common standard for all. Some of our preachers have been drawn from the low depths of poverty described above, while others were in respectable positions before their conversion. It seems neither wise nor right to bring the respectable man down to the poor man's level, while to lift the latter up at one bound to a state of opulence, as it would seem to him, is to make preaching the most profitable of all professions, and in many cases will be certain to work out results like those which attended the operations of our Industrial Association. Many brave and devoted men have tried to face this question, but no one has yet cleared away its difficulties. I have known an American missionary to live for years upon seven dollars and a half a month, and another for a time upon six dollars and a half, and still another upon three dollars and a quarter. These men wished to get down to the native standard, but the lowest of the three was still far above the average village standard of living; and while he was making a great sacrifice the converted villager who would have joined him would have made an immense gain in doing so. In fact, it is very nearly, if not quite, impossible to fix a decent standard of living for the lowest grade of native preachers which will not make their position an object of covetousness to the half-crushed multitude. As an illustration of this difficulty, I may mention a case which occurred during my first year at Moradabad:

A young man whose monthly income had been less than two dollars a month began to display some gifts as an exhorter, and I gave him an appointment in a humble place on a salary of a little less than three dollars a month. To my utter surprise I soon heard that a spirit of discontent had broken out among the Christians of the village from which this young man had gone, that many were on the point of open rebellion, and that, strangest of all, the cause of all the trouble was that the exhorter had been taken from a family which had no special claims, while more prominent and more deserving families had been passed over. The appointment was regarded as a rich prize to be contested for by the whole community, while no one seemed to think for a moment of the work which was to be done, or of the personal fitness of the candidates.

One of our best preachers had been employed as an ordinary peon on a salary of two dollars and thirty-five cents a month, before being made a preacher. He developed superior gifts as a speaker, and was highly appreciated by the missionaries. In a short time his pay was increased to six rupees, or two dollars and eighty-two cents. He was very grateful, worked well, remained contented, and in due time his pay was again increased to seven rupees. With this increase he was delighted. "I shall now be able," he said, "to live in more comfort. Instead of oil we can use butter in cooking, and many little

things can be added to our daily fare." The missionary was touched, and almost ashamed that the increase had been so small. A year passed, and the salary of this deserving man was pushed up to ten rupees. He was pleased, but not specially thankful. The next increase was to twelve rupees, but this time neither pleasure nor gratitude was apparent, and when the next step brought him up to fourteen rupees he was positively discontented. It fell to my lot to raise the salary to sixteen rupees, but in doing so I told him that it would increase no more.

"Why not?" he asked, "Is it not my right?"

"You do not really need more."

"But other men get more, and I am entitled to as much as others."

"You do not live as others. You buy no books, no furniture, no utensils. You eat and live in the style you did when your salary was half what it is now."

"But, Sahib, it is my *right*. No matter what I do with the money, I claim it as my right."

"We have no rights. We work for Christ, and should only take what we need."

"But, Sahib, you get ten times as much as I do. Why don't you take sixteen rupees?"

"I take only what I really need. If I quit this work I can earn in other service three times as much as I now get, but if you quit your present work you

cannot possibly get half as much as you now receive, in any other employment."

"Nevertheless, Sahib, I claim that it is my *right* to have a larger salary."

I would not yield, and for two or three years the poor man hovered near the verge of rebellion and disaster, but he has since become a contented and faithful preacher.

As presiding elder of the district I had virtually to fix the salaries of all the native preachers, and this soon became a most harassing, and at times painful, duty. The temptation to let my sympathies run away with my judgment was often very strong, and pointed reference to my own salary, which some of the more discontented ones were always ready to make, made me exceedingly uncomfortable. Of all the missionary duties which have ever fallen to my lot, nothing has ever been so painfully trying as this task of annually revising the salaries of a hundred preachers and teachers, many of whom were extremely poor. When a man whose salary was less than sixty dollars a year would plead for an increase to seventy-five dollars, and point to his wife and children living in their little mud-walled house, it was nearly impossible to refuse his request, and yet in many cases I knew perfectly well that the increase would do positive harm to both husband and wife, and that it would add to the discontent of others who could not receive a similar increase. The whole question was a part of

the difficult problem of elevating the poor. It was extremely perplexing, and to me it quickly became unspeakably painful.

As I went around among the villagers this question of preachers' pay was constantly in my mind. Some of our native preachers fully appreciated its difficulties, but others who could not take broad views, who did not, and in fact could not, understand the complicated workings of an antipodal missionary society, were constantly tempted to chafe and murmur. I had no hope of removing all cause of complaint, knowing as I did that the great billowy sea of bitter poverty which swept all around us would have to be dried up before the murmuring voice of discontent among the poorer grades of our assistants could be silenced. I did not hope to remove all difficulties, but it seemed worth while to try to do something. I could reduce my own expenses, if I could not increase the resources of others, and I could put it out of the power of weak men to make remarks about—as it seemed to them—my princely salary. I made up my mind to sell my cart and horses, to travel on foot, to live in the mud huts of the villages, and to reduce my retinue to a native Silas, my Christian cook, and a coolie to carry my slender outfit. This would have made a very marked difference in my style of living and working, but it would still have left me like a nabob among the poor. I had no hope of getting down to the level of the lowest, and this was no part

of my object, but I did hope to do something to stop the murmuring of weak native preachers, and to do a great deal to stimulate a nobler spirit of self-denial throughout the whole corps. I thought and prayed much about this plan, and at one time had it all matured, and fully expected to make the change at the close of the year; but in the meantime unexpected events broke up all my plans and sent me to another part of the vineyard, where other lessons had to be learned and other experiments made. Had I been permitted to go ahead and make the attempt which I had in view, it would probably have resulted in much good in certain directions, but I am by no means sure that it would have been a wise procedure. My journeys would have been shorter, and I would have been able to do less preaching in the course of a year than when moving rapidly from place to place. My health would probably have suffered seriously, and it is by no means certain that I could have endured such a life more than two or three years. The conviction, however, that I should do something, or at least attempt something, to help in the solution of this difficult question did not leave me, and a few years later it resulted in a decision which was to affect most seriously all the rest of my missionary life.

CHAPTER XVII.

SAMBHAL.

AT the Conference of 1869 I was appointed presiding elder of the Moradabad District, and preacher in charge of Sambhal, an old Hindu city twenty-two miles south-west of Moradabad. In former days it had been a city of great renown, and boasted, in addition to its wealth and power, of the great temple in which the Sinless Incarnation expected by the Hindus was to make his appearance. In more recent times, however, the city had been utterly overthrown and destroyed by the Mohammedans, and its great temple converted into a mosque; but under English rule it was reviving again, and, aside from the religious interest with which it was regarded by the Hindus, was favorably situated for missionary work. The missionary who had been in charge had been ordered out of India on sick-leave, and as it was found impossible to replace him by any one else, it fell to my lot to take the post, but with the understanding that the greater part of my time should be given to the district.

Perhaps the hardest of all kinds of missionary work is that of undoing what has been done amiss. There had been a well-arranged plan of work at

Sambhal, and knowing a good deal about the place I anticipated a successful year, but I was to meet with sore disappointment. The missionary who had been in charge was not a lazy man, and a good deal of work had been done by him, but he ought never to have been a missionary, and when he left us for Australia it was to return no more. He had gathered together a staff of native helpers of various grades, most of whom had broken down in reputation in other missions, and had set up a standard of moral character which I quickly perceived was lower than that of the Hindus and Mohammedans. The whole fabric was bad.

I tried for a few months to reform the flock, but before the close of the year had to dismiss nearly every man and woman whom I had found in connection with the station. It was a sad and a very difficult task. Bit by bit the work had to be taken to pieces and reconstructed, and at the close of the year I had little to show for the labor performed. I would much rather found three new missions than reconstruct one old one, and those who hold the responsibility should see to it that no one is permitted to spend years in erecting an edifice every brick of which must be taken down by other hands. In earlier days such a mistake was in a measure unavoidable, but now, with a staff of experienced men in every mission field, there need be no very great danger of grave and long-continued mistakes, pro-

vided even a moderate degree of supervision is exercised by the proper parties.

I spent a great deal of time during this year in making tours through the district, not merely for the purpose of holding the regular quarterly meetings, but to extend the work into new parts and confirm the faith of the many flocks which had been gathered together. Throughout the year the work was interesting, and steady progress was made; but space will not permit me to give a detailed account of what was done, nor is it necessary, since in its main features the work did not differ materially from that of the previous year. The hot season proved to be an unusually trying one, and in my inexperience of life on the plains I exposed myself very imprudently, but suffered little or nothing in consequence. About the first of June I had a quarterly meeting at a village in the country, and driving out in my spring cart I reached the place early in the morning of Saturday. I expected a large attendance, but to my surprise found that no one had come. Brother Zahur-ul-Haqq arrived before noon, but expressed doubts about the coming of others on account of the excessive heat. It was positively dangerous, he assured me, to travel for any distance in such a furnace, and those who had to come from distant points would not attempt the journey. A fierce hot wind was blowing from the west, as it always does during the hot season, but at that particular time it seemed

like the Babylonian furnace, heated seven times hotter than usual. The people had deserted the fields and roads, and were taking shelter in their mud-walled huts. In the one village in which I was staying three deaths occurred on that memorable Saturday, all three persons having been stricken down when out of doors, exposed to the hot wind, and all three were reported as cases of cholera. The symptoms, however, were those of sun-stroke, but among the more ignorant natives all sudden deaths are credited to cholera.

Late in the afternoon the native preachers began to arrive. They came on foot, each having his head covered all over with a loose cotton sheet, which lay in folds on the head, and covered the neck and shoulders. Like all natives, they carefully protected their ears from the hot wind, and, next to the head, were careful to shield the loins from both sun and wind. The thick roll of cloth wrapped round the waist of Oriental people is worn for the very good reason that this part of the body needs special protection, especially in times of excessive heat. I shall never forget the rallying of our people to that quarterly meeting. They came in the face of an Indian blizzard, risking as much and suffering as much as the people of the North-west do when breathing an atmosphere of powdered ice. We had a good meeting in the evening, after which the Quarterly Conference met, and all the arrangements were made

for vigorous meetings the next day. I lodged in a room attached to the chapel, the latter being the largest and best country chapel we have in that region, but the next day I was obliged to take refuge in the chapel itself. We held our morning meeting at six, and after breakfast at nine the people all disappeared in their huts, and the chapel was shut up as tight as we could make it. There was no glass in the windows, however, and the relentless hot wind forced its way through every crack and crevice. A boy stood over me all day plying a huge fan, but this seemed to do little good. A thin covering was spread over a cot-bed, and having first thrown water over the doors and windows, I sprinkled both bed and pillow till both were thoroughly wet, and then, having poured a gallon of water over my head and shoulders, lay down in my dripping clothes, and soon fell fast asleep. In half an hour or less I woke up to find that the bed, pillow, and clothes were not only dry, but hot to the touch. I applied the water again, with the same result, and in this way, bathing, dozing, and waking, the hours of the day slowly passed. Evening came at last; the people came together again; we went outside the chapel, and under the dull, ashy sky held our evening meeting. It was a blessed hour. The hearts of the dear disciples were lifted up in hope, and the day closed with the baptism of eleven adults and five children. Next morning, long before the dawn, I was on my way to another

point, none the worse in body, and greatly cheered and strengthened in soul by the experiences of the meeting.

In the latter part of the year we organized two new circuits in the country part of the work. As a little token—a very little token it will seem to the reader in America—of the improved position which we were gaining, I may mention that at one of the new points opened by us the leading convert was a man of so much wealth that he was able to entertain our whole company, including myself, during our stay in his village. This had not happened before. The people were so poor that among the Christians it was an understood rule, that a stranger coming among them must not expect more than a meal in token of hospitality. The acquisition of a man of substance who could entertain a missionary, three preachers, and four or five friends, all at once, and that for several days at a time, was an event of no little moment in the scattered Christian community, and I could plainly see that it had a salutary effect upon some of our leading men, who began to see how in the end it would be possible for them to build up a self-supporting Christianity in India.

Another event of no little significance took place during this year. Wherever converts had been picked up by ones and twos, they had come from various castes, both the highest and the lowest being represented; but when they began to come to us in

larger numbers, they invariably did so in the order of caste lines. The several castes are like so many separate strata in the social world, and a most important movement may be going on in one caste without the members of other castes in the same town being affected by it. Not only this, but when the Christian community is made up of converts from a single caste there is apt to be a want of interest in all the rest of the community, and, in some cases, a positive unwillingness to see the Christian community recruited from the lowest ranks of the people. I had from the first encountered this difficulty in the villages. Our converts were chiefly drawn from two castes, and up to this time these remained in a large measure distinct. When they met they fraternized as Christians, but in their village homes they were never found intermingled, nor did we ever see the former members of one caste trying to win converts from the ranks of the other. At length, however, this wall of separation broke down. We were holding a meeting in a village where all the Christians had been fellow-caste men, and where no one expected to see an inquirer come forward from any other part of the community. Others attended the meetings, but no one expected to see any of them converted. The evening meeting had closed, and some had retired to rest, when a man and wife of a caste a shade higher than the rest came out from their village and asked for baptism. There was an imme-

diate and most lively commotion among the Christians. The parties were known and enjoyed the confidence of the people, and on the recommendation of all present were at once admitted to baptism. The Christians rejoiced greatly, and at once it seemed as if their hearts had expanded and their faith in the mission which God had given them greatly increased. It was a very little incident in itself, but it meant much. It told of better days and greater victories, as well as of a more comprehensive and harmonious church.

During Christmas week I was at Moradabad, where the District Conference was assembling, when a telegram from Bishop Kingsley, who had come to visit our mission and preside at our Conference, summoned me to meet him at Lucknow. I left at once, and reached Lucknow on Saturday evening. Early on Monday morning the Bishop took me out for a short walk, and as soon as we were fairly outside asked me if I would be willing to come down and take the presiding eldership of the Oudh District. I assented, and forthwith began to regard my brief work on the Moradabad District as over. I would have been glad to remain longer. Many plans had been formed, a vast work seemed to be opening up, and every day my heart became more attached to the people and the work; but the call seemed clear from every point of view, and I consented to the change cheerfully and hopefully.

The work among the village people has gone steadily forward through the years which have since passed. Brother Zahur-ul-Haqq is now a presiding elder over part of the territory in which we used to travel together. He has seventeen native preachers under him, and a Christian community of twelve hundred souls, besides a large number of nominal adherents. Brother Andrias, the man who had such crude notions of family government, is a general evangelist in the Moradabad District, and is loved and esteemed very highly for his work's sake. The Rev. J. H. Gill writes to me concerning him: "We have no man so spiritually-minded, and so thoroughly, both heart and soul, devoted to the work as Andrias. The people love and honor him." He no longer contends for his financial rights, but acting under a conviction which he believes was given him by the Holy Spirit, he some time ago relinquished his salary, and depends for his slender support upon the people among whom he goes preaching the word. God is leading the people forward, and a great future undoubtedly lies before us in all that region.

Bishop Kingsley was the second Bishop who had visited us in India, and his coming was a great event among us. He was gifted with a robust common sense which served him well in dealing with some of the new and perplexing questions which met him in India. Doctors Waugh and Scott, with myself, were presiding elders at that time, and we all had met

with questions of administration in which we could be guided by no precedents, and concerning which the Discipline was silent. We had sometimes felt misgivings about the legality of some of our doings, although perfectly satisfied that our course had been right in itself. When our difficulty had been stated to Bishop Kingsley in general terms, he made short work of it. "Under the Methodist Discipline," he said, "it is always right to do the best you can under the circumstances." That decision has been worth a great deal to us in the years that have since passed, and has saved many good men from the thankless task of trying to untie knots which nothing but a knife could sever. An equally happy decision is said to have once been made by Bishop Janes, who, when a point of law was raised against some question of overpowering common sense, replied, "The law, brethren, was not made for good men." Such decisions must, of course, be appealed to very sparingly, but in a new work, far away from the settled usages and precedents of home, common sense must at times be allowed the force of unwritten law.

At our Conference session Bishop Kingsley was not perfectly at home. In those days the appropriations for the current year, and the estimates for the following year, were made out during the session of the Annual Conference, and these two items of business absorbed a great deal of time, and called for the exercise of a great deal of wisdom and patience.

It was a kind of duty which the good Bishop had seen very little of before, and he became weary of the petty details of expenditure. Some features of our work he approved warmly, but other parts he regarded with a measure of misgiving. Had he lived to reach America his visit might have resulted in more radical changes in India than have followed any other episcopal visit which we have received.

In those ante-railway days it was a heavy task to attempt to visit all the stations in the North India Mission, and it is to be feared that the attempt to do so contributed a little to hasten the Bishop's untimely death. As it was, he was only able to devote three days to the whole of the Moradabad District, and during this time he was so utterly exhausted that I felt it would be cruelty to lay any tax upon his strength. He had been at Nynee Tal, and I met him at the foot of the mountains at two o'clock on Saturday afternoon. He had ridden down the mountain on a pony, and was so exhausted that he begged me to let him have a little sleep before we started. I covered him up, and he slept soundly for two hours, after which we set out in my spring cart for Moradabad, forty-eight miles distant. The road was fairly good, but doing my best it was midnight before we reached the mission house. I little knew that the weary saint was hastening on to his grave. He talked with animation all the way, asking questions, telling anecdotes, advising me in reference to many points connected

with the mission, but every now and then I would discover anew that his weariness was very little short of absolute prostration. Next day in the afternoon he preached a short sermon, and on Monday he visited the school and gave a brief address. On Tuesday morning he left Moradabad, and spent the night in a tent near a village where some of our Christians lived. A few gathered to see him, but we could make very little of the occasion, and after making his long journey the good Bishop was obliged to hurry away without seeing what was at that time the most fruitful field in the mission.

The home papers at the time made a great ado about this episcopal tour around the globe. It is well that more sensible views now prevail, and yet the sad lesson of Bishop Kingsley's death seems already to have been forgotten. He should never have attempted the journey. The mere travel is a small matter, but a journey for the purpose of practical work should be devised in the interest of the practical work. A journey around the globe is no better than the same number of miles traveled on a single continent, and cannot be prosecuted without an immense sacrifice of time and money which could better be employed elsewhere. For the mere duty of presiding at an Annual Conference, a Bishop need hardly be sent to the antipodes at all; and if he goes to inspect the missionary operations carried on in a great country like India, the inspection must be more than

a mere episode in a great journey to be of any real advantage to any party. The liability to form wrong judgments in the course of a hurried visit to a strange country, among a strange people, and in the midst of strange developments is so great, that not a few have been known to say that such visits excite almost as much fear as hope on the part of those whom they are intended to benefit.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WOMAN'S WORK.

THE arrival of my sister in India, at the beginning of 1870, not only led to an important modification of my plans, but forced on me a very careful and thorough examination of the whole question of woman's work in the mission field. Nothing could have been more superficial than the views which were current in reference to this subject twenty-five years ago. The chief value of a woman in the mission field was supposed to be in her relation as a wife to the missionary who was to do the work. If she ministered tenderly to him the poor man's health would be more secure, and his life thus be prolonged; and above all, the presence of a wife would be most effectual in keeping him from discontentment and possible retirement from the work. If an important girls' school had been established, it was thought that an unmarried lady might be usefully employed in it as a teacher, but no one dreamed of the latent power which the Church possessed in her unemployed Phœbes and Priscillas. For my own part, I must confess to a strong feeling at that time against the enlistment of any considerable number of ladies in our work; and when my sister promptly accepted my

first suggestion that she should come out to help in the mission, I felt something like dismay at the prospect. A wide door seemed to be opening for her, but for many reasons I shrank from taking the responsibility of bidding her come.

It seldom happens that the Church is wise to know her day of visitation. When God would have her move forward and take up some new enterprise, it usually happens that he has to beckon often and long before he is obeyed. In 1859 Dr. Durbin told me that he was astonished and perplexed by the general wish to engage in missionary work found among the young women of the Church. "If I wanted fifty young ladies," he said, "I could find them in a week; but when I want five young men, I must search for them for a year or more." It did not once occur to him, it did not then occur to any body, that the presence of a conviction so strong and general was an indication of the will of God. If six young men felt moved to give themselves to missionary work, they were sent forth with acclamations and followed with the prayers of the whole Church; but if six young women were moved in precisely the same way, their convictions were looked upon as a curious phenomenon which did not admit of any satisfactory explanation. There can be no doubt that the Holy Spirit had been moving the Church to open a wider door for her daughters for ten years or more before the work in its present form was really initiated. A little

had been done, but, for the most part, it had been badly done. A Board of Managers, composed exclusively of men, is not competent to enlist, send out, and administer the affairs of any considerable number of young ladies. I had felt this from the time my attention had first been called to the subject, and had been so strengthened in my conviction by all the facts which had come under my observation in India, that when my sister seriously proposed to join me in my work, I did not hesitate to write and advise her to offer her services to the Woman's Union Missionary Society, of New York, rather than be sent out by the Missionary Society of our own Church; and nothing but her loyalty to the Church of her childhood, and her intense desire to be sent abroad in its name, kept her from following my advice. The Missionary Society in those days had no anticipation of the great movement which was beginning to manifest itself, and were wholly unprepared to assume the momentous responsibility of directing it.

The somewhat exceptional position which I had occupied in Gurhwal and at Moradabad had naturally made me realize very sensibly how crippled missionary work must be when carried on by men alone; but as the work spread among the villages I began to perceive that God had a vastly wider field for his handmaidens than I had before dreamed of. The vast majority of the women of India, including all the village people, go about unveiled, but they are none

the less inaccessible to the ordinary preacher of the Gospel. They do not join the men who listen in the bazar, nor do they come out into the more quiet assemblies of their own villages. Here and there a few may be seen on the outskirts of the crowd, or peeping down from the flat roof of an adjacent house, but where one listens a thousand shrink away out of sight. These women must be reached by evangelists of their own sex. They may, as they often do, become Christians with their husbands; but even then they must be instructed and elevated, and this can only be done by Christian women. During my last year on the Moradabad District I made a tour in company with Brother Zahur-ul-Haqq, and, by way of experiment, took Mrs. Haqq and half a dozen Christian women and girls along, to see what they could do among the village women. Their success was astonishing. The voice of their singing every-where brought the women and girls in throngs around them, and I was delighted to notice that the work of singing, talking, and praying from village to village seemed to act like an inspiration upon the little band. They were eager for the work, and more than happy in it. I could not watch them long without perceiving that a mighty work might be done in this way, or by some other method adapted to woman's peculiar gifts. It was no longer a question of finding something for a few unmarried ladies to do, but rather a call to enlist and train the Christian

womanhood of India for the great work of regenerating the empire.

I was not quick, however, to learn that the ladies sent out to the work were missionaries, and that their work was quite as important as my own. A few days after my sister had commenced her work I found myself pressed for time, and asked her to copy a few letters for me. She did so cheerfully, and very soon I had occasion to repeat the request. The copying was again done for me, but this time I was quietly reminded that a copyist would be a great assistance to her as well as to myself. The remark made me think, and I discovered that I had been putting a comparatively low estimate on all the work which "the missionaries" were not doing. Woman's work was at a discount, and I had to reconsider the situation, and once for all accept the fact that a Christian woman sent out into the field was a Christian missionary, and that her time was as precious, her work as important, and her rights as sacred as those of the more conventional missionaries of the other sex. The old-time notion that a woman in her best estate is only a helper, and should only be recognized as an assistant, is based on a very shallow fallacy. She is a helper in the married relation, but in God's wide vineyard there are many departments of labor in which she can successfully maintain the position of an independent worker.

It has been said that a separate Missionary Society

need not have been organized, and that its work could even now be as well done by the Parent Society. It is easy after the event to say that things might have been done differently, but there is not the slightest reason to believe that any six leading men in the Church would have been able to interpret the rising conviction of their Christian sisters, if the matter had been left to the men alone. As a matter of fact, bishops, secretaries, managers, editors, and leading men generally, had not only failed to comprehend the first indications of this conviction, but were perplexed, and, in many instances at least, confounded by the sudden uprising of the daughters of the Church. It might do to say that these men should have had clearer vision, or that they should have been more quick to recognize the presence of a great moral movement around them; but to say that the direction of the movement itself should have been intrusted to men who did not appreciate its superlative worth, and some of whom did not hesitate to disparage it, is simply to say that the good work should have been suppressed at the outset.

It was a mistake on the part of the promoters of the Woman's Society to lay too much stress on the necessity of employing unmarried ladies in the mission field. The effect was to create the impression that married ladies could do very little work as missionaries, and this very naturally had the effect of causing some ladies in the field to look askance at a

society which seemed to depreciate the good work which many of them had been doing. The first two ladies of the society were kindly and cordially received by all, but the new movement was critically scanned, and for a very short time a certain amount of misgiving was felt as to the future position of its agents. It was a mistake to put it forward as a society which proposed to find employment for unmarried ladies as its chief agency, instead of taking the broader ground which its name implied—a society for enlisting Christian *women* in missionary work. It was not long, however, before the right position was taken, and all the ladies in the field began to recognize the fact that they had a powerful auxiliary in the new organization. Girls' schools, a kind of work in which the ladies took an interest, were supported by it; Bible women were enlisted as its agents, and came under its fostering care. The result was, that woman's work throughout the whole of our mission field in India received a powerful stimulus, and the married ladies, without exception, were encouraged to go to work with new zeal.

It was at first an exceedingly difficult and delicate question to determine the exact relation in which the ladies sent out by the Woman's Society should stand to the mission, the Conference, the presiding elder, and the preacher in charge of the station to which they might be assigned. We had no rule to guide us, but we had by this time acquired some little

experience in devising rules to meet unforeseen emergencies, and in due time all the questions involved were adjusted to the entire satisfaction of all the parties interested, at least so far as India was concerned. The ladies were recognized as missionaries, and received their appointments annually from the president of the Conference. They were responsible to a presiding elder, as other missionaries were, and their rights and duties were so guarded and explained that all needless cause of friction was removed. At the session of the Annual Conference the ladies, married and single, began to meet in a council of their own, and this has grown, in the lapse of years, into a most important body, publishing its own minutes and reports, and maintaining all the forms of a permanent organization. If the Woman's Missionary Society had done nothing else, or if all its work in other lands were to perish from the earth, it would still be able to justify its existence by pointing to the striking advance which has been made in all that concerns woman's work in the North India mission since the first agents of the society arrived in the field at the beginning of 1870. It is not so much that these ladies have done a good and great work, as that scores of Christian women have been enlisted in the Master's service, and the working capacity of the mission, as a whole, very nearly, if not altogether, doubled.

The special field of labor for Christian women in India is a wide and widening one. In the large cities

the women who are kept secluded from the outer world are to be visited and instructed, and close behind the Christian teacher will follow the Christian evangelist. In Calcutta a lady devotes her whole time to preaching the word in the zenanas of the better classes, and, although she goes in the avowed character of a messenger of Christ, she never meets with a rebuff. Other ladies give more or less of their time to the same kind of work, and meet with similar encouragement. Then among the constantly increasing converts in both towns and villages, girls' schools must be provided to meet the wants of the rising generation, while at central points boarding schools must be provided for those who are to occupy leading positions in the rising Christian communities. It cannot be expected that native girls will have to be educated in this way for all the generations to come, but at the beginning hundreds and thousands of them will require such a training. They cannot themselves take up such work at the outset, and we ought to be content in the hope that their daughters may be able to do it. Then there is a vast evangelistic work to be done in India, which can be done only by women. If not done by them it will never be done at all. Ladies from England and America will not be able to do this work, but they can inaugurate it, and can lead their Indian sisters till the latter are able to direct it themselves. I am strong in the persuasion that this will be the most prominent part of woman's work in India

before many years have passed. Orphanages will maintain their place in the mission field as long as missions endure, and ought to have a recognized place in every Church, in every land. Here, too, Christian women will be needed. Medical work also offers its opportunities, and this work, too, will probably expand from year to year.

In recent years I have noticed that there is not only a steady breaking down of the old prejudice of making women too prominent in the churches, but an increased willingness to intrust them more and more with responsibilities which, a very few years ago, were given to men alone. Two young ladies have been sent by the Baptists of Australia to open a mission in a remote town in Bengal where no gentlemen are at hand to direct them, and in our own mission ladies have repeatedly been put in charge of stations where the entire responsibility devolved upon them, and have acquitted themselves well. It is more than probable that this tendency to give the ladies more and more of the ordinary work found in a mission field will increase, rather than diminish, and I can even go the length of adding that it is by no means improbable that Indian Phœbes will yet administer the ordinances of the Church to the secluded women of the zenanas. I have baptized frightened village women under circumstances which made me wish that some Phœbe might be employed to take my place; and as for the inmates of the zenanas, it is sim-

ply impossible for a man to gain access to them, and, even if he could be admitted to them, his services would be very unsatisfactory. A woman who has been carefully secluded all her days, and who has never seen the face of men who were not members of her family, is not merely embarrassed in the presence of a foreign missionary; she is absolutely frightened. There are those who believe that these timid, untaught creatures will be induced to come out to the big churches built for them, and stand up in the presence of a congregation, face to face with a missionary, and give intelligible answers to his questions, and then receive baptism at his hands. All this may happen, but I do not expect to see it. I cannot believe that God will exact such an ordeal from such women, but rather that, as in ancient times, we shall see the church in the house revived, and Christian women sent to minister to those who are inaccessible to the ordinary minister of the public congregation. God would have mercy, and not sacrifice, and he will not compel these children of misfortune to suffer the torture of publicity for the mere sake of conforming to a custom which is more conventional than apostolic.

CHAPTER XIX.

OUDH.

ON Thursday, the 10th of February, I took my final leave of Moradabad, and set out for my new home in Lucknow. A large number of Christians and school-boys had collected to see me off, and I found it harder to say good-bye than I had anticipated. In two short and busy years I had formed many and strong attachments among the people, and the sight of the native preachers, who had battled so often by my side, moved me deeply. I bade them be of good cheer, and assured them that I would return at some future day, and go with them once more over the old familiar ground, and fight other battles and win other victories in the name of our Master. I fully expected to carry out my promise, but it was not so to be. Fourteen years have passed since that day, but I have never had a week to spare for such a visit. I had not then learned that in our short and busy lives we never, or at least very rarely, can turn back upon our tracks and live any part of our past lives over again. The past is behind us forever. Each year, each day, brings its own responsibilities, and in the midst of the ever-pressing duties of the present, the past can at best only live in our memories.

The province of Oudh, when viewed on the map, at least, presented a most inviting field for such work as I was expected to do. Within its compact territory of 24,245 square miles live 11,397,741 inhabitants. It is marked off for administrative purposes into four main divisions, and each of these subdivided into three districts, with an average population of nearly a million each. In addition to the city of Lucknow, where we had four mission houses, we had located missions and bought property at central points in five of these subdistricts, and the superintendence of so vast a work as should be carried on in connection with such a group of missions, would have given me a much wider and more interesting sphere of labor than any I had previously known. I did not find, however, the opportunities for successful work which my best instincts craved. Four of the mission houses were standing empty, and only two foreign missionaries could be spared for the out-stations of the province. In addition to the American missionaries, two of the native members of Conference had been assigned to central points in two of the most important districts of the province, but they had done very little except take up their residence in rented houses, and do a little preaching in the bazars. Under any circumstances I must have found this vast district much more difficult of cultivation than the compact little district of Moradabad. In the latter the native preachers lived close together, their little

circuits being so near to one another that it was easy to call together a dozen men for any emergency, while in the former the stations were from fifty to seventy-five miles apart, the preachers few in number, and almost absolute strangers to one another, and every point on the district was very seriously undermanned.

In order to fill up the gaps which had occurred in the district, or at least to make a slight attempt at doing so, I was not only appointed presiding elder of the district, but also preacher in charge of the station of Roy Bareilly, a town about fifty miles south of Lucknow. I was not expected to live there, but only to make prolonged visits to the place, and keep up the work as well as I could. I was also expected to devote the greater part of my time to the city of Lucknow, where I was to reside; and I thus occupied the novel position of a presiding elder, who was at once a preacher in charge in one town and a junior preacher in another. It was a novel and awkward arrangement, but this would have mattered little had there been a fair chance for pushing forward aggressive work. This, however, I could not do. I very quickly discovered that while a magnificent brick-field had been placed at my disposal, no straw had been provided for making bricks. The empty mission houses stood, like so many doubting-castles, at the forlorn stations. The scattered native preachers had no leaders, and very few of them had any vestige

of leadership of their own. Had I been able to give my whole time to the work of a presiding elder, I might have done a little at certain points, but it would have been wiser policy to have concentrated our forces at a few points, and organized them for effective work. The reader in America may very naturally wonder why I did not use my authority as presiding elder to do this, but I was hardly in a position to attempt such a thing. These were mission stations of the Missionary Society, and it was my duty to hold them as such. A wise foresight might have provided against such a weakening of our forces as took place at that time. Re-enforcements should always be ready to be sent to the front on short notice, and the spectacle of an empty mission house should never be seen. I chafed a great deal in those days as I went around from one deserted station to another. Not only was it costing a great deal of precious money to maintain the ground in this inactive way, but the work of years was melting away before my eyes, and I knew but too well how much money and time and hard work it would require to do the work over again.

I lost no time after my arrival in Lucknow in visiting the mission stations of the province. I first went out to Roy Bareilly, the station which was under my own special charge, and spent a week inspecting the work and trying to get the measure of the native helpers. I next visited Nawabgunge, a

town about twenty miles east of Lucknow, where Brother Joel T. Janvier, a Hindustani member of Conference, was stationed. He had a young exhorter as an assistant, and the two were faithfully preaching; but they were making no impression on the people, and it was perfectly evident that, unassisted, they would probably work on for years in this fruitless way. Going on twenty miles farther east, I crossed the river Gogra, a mighty stream, very little, if at all, inferior to the Ganges. On the east of this river we had two stations, Gonda and Bahraich. The Rev. S. S. Weatherby was stationed at the former place, and a native preacher at the latter. A vast population is found in this trans-Gogra region, and, in many respects, this may be regarded as the best part of Oudh for mission work. I made a hasty tour through the country, visiting both Gonda and Bahraich, but could do very little in the way of organizing work. The preacher at Bahraich was an elderly man, who had once belonged to another mission, and who felt no special attachment to us. He was a man of ability, but not one who would build up a living Church in a generation. From Bahraich I passed on, by a long journey, to Seetapore, distant about seventy-five miles. Here the Rev. S. Knowles was in charge of the oldest of our Oudh stations outside of Lucknow. Thirty miles to the north-east was the station of Luckimpore, where an empty mission house and a native preacher were found. A journey

of fifty miles from Seetapore brought me back again to Lucknow.

Having thus made a hasty inspection of the field, I next called together the missionaries and native preachers, of various grades, at Lucknow to organize the District Conference. It was the first time that these brethren had ever met, and the occasion was one of no little interest to all present. The total number enrolled, including teachers and minor assistants, was only thirty-one, and they were by no means a homogeneous body of men. Many of them had drifted into Oudh from other missions, far and near, and very naturally brought with them the peculiar tastes and habits in which they had been trained. A very few were men of devout piety, but the average spiritual standard of the group was much lower than that of the District Conference I had left behind me at Moradabad. One of the good results of the meeting was that these men became acquainted with one another, and in this way the virtues as well as frailties of each were more quickly discovered than would have been possible had they remained in their isolated stations. The reader may be shocked when I mention that in the course of this first year I discovered that no less than four of these preachers were opium eaters. Men addicted to this habit follow the practice so stealthily that it is nearly impossible to detect them in the act, and yet they never succeed in deceiving the public for any great length of time. A

suspicion soon fastens itself upon the mind, and such is the bad repute in which the habit is held, that a preacher's influence would be utterly ruined if he were even suspected of being addicted to it. The opium habit, whether the drug be eaten or smoked, is every-where regarded as a vice, and it is a grievous reproach in any grade of society to be called an opium user. When I discovered that these four men were suspected of the habit, I spoke to them with all plainness, and urged them to speak the truth, but only one of them could be induced to acknowledge his guilt. The other three protested their innocence, and, like all the victims of this seductive vice, told falsehoods without scruple in order to screen themselves, but eventually were obliged to seek employment elsewhere. It was a sad experience to have to deal with these cases, but the ultimate effect upon the other preachers was good, especially as they had to deal with the men themselves in the District Conference.

It is hardly necessary to add that I did not succeed in doing very much, during the first year in Oudh, in the general work throughout the province. At nearly every point we were simply trying to hold the ground, while longing and praying for such re-enforcements from America as would enable us to begin energetic work at every station. And yet the labor of the year was by no means thrown away. When our District Conference met again in October,

it was like a new body. The majority of the preachers seemed to feel their responsibility as they had not done before, and both the discussions at the Conference and the devotional meetings were marked by much spiritual fervor. Many of the brethren seemed inspired with new hope, and the dawn of a better day seemed to be at hand. I was not, however, to see much done in the out-stations of this great province during my stay. New men arrived, but they were dumb at first, and even when they began to master the vernacular, urgent emergencies called some of them elsewhere. Only one station was occupied continuously by the same missionary during the last three years of my stay on the district. One station had three different missionaries in as many years, one changed twice, a third had a missionary for half a year and then remained vacant, while a fourth was not occupied at all.

In those days I used my pen vigorously in putting the facts of our situation before the Church at home, through the medium of the home papers. I had done this for several years, as had other missionaries in India, but in time we all wearied of the labor. It was found that plain unvarnished facts, especially when they were of a disagreeable flavor, were not palatable at home. It was thought, too, by not a few in high position, that criticisms on the missionary administration, or on the general missionary policy of the Church, had a discouraging effect upon the friends

of missions, and created distrust where there should be confidence. I could not persuade myself that such would be the effect of faithful correspondence from missionaries in the field, but after several years of plain and pointed writing in the Church papers, I finally grew weary and gave it up. I could not go around among my empty mission houses, or look out over the neglected work which we had taken in hand, and then sit down and write a glowing letter for the home papers, telling them that a grand work was going forward, and a glorious victory just at hand. I could not write any thing of the kind. I knew better. I knew that money and time and labor had been wasted in laying foundations upon which we were not trying to build. Years have passed since that time, and I am somewhat older, and perhaps a little more experienced in missionary affairs, but my judgment in this matter has not changed an iota. The policy which permitted us to drift into such a straitened condition was sadly at fault. It is my deliberate judgment that missionary work in Oudh was put back ten years, and tens of thousands of precious dollars wasted, simply by neglecting to keep up the strength of the working force according to the scale which had been adopted.

"But why write all this in a series of sketches of this kind? Why not let past failures be forgotten?" I am writing the story of my apprenticeship, and this is a part of the story; moreover, this is *not* all a thing

of the past. Other parts of the mission field have suffered in like manner in much more recent years. Our great Missionary Societies, one and all, are at fault. They do not appreciate the importance of keeping up the working strength of their foreign missions, they rarely keep reserves within call, and they pursue a policy of "drift," instead of keeping a firm hand at the helm and a constant eye upon the chart. The Church is not kept well informed. Good news is published to the four winds, but every thing of a discouraging character is kept from the public eye and ear, and when at last it is suddenly proposed to abandon a field on account of its long-continued barrenness, the story of its failure comes upon the Church with all the force of a painful surprise. This kind of tactics may be excused among military men in war time, but there is no need of such a policy in directing the movements of the militant hosts of Him whose name is Faithful and True.

CHAPTER XX.

LUCKNOW.

THIRTY years ago Lucknow was by far the largest inland city in India, having a population of about half a million souls, but it suffered terribly during the Mutiny, and the removal of the native court, after the annexation of Oudh by the British Government, cut off the main source of the artificial prosperity of the place. Its decline was rapid for a number of years, but it has probably passed its worst crisis, and is not without encouraging prospects for the future. It retains a population of more than 250,000, and still exhibits many traces of its former splendor. It is a thoroughly Oriental city, with palaces and domes and minarets, rising out of the dense foliage which half conceals the city, as it lies six miles in extent upon the western side of the river Goomtee. A few days after my arrival in the city, my two colleagues, J. W. Waugh and J. H. Messmore, took me up into one of the minarets of the Fort, from the top of which we could get a splendid bird's-eye view of its whole vast extent. It lay like a crescent, with its western horn resting upon the river to our right, while the city swept round to the south and east until it touched the river again far to the eastward.

The large vacant space inclosed in this territory had been cleared of buildings by the military authorities, but before the Mutiny was covered with houses and streets. The railway station was at the eastern end of the city, as were all the public offices, while beyond these, five miles from our point of observation, were the military cantonments, where three regiments of European troops were permanently quartered.

Before the wholesale demolition of buildings above referred to had been made, the main street of the city led directly into the quarter where the western end of the crescent touches the river, and here our mission premises had been purchased, and a large Anglo-vernacular school established. Subsequently a house had been purchased in the eastern end of the city, with a room in it fitted up for religious services, but the head-quarters of our work were far away in what was at this time little more than a western suburb. As we looked out over the city from the lofty minaret, I quickly perceived that our mission was most unfortunately located, and that every year would add to our disadvantage if we remained there. The Lucknow of the future would be three miles to the eastward, and if we wished to be where we could feel the mighty pulsations of the great city we must change our position. The two brethren with me confirmed this observation at once, and had long before perceived that the population was steadily

drifting away from us; but it had seemed impossible to change our position, or to contend against the inevitable. We talked the matter over up there in the minaret, and began seriously to discuss the feasibility of a complete change of base, by selling our property and transferring the whole missionary force to the eastern part of the city. We took counsel with our brethren in other parts of the mission, made estimates as to the ways and means, and a month later formally decided to make the change. It was a resolution easily placed upon paper, but it involved an immense amount of work and anxiety, and required a long time for its completion. Two months later a fine property, containing about six acres of land and situated on the dividing line between the native city and the European quarter, was offered for sale, and Brother Messmore and myself assumed the responsibility of purchasing it with borrowed money. Two spacious mission houses have since been erected on the premises, while the large building of the Centennial School stands near by.

My sister and myself moved into the house standing at that time on this piece of ground, but the Messmores remained at the old head-quarters at the western end of the city. It was not easy to find a purchaser for the mission houses in that decaying part of the city, while the large building which had been erected for the Anglo-vernacular school was for a time a great embarrassment to us with our new plans. The

building was large and had cost not only a great deal of money but ten years of very hard work. The school had at one time been the leading institution in the city, and its fame seemed worth preserving. On the other hand we saw that its attendance was steadily falling off, and that it would be impossible to save it from further decline. I believed then, and every year of observation since has confirmed me in the opinion, that it is always a wrong policy to cling to a bad position for the sake of a building which may have been erected at some cost, and hence gave my voice in favor of blowing up the school building with gunpowder rather than continue to work longer at so manifest a disadvantage. Mr. Messmore, however, was in no mood for using gunpowder on the building. He had built it, and every brick in its walls was dear to him. He had expended ten years of hard labor on the school, and had hoped to see it rise up into a large and permanent institution, and to forsake it altogether seemed to him a thing not to be thought of. Thus the matter rested till the month of September, when a chilly wind set in from the north, and meeting the warm current of moist air from the south-west precipitated a deluge of rain upon the province. The streams were quickly swollen, and the Goomtee rose to an astonishing height. The school building was far away from the river bank, but the relentless water sought it out, filled the lower rooms, melted the soft mortar of the

foundation, and in less than three days the grand building, which I had often praised before American audiences, lay in ruins. Mr. Messmore looked at it as if an only child lay beneath the wreck, while I secretly rejoiced that God had so manifestly approved of the gunpowder policy. Our mission in that part of the city was now ended, and in due time we succeeded in finding a purchaser for the mission houses, and were thus able to complete our transfer to the growing part of Lucknow.

All through that first year in Oudh I was on the lookout for a suitable site for a home for the ladies of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, but, turn where I would, some difficulty would always present itself, and it was not till near the close of the following year that we were able to effect a purchase. In early days, when our missionaries had proposed to open English services in the eastern part of the city, a certain high official, who lived in one of the largest houses in the station, had used all his personal and official influence to oppose us. It so happened that we succeeded in obtaining a house suited to our purposes next door to this gentleman, and when he left the city his opposition was quickly forgotten. Meanwhile the fine house in which he had lived was offered for sale, with nine acres of land attached to it. For months we had known that it was in the market, but had never supposed that we could possibly get together enough money to make an offer for

it, until at last the owner became discouraged and reduced his price, when we stepped in and bought the whole property for the small sum of $7,000. Our position in Lucknow was greatly strengthened by this purchase. A fine English church has since been erected on one part of the land, a large building for the Anglo-vernacular girls' school on another part, while a large space has been inclosed for the boarding department of the school. The fine property of the Widows' Home, which adjoins the English church, now forms a continuous part of this valuable purchase on one side, while the Hindustani chapel and one of the mission houses adjoin it on another side. God has thus planted us in force at the very point where our opponents in earlier years sat and planned to exclude us altogether. The Press, meanwhile, was kept in temporary quarters for two years longer, when, under the vigorous superintendence of the Rev. T. Craven, a fine property was purchased in the main business street of the English quarter.

During the four years preceding my appointment to Lucknow I had conscientiously abstained from preaching in the English language, unless when away from home or under exceptional circumstances. During the two years that I lived in Moradabad I only preached once in English, and that was the evening before I left for Lucknow. I could have had a chapel full of hearers at any time, and was repeatedly importuned to hold an English service; but I had

adopted rigid notions about the claims of what in India is called the "native work," and was resolved that I would preach only in the language of the natives. My experience in preaching to the Europeans at Nynee Tal had not been satisfactory, and I rashly came to the conclusion that I would limit my commission to "every creature" by excluding Europeans from the list. As time passed, however, I began to feel that my resolution was essentially wrong, and when I arrived in Lucknow I was more than willing to bear a part in our English services. These services, however, were very informal, and did not by any means tax our strength. In earlier days we had opened a regular English service in East Lucknow; but at a time when the cry for "native work" was in the ascendant, the whole of the English work had been made over to the English Wesleyans. They sent a missionary to the place, but in a short time he removed to the military cantonments, and a few of the people who could not walk so far bègged our missionaries to preach to them on Sunday evenings and also hold a week-night service. This was done; but the sacraments were not administered, no Sunday-school was held, and little or no pastoral oversight had been assumed by the missionaries. Before my arrival, however, it had been determined to push this work among the English-speaking people more vigorously, and we at once began to form plans for doing so.

During my first year in Lucknow I had charge of a class of four young men who were preparing for native preachers, and I went regularly with them and other native assistants to preach in the bazars. This work was very interesting, but in those days I indulged in an amount of controversy with Mohammedan disputants which I would now consider wholly unprofitable. Nearly every morning I was in the bazar soon after sunrise, and an audience was easily and quickly gathered. The city swarmed with Mohammedan disputants who were eager for controversy, and sometimes I would be detained in argument with them till the broiling sun would drive us from the street. I never discovered that much good resulted from these controversies, and in later years I abandoned them altogether, absolutely refusing to answer questions in public, or to pause on account of any interruption. In addition to the street preaching I took my turn in the English services, and often preached in the Hindustani chapel, and thus found more than enough to occupy my time when in the city.

It so chanced one week that I had no appointment of any kind for the Sabbath, and the novel situation led me to consider carefully whether I was doing my whole duty. On Friday I had an errand at the railway station, and, while walking across the platform, a gentleman, with an open telegram in his hand, stopped me and asked me if I could go to Cawnpore

on Sunday, and preach to a small congregation. A preacher had disappointed him, and he had just been notified that he must look up some one else. I told him that for once in my life I had an idle day ahead, and so agreed to go to Cawnpore, "assuredly gathering" that God was calling me thither. Cawnpore was at that time an important city, and I had been regretting that it had not been included in our field, and wondering if our way would open for us to gain an entrance into it. It is much larger now, and is not only the chief commercial city of North India, but destined to maintain its leading position in the future.

I found a congregation of about fifty persons, worshiping in a hired store-room, and served two Sundays in the month by Presbyterian and Baptist missionaries from Allahabad. I was received most cordially, and was not only invited to return, but urged to plant a mission in the place, or, if not able to do this, at least to arrange for preachers to go over from Lucknow on the vacant Sundays. I was anxious to drive in our stakes at once, but several obstacles intervened. In the first place the Board in New York had accepted at the outset a certain carefully defined field for our mission, the western boundary of which was the river Ganges, and had never formally relinquished the right of fixing our boundaries. Then the General Conference had fixed the boundaries of our Annual Conference, and it was a question with some whether this did not confirm the original

action of the Board. Still further, there was an unwritten law of comity among the various missionary bodies in India, which made it improper to intrude into the field of a neighbor without his permission, and, as matters then stood, it was proper and fitting that we should seek counsel of some of our neighbors, especially of our American Presbyterian brethren, who occupied the region west of the Ganges, while we occupied the country to the eastward. Lastly, we had a well-understood agreement among ourselves that no new mission station should be added to our list, except by the consent of the Annual Conference, and this consent I could not obtain till the close of the year. While thus hedged about in so many directions I could not take any decisive action, and yet it seemed very clear to me that an open door like this ought not to be neglected. I accordingly ventured to become responsible for supplying the little congregation with preachers, who should be sent over from Lucknow every alternate Sunday, and left the question of a permanent mission in the city to be settled in the future. On my return to Lucknow I invited our Wesleyan missionary brother to take a part in these services, which he did for a time, but subsequently both he and the Baptist brethren withdrew in our favor. In this way we were led to begin work on the western bank of the Ganges, and events soon proved that God's hand had guided us thither.

As the year advanced we began to witness many encouraging tokens of God's presence in our work. The English congregations, both in Lucknow and at Cawnpore, increased steadily, and in the former city signs of awakening among the people began to be manifested. The Hindustani congregation also increased materially, and a hopeful spirit took possession of both missionaries and people. We all felt deeply our need of a genuine work of revival, and many waited, with expectant faith, for showers of blessing from above. They did not wait in vain. A brighter and a better day was soon to dawn, and the expected revival was already at hand.

CHAPTER XXI.

WILLIAM TAYLOR.

I FIRST met William Taylor at two different camp-meetings in 1858. He was then well known as a California street-preacher, and was supposed to be absent from California for a short time only. He was a comparatively young man, but had already become known among Californians as Father Taylor. He was very quiet and unobtrusive in manner, neat and tasteful in dress, and very courteous and winning in his intercourse with preachers and people. I met him constantly, and had abundant opportunities for talking with him; but, for some reason, we failed to become well acquainted. He impressed me as a remarkable man, but at that time nothing seemed less probable than that we should meet, in after years, on a distant mission field. During my two years of secluded life in Gurhwal I was led to think much about our position in India, and the conviction began to take a firm hold on me that God had a work for us to do far beyond what had been outlined for us at the beginning. Other members of the mission were impressed at the same time in the same way. We had lived in India long enough to begin to feel an interest in the whole country, and as we looked at

the position and prospects of Christianity throughout the empire, we could not resist the conviction that God had something for us to do in the regions beyond our little corner in the north. In those days revivals, and all forms of revival work, were unknown in India. The great cities were well supplied with Christian churches, but nothing like a revival had ever been witnessed in any city of the empire. A growing feeling of despondency had taken possession of many missionaries, and not a few of those who had witnessed revivals at home were inclined to think that it would be too much to expect a time of refreshing in India. While studying this situation in my remote mountain home, my thoughts reverted to William Taylor. Of all the men I had ever known he seemed the most likely to succeed as a pioneer evangelist in India, and I became so strongly impressed with this idea that, in a letter to a brother missionary, I sketched a plan for getting him out to India and having him open our way to all the great cities of the empire by preaching in English to the English-speaking people. Two years later, after hearing of his noted campaign in South Africa, I was again so impressed with this idea that I sat down and wrote a letter to him, telling him of our position in India, and urging him to come over and help us. I had no idea where such a cometary evangelist could be found, but sent my letter to the care of the Wesleyan Mission Rooms in London, and, in the course

of a year or so, received an answer to the effect that we might look for him in India during the following year.

I mention these particulars, not because they had any bearing on his coming, but merely to show how I was led to associate myself, from the first, with him and his work. He had decided to come to India before my letter reached him. He came up from Australia, and stopped for a time in Ceylon, intending to go from thence to the Wesleyan missionaries in the Madras Presidency; but, not finding an open door there at that time, he concluded to come on to us at Lucknow. We awaited his coming with eager expectation, and spread his fame among the people far and wide. He arrived on Friday, November 25, 1870, and began his work the following Sunday. He had wonderfully changed since I had last seen him, both in manner and appearance. He was now a veritable patriarch, with erect and imposing mien, long white beard, a piercing but kindly eye, and a reserve which often impressed strangers more powerfully than any words could have done. His pulpit style had completely changed, so much so, indeed, that there was absolutely nothing about him which reminded me of the William Taylor whom I had known a dozen years before. He seemed indifferent to surrounding circumstances, but from the moment of his arrival began to give us lessons in his theory of "soul-saving." At family prayer he read a few verses and expounded

them to us, and then, kneeling down, continued the exposition in the form of prayer. He insisted much on our maintaining an attitude of faith. Walking with him at a late hour one night through a palace garden, I chanced to say, "If we should have a revival here,"—In a moment my arm was in the grip of a giant; "*If?* My brother, there is no *if* about it. We are going to have a revival. That is settled. The agreement is with the Lord Almighty, and it cannot fail." As he thus talked to me he held me at arm's length, while my arm felt as if screwed up in an iron vice.

On Sunday evening the chapel was crowded to its utmost capacity, and the entrance of the strange preacher was awaited with great curiosity. He went inside the communion railing, but paid no attention to the humble little pulpit. After singing and prayer he took the big Bible, and stepping to one side to be near a lamp, proceeded to read and expound the second chapter of Acts. He did this in a manner of seeming indifference, and apparently took no note of time. After singing a second hymn he announced his text, and began to preach to a congregation who were expecting the benediction. His sermon was but a continuation of the previous exposition, and was such as to startle and shock many of his hearers. He talked as if he was perfectly indifferent to the opinion of any one present, and from beginning to end did not once rise to the level of ordinary

animation. I have heard him preach, perhaps fifty times, since, but have seldom ever heard him make an effort which seemed less suited to the occasion than his first sermon in India. Once or twice he told grotesque anecdotes which provoked audible laughter, a thing at that time unheard of in an Indian church, and a terrible scandal to some who were present. Altogether the service was a disappointment to us, and we were not surprised to see but a small congregation the next evening. This, however, seemed to rouse up rather than depress the preacher, and the sermon was searching and incisive. On Tuesday evening sinners were invited forward for prayers, and seven persons responded. They were not deeply convicted, and only one of the seven remained permanently among us; but this meeting was an era in the history of our work in India. It committed us fully and irrevocably to work among the English-speaking people, it put an end to the aimless kind of English services which we had been holding, and it was an inauguration of a style of Gospel labor which has since spread all over India, and has resulted in incalculable good.

On Wednesday morning the first invitation was given to natives. The congregation was composed almost exclusively of native Christians, but very few of them were really converted. I acted as interpreter, and near the close of the sermon I had an opportunity of perceiving the effects of that extraordinary

power which at times attends Dr. Taylor's preaching. He was describing, in simple language, the works of the flesh and the fruits of the Spirit, when suddenly a thrill seemed to go forth with his words. I felt it as I tried to interpret, and I saw the tears start into the eyes of the natives before us. Eleven men came forward for prayers, ten of whom almost immediately professed to find peace in believing. Most of them were deeply moved, and there was every reason to believe that the work in their hearts was of the most genuine character. We were all surprised, however, at the simplicity and quietness of the meetings. We had fully expected that a long and vigorous prayer-meeting would follow each call for seekers, but this seldom occurred. The inquirers were instructed, sometimes in a body and sometimes one by one, and their attention kept closely to two points: submitting to God and receiving Jesus Christ. I had seen Dr. Taylor in the midst of stormy prayer-meetings in former years, and asked him why he had changed his methods. "I never liked those meetings," he said, "but I found it best to endure them. When allowed my own way, I choose a different course."

A deep and powerful work of revival set in at Lucknow, but it was confined to Europeans and native Christians. For this we were thankful enough, but our real interest was in the direction of the Hindus and Mohammedans. We had read of the wholesale conversion of the heathen in South

Africa, and we hoped, and some of us expected, to see similar results among the non-Christian people of India. Dr. Taylor fully shared this hope with us, and lost no time in seeking an outside audience of natives. He secured a fluent interpreter, and made one attempt after another, but without any marked result. At first he was inclined to think that he had not a fair chance, but, after going from place to place, and preaching to people of all classes and under all manner of conditions, he was constrained to admit that there were inherent difficulties in the situation which made it, at that stage of the work, impossible to repeat the South African campaign. He went through our mission-field, preached every-where to the native Christians, stirred up a deep interest, and did much good; but, at the end of his visit, we found ourselves just where we had been before, face to face with millions of people who seemed absolutely impervious to the truth, and who thus far had never been moved by the Gospel, except in detached groups, and in obscure places. The work among the native Christians was not deep except at two or three points. They were too ready to press forward as seekers at any and every meeting, and did not fully comprehend the message which the evangelist brought to them.

Had Dr. Taylor's mission terminated here, and had he left India to return no more, he would still have done a great and most important work. He had taught valuable lessons, had elevated the spiritual

tone of our little Conference, and had kindled a flame which has never since gone out. It is due to him to say that he gave an impetus to our work which it has never lost, and that he committed us to advanced movements which we might have shrunk from for years had he not led the way. If we were disappointed in not seeing him hew a way for us through the dense masses of the natives, we were nevertheless permitted to see him beckon us forward into other fields, and point out to us other and greater responsibilities than we had dared to anticipate. During the hot season of 1871 he was comparatively idle, and private letters received from him indicated that he had no definite plan of operations formed; that he was watching for tokens from above, and that he was more than willing to enter any door which might be opened to him. During all those months, none of those who have since censured him for following a line of his own, came forward with either suggestion or invitation, and he was left to settle his future course in whatever way God might indicate to him. Near the close of the year he went to Bombay, and following step by step the indications of Providence, he was led to organize his converts into churches, and thus lay the foundation of what has since become the South India Conference.

It would be foreign to the purpose of these sketches to speak at length of the character and extent of the work done by William Taylor in India. He has now

been absent from the country for many years, and the results of his labors can be pretty fairly estimated. That he did a great and most important service to the cause of Christianity in the empire I do not for one moment doubt. He is the "poor wise man" who by his wisdom did a great work for the "little city" of Indian missions, and now no man remembers him for it. He was the pioneer revivalist of the empire, and he gave an impetus to lay preaching which is felt in all its force to the present day. He brought the power of the Gospel to bear upon low depths of vice, and he inspired the most active Christians of the land with a loftier courage than they had before known. If many of his converts fell away, it can be said on the other hand that his work still abides. If his anticipations and promises of success among the natives have not been verified by results, the fact remains that hundreds of these enlisted by him are still devoted to the great work of winning India to Christ. The doctrines which he preached, and most of the peculiarities which he introduced, are now popularized all over India, and many of those who still condemn his procedure are entering heartily into the work which he made possible for them. He did not sufficiently appreciate the enormous difficulties which beset the work among the natives, he was too sanguine in reference to the success of his own men and his own methods, and too quick to assume that he had discovered the path which would quickly lead us

all out of the dense jungle of difficulties in which we had so long been struggling, but after discounting his services with all just freedom, the fact remains that one of the greatest benefactors Indian Christianity has ever had, and one of the truest men who ever tried to plan and labor for the Indian people, is William Taylor.

CHAPTER XXII.

FURTHER LESSONS.

THE year 1871 opened auspiciously upon our work, both in Lucknow and the outlying stations of the district. Three new missionaries had been added to the work, and two of the empty mission houses were again occupied. The spirit of revival, which had been kindled at Lucknow, burned brightly throughout the year, and both Europeans and native Christians were powerfully influenced by it. The work of grace was deep and powerful, and some of its manifestations surpassed any thing of a similar kind which I have ever seen. There was a searching energy in the word which seemed to find out hidden sin, and a power in the Gospel preached which saved to the uttermost. I was quite at home in this work, and yet I had much to learn, and soon discovered that God had placed me in a good school for receiving instruction.

Among those converted were some notorious drunkards, and our success in dealing with some of these cases inspired me with an unwise zeal to rescue every drunkard who could be found. At that time, as now also, all the large cities of India were infested by a class of European tramps, usually called loafers in

India. One of these men was well known in Lucknow, and had often been seen in a state of violent intoxication in the street. Without hat, coat, or shoes, he would charge into a bazar, and drive the people before him like so many sheep. One day he called at the house of one of our members and asked for some breakfast. He was received kindly, and after eating was asked to come again. A friendly watch was kept over him during the day, and at night he was induced to attend a meeting in the chapel. There was nothing of special interest in the sermon, but at the close of the service the poor tramp was found sitting helplessly in his place, so mightily convicted of sin that he could not rise. He was taken home, and a few brethren talked and prayed with him till a late hour, when God appeared to him and saved him. The change in the man was as thorough as it had been rapid. In a very few weeks his voice was heard in both prayer and testimony, and before the close of the year he became a very acceptable local preacher in our Church.

The remarkable conversion of this man impressed me deeply, and I at once began to look around for more work of the same kind. Among the many victims of intemperance around us there was one notable man who had fallen from a very respectable position to a low depth of vice and degradation. I determined to make an effort to save this man, and lost no time in seeking him out and trying to win him

from his evil ways. He made no attempt to avoid us, but, on the other hand, seemed willing to give us every possible opportunity to do him good. I took the poor wretch home and for a time let him share my own room, walked and drove with him in public, talked and prayed with him in private, had him in religious meetings every day, and tried by every possible means to make an impression on his heart, but all to no purpose. He never evinced the slightest compunction for his sinful life, and never once seemed touched in the slightest degree by religious feeling. We all did our utmost for him, but after two months or more of faithful effort, we were obliged to give him up. So far as religious feeling was concerned, we might as well have concentrated our efforts upon a lump of ice: he was simply immovable.

This case of failure taught me a much needed lesson. God's work must be carried on in God's way, and God's servants must accept the tasks which God sends them. Elisha healed Naaman when he came to him, but did not forthwith set out in search of desperate cases of leprosy on which to try his power of healing. For reasons more or less hidden God directs his servants to persons whom they often would not have chosen, and passes by others whom they would have selected as much more hopeful subjects. "Two women shall be grinding at the mill; the one shall be taken, and the other left." Two drunkards shall

be reeling in the streets of the same city; the one shall be taken, and the other left.

In the course of a few months the influence of our work began to be felt in various cities in North India. Persons converted in Lucknow carried tidings of the work to distant places, and often were the means of leading others to Christ. Opposition also was aroused, and we were frequently attacked in the papers, and sometimes from hostile pulpits. We began to feel the need of some medium of communication with the public, and this led, in April, 1871, to the establishment of a small fortnightly paper, called "The Witness," and published at Lucknow. Mr. Messmore and myself assumed the responsibility of the paper, and became joint editors. It proved more successful than we had anticipated, and was soon enlarged, made a weekly paper, and its name changed to the "Lucknow Witness." The circulation of all newspapers in India is very limited, but the influence of a good paper is really very great. Our little paper gained a secure foothold, and has, almost from the first, had a larger circulation than any other religious paper in the empire. It is now published in Calcutta, its name having been changed to the "Indian Witness," and it bids fair to maintain the position which it has gained.

Among the first to connect himself with our English church in Lucknow was Mr. Dennis Osborne. He had been a member of the Established Church

of Scotland, holding his membership in Allahabad, but had first found an experimental knowledge of salvation in Lucknow, and at the time of Father Taylor's visit he received a rich anointing of the Holy Spirit. When he proposed to join us, I advised him to go to his pastor, in Allahabad, and lay the case before him. This he did, and having amicably secured his dismissal from his own church he united with us, and became the first class-leader of our English church. In a very short time he began to hold prayer-meetings at his own house, and in these meetings he quickly developed a power in exhortation which surprised all who had known him. One Sunday evening the missionary who was to preach at the regular service was taken suddenly ill, and there being no one else present, Mr. Osborne was constrained to enter the pulpit and conduct the service. He did so with a success which amazed the audience, and from that evening he has held his place as one of our leading preachers in India. His meetings were crowded, and he quickly became a man of great influence in his own community. This was too much for the government chaplain, who could not get as many people to hear him on Sunday as the local preacher could draw out at an ordinary week-night service, and he rashly made a formal complaint to the Chief Commissioner against his presumptuous rival, for interfering with the religious interests and preferences of the men in the office to which he belonged. The secretary at the head of the department

conducted the investigation, which, however, quickly assumed a most ludicrous phase, and ended in the complete discomfiture of the chaplain.

One day in September, 1871, I received a note from Mr. Osborne, telling me that it had been suggested to him, in prayer, that we should hold a series of open-air services during the four days of a well-known holiday season, called the Dasahra, which was then close at hand. At that time, and in the face of the public sentiment then prevailing, this was considered a very bold proposal, and we pondered the subject well before deciding to make the attempt. In due time our decision was made, and notices of the meeting were sent to all the surrounding stations. We aimed at holding a miniature camp-meeting in the very heart of the English quarter of the city, and for this purpose secured a grassy plot which had been used as a cricket ground, on which we erected an awning, and provided seats for four hundred persons. The meeting was a notable success. A goodly number were converted, while the Christians who came together were inspired with a courage and zeal far beyond what we had yet seen. The attendance, for India, was large, and so delighted were all parties with the meeting, that similar services were held the following year, and thus the "Dasahra Meeting," of Lucknow, has taken its place as an established annual gathering. Streams of blessing have flowed out from these meetings throughout all North India, and even

in very remote places their influence has been powerfully felt.

The holding of this meeting at Lucknow stirred up no little opposition. We were becoming too aggressive and outraging all religious propriety. One newspaper writer gravely accused us of taking all possible pains to get out as many people as possible. One evil device which we had resorted to, and which was a subject of earnest complaint, was that of announcing that laymen would preach at the meetings. There were, at that time, two Christian surgeons in Cawnpore, one military and the other civil, and both readily agreed to go over and preach on the occasion. Dr. Moffat, the military surgeon, was not able to keep his promise, but Dr. Condon, of the civil service, put in an appearance and preached an excellent sermon. Such an event would hardly excite a single remark in any part of India now, but as recently as a dozen years ago it was a social and religious phenomenon of the most extraordinary kind. It was considered all right for an officer to conduct a Bible reading, or speak to a room full of soldiers, but to stand up at an open-air meeting and preach a formal sermon was an innovation of the most startling character. It was a blessed innovation. Dr. Moffat afterward rendered valuable preaching service to our infant cause in Calcutta, while Dr. Condon still stands in his place at Cawnpore, a well known and very acceptable preacher of the word.

As our work began to assume a more aggressive character I was often subjected to embarrassment, not to say pain, by the remonstrances which good men would make against what they called our "interference" with their work. For many years the policy had been generally accepted among Protestant missionaries in India, that when one Missionary Society occupied a field, all others should avoid it, unless in the case of a few of the larger cities. The mutual separation of Abraham and Lot was constantly quoted as an example for missionaries, and it was considered a very unbrotherly act to enter into another man's pre-empted field. There was a good principle underlying this rule, but the rule itself had proved a practical failure. Some observed it, while others ignored it, and it was a question with not a few whether it did not do more harm than good. It often afforded a ground for needless complaint, and it also made it possible for an impracticable man to assume a dog-in-the-manger attitude, and in reality keep the Gospel out of a province while contending for the exclusive privilege of carrying it in. I have one case in mind, in which a really good man sent me word that I need not enter a district containing a million souls, as he had "occupied" it, said occupation consisting in sending an inefficient native Christian to live in a certain town and preach in its bazars. I had no occasion to get into trouble with brother missionaries about outlying fields; but the work among the English-speaking

people in the large towns gave rise to no little complaint, especially from the official chaplains. Those gentlemen did not concern themselves with the missionary phase of the question, but took a much bolder attitude. They claimed that the government had given them the specific work of looking after the souls of the people, and that no one else had any right to interfere with their work. The very presence of a strange preacher was regarded as a reflection on them, and sometimes they were deeply pained by that which others regarded as a cause for joy and gratitude.

On one occasion I visited a railway town, where I found one hundred and thirty adult persons living in the railway barracks. I preached to about thirty of these persons, and was surprised to learn that the congregation was considered a very large one. A day or two later I met the chaplain of the station, who, at once, complained of my "interference." After a good deal of talk, I said:

"There are a hundred and thirty persons there; you rarely have more than a dozen to hear you, and I only had thirty. Thus, you see, both of us together can't get one third of them out. Don't you really think there is room for both of us, if not for a third man also?"

"The work is mine. It has been put into my hands, and I am responsible for it. If they wont come out to hear me, the fault is not mine. I really cannot have this kind of interference."

Explanation was useless. I told him I was working in John Wesley's big parish, "the world," and that, much as I wished to please him, I must continue to preach the Gospel to every creature who was willing to hear me. My duty was plain, but it was not very pleasant. It is always an unpleasant thing to give pain to a good man, and it is usually a trial to one's fortitude to have to maintain the position of a misunderstood person.

In November, 1871, I attended the Synod of the American Presbyterian missionaries in North India, which met in Allahabad. I was received with the utmost kindness, and asked to give a detailed account of the work at Lucknow. These brethren had never complained of our interference with them, and for this very reason I was the more anxious not to seem to trespass on their ground. A few weeks before a man and wife living in Allababad had been up to Lucknow, and while there had both been converted, and when they heard of my visit to their city they invited me to visit them. I was careful to take a Presbyterian missionary with me when I made my call on these people, who received me joyfully and asked me to hold a meeting in their house the next evening. I agreed to do so, but took two Presbyterian brethren with me again, so that I might not seem to be working behind any one's back. I found only a very small company, most of the neighbors having a wholesale dread of Methodist meetings, of

which they had heard many strange things. I preached to those present and bade them farewell, but the next day I received a note informing me that two of those who had been present at the meeting were very unhappy and wished to see me. I could not go to them till late in the evening, but I remained with them till midnight, and before I left one of them had found peace with God, and the other was in a measure comforted. While visiting these people my heart burned within me with an intense desire to remain and carry on the work which God had commenced. I felt a strong persuasion that if I would do so the sacred fire would spread from heart to heart, and from home to home, and that a great work of salvation would be wrought in Allahabad. But the fear of transgressing the law of fraternal non-interference confronted me, and I could not bring myself even to ask the Presbyterian brethren, who had been so cordial and so kind, if they had any objection to my opening work in Allahabad. Had I done so, I have now reason to know that they would have bid me welcome, but at the time I could not find it in my heart to tell them that I felt called to work within their geographical lines.

The train did not leave till midnight, and I reached Cawnpore the next morning barely in time to preach at the early morning service. All night long my heart had been in a strange atmosphere of joy. A holy fire had been kindled within me at Allahabad,

and as morning dawned I felt as if I could take the wings of the morning and fly with the glad tidings of salvation to earth's remotest bound. I went into the pulpit, but could not preach. I talked as my overflowing heart would let me for a little while, and then announced meetings for the week. I did not feel condemned for leaving Allahabad as I had done, and yet I did feel that God would have me henceforth regard his call as taking precedence of all rules, opinions, and wishes. The week which followed was a blessed one, and at its close our English church in Cawnpore was organized. Father Taylor had organized a class the year before, but most of the members were Hindustani-speaking people, and they now belong to the Hindustani church. Dr. Condon was at that time in nominal connnection with the Church of England, but, owing to the introduction of ritualistic innovations, had for some time ceased attending its services. I needed a class-leader, and could see no one else, and so went to him and told him, that while I cared nothing for the mere enrolling of names, I really thought his providential place was that of leader of the new converts. He felt impressed in the same way, and, after examining the Discipline, made up his mind to join our Church. We settled the matter one day on his door-step, and, as the Irishman said, "I organized him" on the veranda of his house, and at our next meeting enrolled the converts gathered during the week's meetings as probationers.

In the latter part of 1872, while preaching at Cawnpore, I learned another lesson which was to affect my succeeding labors in a most important way. I had preached to an ordinary congregation, and, as was our custom, at the close of the sermon called on awakened persons to rise. Two or three men did so, and during the prayer I went to one of them to try to show him the way of salvation. To my extreme surprise he assured me that he had found peace during the sermon. He had been awakened, pointed to Christ, and enabled to believe, during the half-hour that I had been preaching. I had never met with such a case before, and at first was a little incredulous about the man's profession, but soon another case exactly similar occurred, and other like cases have continued to occur with greater or less frequency ever since. I have long since ceased to marvel at them. The real wonder is that I should have preached nearly fifteen years before discovering that the embassador of Jesus Christ, intrusted with the ministry of reconciliation, is really able through his message to do that which he is sent to accomplish. The messenger of Jesus, who speaks for his Master, should beware of trusting to methods, helps, or any artificial appliances, but always stand up before his fellow-men in the confident expectation of seeing them both convicted and converted while listening to the word of life.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

AFTER my transfer to Oudh, I frequently felt that the question of relinquishing, in whole or in part, my salary as a missionary was postponed rather than abandoned. During my third year in the province I was much exercised in mind about the duty of devoting myself wholly to evangelistic work, and with this was coupled a conviction that I should relinquish all claim upon the Missionary Society, and trust to God alone for my support. The way, however, never seemed to open for me to become an evangelist, much as I coveted that calling, and I did not wish to anticipate Providence by running before I was sent. With reference to the other conviction, the case was quite different. I had nothing to do but to cease drawing my salary and look to God for help. I thought and prayed much about it, but my duty did not become clear until near the close of the year. One day, while attending to some ordinary little matters in my room, and while my thoughts were not fixed upon any special subject, the words, "My God shall supply all your need," seemed to be spoken in my heart, but with so vivid an impression that they could not have been more distinct if whis-

pered in my ear. With these words there came an immediate and unmistakable conviction that this was God's assurance to me that he would take care of me, and supply all my need after my dependence upon the mission treasury should cease. I could no longer doubt, and felt that the time had come for me to take some action in the matter.

Long before this I had become convinced that when God calls a man to any special duty he will, except in extraordinary cases, impress other Christians who may be concerned in the case with a corresponding conviction, and that he will also give providential indications to confirm the call. Hence, although convinced in my own mind, I thought it my duty to write to all the members of the Mission for advice. The responses came promptly and emphatically. Nearly every man in the Mission dissuaded me from the proposed step, and even Father Taylor did not think it practicable under existing circumstances. Dr. T. J. Scott, and, if I remember correctly, F. M. Wheeler, bade me go ahead. I thought it better, however, to wait, and accordingly shut the question up in my heart till the close of the year.

In January, 1873, our Conference met at Bareilly, and I was present as usual. The question of giving up my salary was constantly flitting before my mind, but I was not expecting to settle it finally at that time. On Sunday morning we held our customary

Conference love-feast, and I entered the church without the slightest anticipation of what was to follow. The meeting had been in progress some time, and I had already spoken and was sitting quietly listening to the testimony of others, when suddenly the duty of settling my long-pending question came distinctly and vividly before me. I felt at once that the time for final decision had come, and, lifting my heart to God, I promised him that I would cease henceforth to depend on the Missionary Society and look to him who fed the ravens to care for me. In a moment the very windows of heaven seemed opened above me, and a Niagara of love and power and joy was poured upon my soul. No language can describe the flood-tide of blessing which burst upon me, and at once I knew—knew beyond a possibility of doubt—that God had put his seal of approval upon what I had done, and that I had made no mistake in reaching my decision. I was sitting quietly in my place in adoring love and wonder at the revelation which had been made to my soul, when the thought of my boy and his future occurred to me, and I rashly determined to let his usual allowance be drawn from the Mission as before, while I myself should take nothing. In a moment I was under a thick cloud. The flood of blessing had ebbed away again, and I knew that the Spirit had been grieved by my unwillingness to trust for my boy as for myself. I retraced my steps at once, and resolved to trust God to take care of both

myself and child. Quick as a lightning's flash heaven's light beamed upon my soul again. The cloud was gone, and streams of blessing were again pouring down into my heart. I said nothing of all this during the meeting, nor did I mention it to any one during the day, but at the evening prayer-meeting I rose and told the story, and, to my surprise, found that all the brethren, or very nearly all, thought I was led of God, and bade me go forward and be of good courage.

Throughout that eventful Sunday in Bareilly I felt a strong desire to be alone, and in the course of the afternoon went out into an adjoining garden, where I thought I might walk unobserved among the orange-trees. A boy from Gurhwal soon discovered my hiding place, and came into the garden to talk over the happy time we had known while I was stationed in his province. As the boy walked up and down the garden path with me I thought of his mountain home, and of the hardships of the life he led, and thought to myself that the time would probably come when I would be as poor as he, and live in the midst of the same kind of hardship and privation. I had honestly and unreservedly given myself up to a life of extreme poverty, not because such a life seemed in itself necessary to the work, but because it had not for a moment occurred to me that God was able, or willing, to give more than the barest subsistence to those who put their whole trust in him. I did not choose poverty,

but I did not shrink from its prospect, and it was a long time before the truth fully dawned upon my dull understanding that God was able to provide bountifully for all who put their trust in him alone.

For a long time it was both embarrassing and painful to have to talk about this new step which I had taken. I quickly discovered that very few, even of the most advanced Christians, could understand me when I spoke of the deep religious conviction which I felt upon the subject, and I ceased to refer to the peculiar experience through which I had passed. The whole question was regarded as one of policy alone, and to most persons I seemed to be acting very unwisely. It was very humiliating, too, to discover, as I quickly did, that I was becoming an object of pity to many kind-hearted people, and that I must expect to be regarded as a claimant upon the charity of the religious public. From first to last it had never once occurred to me that other members of the Mission ought to follow my example, and it did not, nor has it ever since, seemed to me that there was any wrong involved in the policy of supporting missionaries from the funds of a missionary society. I merely know that God was leading me in a particular way, and could not tell what other changes might be in store for me in the years to come.

When I was leaving home for the first time after Conference, and had taken my seat in the railway carriage, a man gave me a handful of rupees, saying

he had been requested so to do, but forbidden to tell who the donor was. I accepted the money thankfully, regarding it as a token from above, and yet it was a sore trial to think that I was becoming an object of charity. The next week I visited Fyzabad, and on Sunday preached in the regimental schoolroom to a large congregation of English soldiers, with a few officers. Among those present was the lieutenant-colonel, who came up to me at the close of the service, and asked where I would be during the week. I left Fyzabad the next morning, and two days later I received a brief note from the lieutenant-colonel inclosing a check for five hundred rupees. I was amazed, and the more so because I felt sure that neither this kind officer nor any one else in Fyzabad could have heard of the step I had recently taken. I thanked God again, but at the same time felt that I could not accept the money as my own. The devil made haste to suggest that I was going to double or treble my former salary by adopting the new policy, but I cut the matter short by distributing the whole of the money to needy objects connected with our work.

I need not, and indeed I cannot, narrate all the steps by which God led me along the untried path into which he had brought me. From unexpected sources, and in unexpected ways, help was sure to come when needed. It was long before I fully realized that God had me in charge, and that he would

unfold his designs concerning me from day to day, and year to year, if I fully trusted him. At the end of my first year of trust I found myself out of debt, and able to give away more money than I had ever done before; but at that time it had not dawned upon me that, instead of becoming a public beggar myself, I was to be a distributer of God's bounty to scores and hundreds of the poor. In the years that have since passed, God has interposed a hundred times to help me to help other people, and the strangest thing about the strange way in which he has led me has been the discovery that it was not the lesson of trusting God for my own support which I had to learn, but rather that of trusting him in behalf of other people.

I am often asked if I have not practically abandoned the course of life adopted at that time, inasmuch as I have since accepted support in the usual way as pastor of a church. It is quite possible that the principle of trust might have been more consistently illustrated by me at times, but the lesson which God impressed upon me was that of accepting what he sent. Nothing was further from my thoughts in 1872 than the probability of becoming a pastor of a church; but when once I had put myself in God's hands it became my simple duty to accept what he sent me, and when he has put me in charge of a congregation I have accepted a support from the people when they have been able and willing to give it.

This has not by any means been the case at all times, as the sequel may possibly show, and I have more than once found that the most severe test of faith is in the midst of seeming plenty, rather than in a barren desert where the arid sands are nightly bedewed with sweet manna from the skies.

One more remark may not be out of place here. It is not every one's duty to attempt to live in this peculiar way by trusting God. The very basis of such a life implies a call from God, and the man who runs before he is sent, or who gives up a livelihood before God calls upon him to do so, will trust in vain for guidance and support. Nothing is more certain than that God will care for every servant of his who stands at his post of duty; but it is impossible to take a dozen men, picked up as they chance to come along, and organize them mechanically on a basis of living by trust. God must choose the men, and indicate the line of duty which they are to follow, and when once he has done this in any particular case, the faithful disciple will be fed with manna, ministered to by angels, and girt around by a wall of fire.

It must not be supposed that this financial change of base included a separation from the service of the Missionary Society. Nothing was farther from my wishes or expectations. I continued to do the work of a presiding elder in the Conference, and conducted the official correspondence with the Board as before, and even when, a year later, I was transferred to an-

other field, there was no thought on my part of ceasing to be a missionary of the society which had sent me to India. On returning from the Conference at which I had taken this step, I wrote to Dr. Eddy, who then conducted the correspondence for India, and, after informing him of my decision, begged that my salary might be appropriated to the support of a missionary who should be sent out to do literary work in connection with our press. During my residence in Lucknow I had a good deal to do in connection with our publishing work, especially during periods of illness of the missionaries in charge, and thus was led to study carefully the various interests involved in this most important agency. From the first our little press had existed by sufferance, rather than by a policy of generous support. The establishment of the "Witness" had enabled us to add a font of type and two compositors to the establishment, and such was our feebleness in that day of small things that we were very thankful for this trifling advance. But better days had dawned; the press was steadily extending its work; the fixed policy of having a vigorous and powerful mission press had been adopted; Mr. Craven, the present energetic superintendent, had assumed charge of it; and now it was as clear as any practical question could be made that an efficient press must have an efficient editorial staff. My thought was that we should get out a scholarly man, with superior linguistic abilities

and tastes, who should thoroughly master the literature, current and classical, of the natives, and qualify himself for vernacular editorial work. The ordinary missionary, no matter how gifted, cannot become an accurate and really able scholar and at the same time throw himself with enthusiasm and energy into the great work of preaching, organizing, building, teaching, leading, soliciting money, and all else which enters into the work of an energetic and efficient missionary. Those who have really become scholars have done so at the sacrifice of other interests, while those who have written and published much, while at the same time doing a full share of general work, will be the first to admit that their books and essays bear marks of imperfection which were unavoidable under the circumstances in which the writers were placed.

Dr. Eddy acted with the utmost promptitude, and quickly secured the Rev. James Mudge for the place. The original plan, however, did not receive much official favor, and after Dr. Eddy's death was lost sight of. Mr. Mudge assumed the editorial charge of the "Witness," and retained it during his stay in India; while the attempt to keep a missionary solely for vernacular editorial work has not yet been made. It was held by influential parties at home that a band of active, fairly educated, and versatile missionaries ought to be able to do all their own literary work—a view which clearly showed that those holding it

failed to realize not only what a missionary's work was, but what kind of service literary work required. A decade has passed, and again the same question is coming to the front. The feeble little press of ten years ago has grown into a great power, and is moving forward to a position where not one, but probably three able editors will be needed for its publications.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE PRESS.

IN the last chapter I have spoken very briefly of the planting and growth of our mission press, but the importance of the enterprise demands more than a passing notice. Like every other kind of missionary work in which I have become interested, I have learned to value this powerful agency by my own practical experience in the mission field. When living in Gurhwal, where travel is so difficult and the people so inaccessible, I began to consider seriously the project of speaking to the people of every village through the medium of printed tracts, or weekly letters, or, perhaps, a formal newspaper. It would cost something to attempt such an enterprise, but very much less than a circle of schools, less than an orphanage, and less, too, than the support of a foreign missionary, with the various expenses connected with his outfit and maintenance. Later observation on the plains strongly confirmed these first impressions. Every-where the people were willing to read, but the efforts made to supply them with the kind of Chrstian reading which they needed were wholly inadequate to meet their wants, and the interest manifested in this kind of work seemed not only faint, but actually

dying out. The best-known mission presses were far from active, and some were about to be given up. Tracts were circulated, it is true, but on a small scale, and with little or no effort to adapt them to the exigencies of time or place. At the very time that the press should have been most active it seemed to be lapsing into comparative idleness. The opportunity of the hour was not seen, the chosen agency for the work in hand was not appreciated.

It will have to be admitted that the great missionary societies of England and America have not utilized the press with the wisdom which usually characterizes the children of this world. The Baptists have done the best, and the American Baptist Mission Press, of Rangoon, is by far the most powerful press of its kind in India; but the press once belonging to the American Board, at Bombay, has long since passed into other hands. The once well-known Wesleyan press, at Bangalore, has ceased to exist, as has the London Society's press at Mirzapore. The American Presbyterian press, at Allahabad, has passed into private hands, and the once powerful and famous press, founded by Dr. Carey, at Serampore, has disappeared without leaving a vestige behind it. The story of the gradual decline of these presses would probably be very much the same in every case. They were not supported from home. The traditional notion of a mission press is, that it is well enough to send out one with a missionary who goes to an uncivilized

people, as without it he could not print the Bible for his converts, but beyond this very elementary conception of the mission of the modern press in non-Christian lands, it is not considered worth while to spend money on so secular an agency as a modern printing-press.

It need hardly be said that India is much more than a half-civilized country, and that the missionary has no need to introduce printing, as a new art, into the country. Many of the people read, and the schools are filled with boys who read eagerly whatever comes within their reach. But their wants are not supplied. One of the leading Bible Societies of India recently reported the sale, in the course of twelve months, of 548 copies of the Bible. During the same period a single Hindu publisher, in Lucknow, sold 40,000 copies of the Koran to Mohammedan purchasers. The simple statement of these two facts will suffice to show how much has been neglected in the past, and how much might be accomplished now by a diligent use of this mighty agency for either good or evil. It can no longer be said that the people will not read the Bible. A gentleman recently purchased 300 copies of the New Testament in the vernacular, and distributed them among the clerks in a large office, and he was surprised to find not only that every one was thankfully received, but that many of the recipients seemed exceedingly grateful for the gift of such a book.

It is said, in reply, by those who do not advocate mission presses, that the creation of a literature does not depend on the maintenance of a press, that the work can be done by contract, and that the energy devoted to the management of a press might better be devoted to the preparation of a literature; but the logic of facts is too strong for this theory. As a matter of fact, literature, on the mission field at least, does not spring up of itself apart from an active press. The presence of the press is a pledge that material will be found for printing. As a standing army is said to be a standing menace of war, so a fully equipped mission press may be regarded as a standing assurance that constant work will be done in printing precious words of truth, to be scattered freely among the people who are perishing for lack of knowledge. This assurance becomes a positive certainty when the press is organized fully, with a staff of editors, as well as of compositors or book-binders. We might as well expect teaching to cease in the colleges, or preaching in the pulpits, as writing and publishing in a press fully organized and equipped for service in a country like India.

It is a great mistake to assume in any land that a religious press is simply a manufacturing agency, equipped and maintained for the purpose of printing such books and newspapers as may be offered for the purpose. In this field of enterprise, perhaps more than in any other, the children of this world are

wiser than the children of light. Pernicious literature has the universal right of way every-where throughout the world, while positively Christian publications find their way into public places, as if by stealth. The persistence with which the publishers of the very worst type of immoral books push their unhallowed wares upon the market ought to put to shame those whose duty it is to make the press constantly speak for Christ and truth. A great Christian publishing house ought to send forth a constant stream of healthful literature, varied in style and range of topics sufficiently to suit the taste of all classes, and sold at the lowest price quoted in any market. The topic of the day, the sensation of the hour, should not be allowed to pass unimproved. John Wesley made it the duty of his preachers to attend all the public executions, that they might preach to the callous multitudes assembled to witness the ghastly spectacles. He knew the meaning and the value of the word opportunity. Not long since a young man of respectable family, in Calcutta, was hanged for murder, and on the morning of his execution no less than three different pamphlets, in the Bengali language, giving brief accounts of the young man and of his crime, were sold in large numbers throughout the city. The children of this world knew how to make money out of the opportunity, and acted accordingly. Had John Wesley been alive and on the spot, he would probably have had

a faithful word of warning suited to the awful occasion, printed and circulated among the multitude. In whatever else he may have been deficient, he never failed to grasp the opportunity while it was within his reach.

The mechanical part of the work of a mission press is, or at least ought to be, the least important of all the interests connected with it. Ability of the highest order is needed to direct the work of publication, and writers of more than ordinary versatility must be employed to prepare books, tracts, periodicals, leaflets, cards, or whatever else may be needed to meet emergencies as they arise. It sometimes requires a higher order of ability to prepare a leaflet than a ponderous book, and no literary work is more difficult than the writing of tracts of real merit. The pencil must also be used as well as the pen. A picture can be read much more quickly than a printed page, and the power of simple, but highly colored, illustrations, is becoming generally known in the mission field. The magic-lantern is a powerful aid to the missionary in his itinerations, but it is only within very recent years that it has come into general use. Its sphere is necessarily a very narrow one, but its successful use shows how easily simple pictures can be made to convey important lessons of truth, or illustrate the printed paper in connection with which they appear.

The chief difficulty in connection with this work is not, however, so much the creation of a literature

as its distribution. The work of printing is simple enough, and can be done at less expense than in England or America. The preparation of material for publication is a much more difficult task, while the distribution of the printed matter is most difficult of all. There are no natural channels of trade in which our publications can flow out into a public market. The people are eager to read, and not a few are willing to buy; but, for the most part, the book or other publication must be carried to them. They cannot be expected to send for it, or to go after it, and hence the custom has grown up in India of employing colporteurs for this service, and these men enjoy almost a complete monopoly of this kind of work. With few exceptions they are men not distinguished for their success. They are usually men of very moderate ability, men who have failed to secure employment as preachers or teachers, and have become colporteurs from necessity rather than choice. It would be strange indeed if men thus appointed were to succeed even moderately well. They work in a perfunctory manner, and are satisfied with the most ordinary measure of success. They do some good, and, as a class, may be expected to improve from year to year; but a better agency is needed, and, no doubt, will be found in due time.

Not a few missionaries have discovered that this work can only become really successful when it becomes general, and hence they not only engage in it

themselves, but have all their assistants do the same. This is not always a congenial task. The people who gather around the missionary in the bazar look upon him as a man of wealth, and it does not fall in with their notions of propriety for him to hold up a handful of tracts and offer to sell them for a few coppers each. In time they become accustomed to it, but to many a missionary this peculiar duty is very trying to the flesh. Nevertheless, he must not shrink from it. In every kind of untried work he must be willing to lead. He must familiarize every Christian around him with this kind of work, and he cannot do it by any possible amount of exhortation. He must show how the work is done, and must let every Christian see that he is willing to bear his part of a burden which many are unwilling to touch.

This difficulty of finding an effective means for the distribution of our publications grows less formidable every year, and in due time will wholly disappear. The opening of a vast railway system throughout the empire has done much to make a general distribution easy. One effective agent, moving about by rail, can sometimes sell more in a day than six ordinary colporteurs are expected to dispose of in a month. The increased postal facilities now offered to us can also be utilized wonderfully in this good work. Every year the increased supply will create an increased demand, and in due time the usual law of legitimate trade will assert itself, and the publications of the

most active press find a speedy sale in the ever-expanding market of a people rapidly rising in the scale of civilization and intelligence.

The two Conferences which represent our Church in India are fully pledged to a most vigorous prosecution of our publishing work on a much wider scale than in the past. The success of our press at Lucknow has been accepted as an indication of what might be done upon a much larger scale, and with great unanimity it has been resolved to extend this department of our work, and make it worthy of such a vast enterprise as is involved in the conversion of India to Christ and Christianity. It is too soon to form elaborate plans, or to attempt to predict the measure of success which is in store for us; but it is at least cheering to know that the value of this agency is fully appreciated by our missionaries, and that an earnest effort will be made to employ it as vigorously in the service of Christ as it is employed by the world and the devil in promoting objects of doubtful merit, or even of positively bad character.

To build up a powerful mission press in a country like India, a generous support is necessary from the Church at home. Such a support is rarely given in modern times. The mission press is tolerated, or possibly encouraged to a moderate extent; but it is seldom aided by large grants of money. The result is, that the managers are obliged to accept printing contracts, to go into the open market and compete

with other printing firms in order to earn the money with which to carry on their legitimate work. This necessity is to be deplored for many reasons. It puts the mission press in a position of rivalry in respect to other firms, which is at all times unfortunate, while, at the same time, it absorbs time and energy which can ill be spared from the great and absorbing work of spreading Christian truth among the people. It is to be hoped that the whole subject will soon receive the careful and prayerful consideration which its superlative importance deserves, and that the several missionary societies will definitely adopt a new and better policy in reference to the whole question.

In our own mission it has cost much hard work, and at times the assumption of no little responsibility on the part of individuals, to keep this department of our work from losing ground. In all his connection with the Lucknow press, Mr. Craven, like the ancient Hebrews, has been required to make his bricks without straw. From time to time he has secured aid from Bible and Tract Societies, but the greater part of the resources of the press have been gathered from its own earnings. Some of our interests, which are valued highly in India, are not regarded with like esteem in New York; and it thus happened that when the very existence of the "Indian Witness" was in peril, I was obliged not only to add its editorial management to my pastoral and other duties, but to assume the whole financial responsibility of the paper, and

carry it on as a private enterprise, although it was all the time the officially accredited organ of our Church in India.

I hope to see wiser and better counsels prevailing before many years. We will soon be printing in six or more languages, and I hope to see the day when our presses will be scattering printed pages over India like forest leaves for multitude. Whatever others may do, here is our own plain pathway of duty. I verily believe that God calls us to it, and if we take up the work with courage and faith, it will yield a rich harvest in the years to come, a harvest the full extent and value of which no one can now fully estimate.

CHAPTER XXV.

CALCUTTA.

OUR second "Dasahra Meeting," held at Lucknow in the closing days of September, 1873, brought together many visitors, some of them from distant places. At one of the morning meetings I noticed a lady who was evidently a stranger to the place and to the congregation, and as the meeting just at that moment was not flowing in a smooth current, my first thought was that she would be disconcerted by our unconventional ways, and get a very unfavorable impression of Methodist people and Methodist meetings. In a very few minutes, however, it became evident that the stranger was neither startled nor offended by any of the things which she saw and heard. She was intensely interested in every part of the meeting, and at the close came up to assure me that she had witnessed nothing in India which reminded her so much of the privileges she had enjoyed in her earlier days in her home in England. This lady was introduced to me as Mrs. May, of Calcutta, and almost immediately she began to urge me to go to Calcutta, and make that great city my future home. She assured me that it had come upon her almost as if by an inspiration that God had work for me there, but

her repeated and earnest assurances that I would find an open door and an eager people awaiting me seemed so improbable that I had often to laugh at what seemed her misplaced enthusiasm. "There will not be a place in the city that will hold the congregation," she would say, "and you will find more work than you can possibly do." It was easy enough to believe that abundant work might be found in Calcutta, but eager hearers and crowded congregations seemed only to be the possibilities of a very distant future.

This was by no means the first time that I had thought of going to Bengal. Four years before I had procured a Bengali grammar and had given a little attention to the study of the language, owing to an impression I had received that I would at some future day be called to labor among the Bengali people. The impression had lingered in my mind, and was gaining strength at the time I received this invitation, but the way did not seem open before me. I had just returned from Nynee Tal, where an offer had been made to me which seemed to be very providential, and which would enable me to carry out a deeply cherished desire of engaging in evangelistic work. A very generous provision was to be made for my support, and I was to be allowed six months of every year to go where I pleased, provided I would preach for the English congregation during the six months of the Nynee Tal "season." I had

not only considered this proposal favorably, but had almost given my promise to spend the next season at Nynee Tal, and hence did not at first see the way clear before me to go elsewhere. I could not, however, shake off the conviction, which now began to take a firm hold of my mind, that I was soon to go to Calcutta, and very soon more light dawned upon my way. Two months after the subject had been thus pressed upon my attention I received a telegram from Bishop Harris, then in Ceylon, asking me to meet him in Calcutta, where he was to arrive about the middle of December. Father Taylor had commenced his work in that city nearly a year previously, and had worked bravely in the face of constant discouragements. He called the city "the Paris of the East," and was accustomed to say in those days that of all the places he had ever visited, Calcutta was the hardest and least inviting as a field of evangelistic labor. He had not, however, worked in vain. A Church had been organized, a temporary place of worship erected on a rented site, and a deeper impression had been made upon the city than, perhaps, he himself suspected, or others were prepared to admit. He now wished to leave the work in other hands. He was an evangelist, and distinctly avowed his conviction that it was no part of his mission to do the work of a pastor, but rather to dig and plant, and leave others to prune and water.

Bishop Harris spent some days in the city and

talked very freely to me about the work, but did not broach the subject of my transfer for some time. At last, however, he intimated to me that he should be glad to transfer me to Calcutta if the way would open, and meanwhile Father Taylor had intimated that he was impressed that I should take the work out of his hands, and he added that a singular dream had made it seem probable to him that all the difficulties which had baffled him so long would crumble to the earth as if in a moment when I came, and that I would have an easy and joyous victory. Our Conference met in January at Lucknow, and on taking counsel of the brethren I found that, without a single exception, they all approved of my going. It was accordingly arranged that I should spend three of the hot months at Nynee Tal, but meantime go at once to Calcutta. I was accordingly transferred to the "Bombay and Bengal Mission," which was at that time formally organized by Bishop Harris, and my appointment read out for Calcutta.

The little Church which had been organized in Calcutta was composed of poor people, and its financial resources were so limited that I could not hope for a rupee for support. I had for a colleague a young man just received on trial, and before the end of the year two others were added, so that we had ample opportunity for testing our newly-adopted principle of self-support. On the occasion of my visit I had been kindly entertained by Mr. and Mrs. F. W. May,

and when it was proposed that I should be appointed to Calcutta, these good friends at once gave me an urgent invitation to make my home with them; and remembering the Master's direction, "In what place soever ye enter into a house, there abide," I thought it my duty to accept their hospitality, although it gave my pride a slight twinge to think I was now to live on the bounty of others. A difficulty, however, soon presented itself. These friends were English Wesleyans, and were active members of their own Church in Calcutta, and it soon became apparent that it would appear a little unseemly for our ministers to be supported by members of other Churches. I mentioned the matter frankly, and proposed to look out for other quarters, but they would not hear of it, and in a few days they settled the matter in the most summary fashion by withdrawing from their own Church and casting in their lot with us. Meanwhile I lacked for nothing. My slender purse was never empty, and I was never in debt. Later in the year the stewards began to give a small monthly allowance to the other preachers, and the next year to myself, but for some time these payments barely covered actual expenses, a list of which was furnished by each preacher.

My regular work in Calcutta began on Sunday, January 25, 1874. Our Sunday evening service was held in a Baptist chapel, in an eastern suburb, and as it had been raining nearly all day, I had a long and dreary walk through muddy streets to my place of

preaching. I shall never forget that evening's walk. I was a stranger in the great city, and perhaps there is no place in the world where a stranger feels more lonely than in the very midst of jostling multitudes in a great city. I thought of my work and its outlook, and felt like one upon whom the very ends of the earth were come. It was too late to retreat, and yet there seemed no way to advance. I reached the chapel and found about a hundred persons present, but the meeting was a dull one, and the outlook rather cheerless. The next Sunday evening I could notice no increase in the congregation, and the third Sunday again showed little signs of improvement. The attendance was small, and the meetings dull and spiritless. Meanwhile our new church, or preaching-hall, as Father Taylor proposed to call it, was approaching completion. This had been a notable work of faith, and was to be crowned with blessing. At a time when he had few friends and scarcely any members, Father Taylor had determined to erect this building, and the steward whom God selected to pay the chief part of its cost was the Rev. George Bowen, of Bombay, a man who had years before voluntarily relinquished all income except a nominal sum of less than $150 a year. In an unexpected way, and from an unexpected source, the sum of ten thousand rupees had come into the possession of this man of faith, and hearing of the new enterprise in Calcutta, he at once sent the whole amount to help in the erection of the building. The

new chapel was intended to seat a congregation of four hundred persons, and we were all very glad and thankful when on the evening of its dedication it was filled in every part. The next Sunday evening it was crowded, and we had to bring in chairs from neighboring houses. On the third Sunday evening I went early so as to attend a meeting for Bengalis which had been appointed for half past four. While at this meeting I saw some Europeans come in, and, supposing they had made a mistake, I went to them and explained that the English service would not begin for another hour. "We know the time," was the reply, "but we have come early so as to be sure of getting a seat." For the first time it dawned upon my dull mind that our crowded congregation was to be permanent, and I remembered with a feeling of astonishment the prophecy of the good lady who had first invited me to Calcutta. It went on thus, night after night, until six hundred regular hearers were packed into a room which comfortably held only four hundred, and in the most sweltering weather many of these people would sit patiently for an hour or more, waiting for the service to begin. When it did not rain seventy-five seats were placed outside the rear windows, and in addition to these the doors and windows were always thronged with people standing.

This crowded attendance would have been unsatisfactory enough if there had been no work of salvation attending it, but this was not wanting. At the dedi-

catory service two rose to ask for the prayers of the congregation, and this was the beginning of a work which went steadily forward with increasing power until, before the close of that year, three hundred persons had been converted to God. Many of these were members of other Churches, and did not connect themselves with us, but many others were drawn in from the outside world, and took their places permanently among us. The genuineness of the work was attested by the remarkable hold which it gained upon the more abandoned and godless classes. An inmate of a house of refuge was taken to one of the meetings by a Christian lady, and on her way home was asked how she liked it. "It is the strangest church I ever saw," was her reply. "It seemed to me that all the bad people in Calcutta were there." It was the New Testament ministry of Christ repeating itself again in our day. The Friend of sinners was there, and the very classes who are supposed to have no religious interest of any kind flocked around him, as in olden time. A year later I found, by actual count, that twenty-five per cent. of all the members thus gathered in had before their conversion been intemperate persons.

Throughout this year we had conversions, not only on every Sunday evening, but at almost every meeting which we held, and the work of revival which was then commenced has never wholly ceased. Every Sunday evening service during the past ten years has been conducted as a revival service, and if it so hap-

pens that two or three Sundays pass in succession without any one being converted, the fact occasions surprise, and is accepted as a cause for heart-searching and humiliation. The work of conversion was very simple, but it was also very genuine. Throughout this year I met with many instances of persons finding peace with God while listening to the preaching. One Sunday evening I went into the pulpit while suffering from fever, and preached with no little difficulty. I hardly knew what I was saying, and at the close was about to dismiss the congregation without a prayer-meeting, when it occurred to me that it might be well to pursue the usual course, if for nothing else than that the people might know that we *always* wished to see them turn to God. I accordingly called on awakened sinners to come forward for prayers, and, to my extreme surprise, sixteen persons promptly rose and walked forward. I talked with these persons, one by one, and found that seven of them had found peace in believing while listening to my blundering attempt to preach. I was astonished beyond measure, and humbled in the dust, as I perceived how very little the success of the work depended upon the quality of my sermons.

With this influx of new members it became necessary to organize the Church more perfectly. A Sunday-school was formally organized on the day of dedication, and quickly rose to to a state of prosperity and usefulness. A few official members had been

appointed before, but they had not entered upon the discharge of their duties. A devoted mother in Israel, then and still known familiarly as "Mother Freude," had acted as steward, treasurer, and general agent for Father Taylor, and now, after giving a good account of her stewardship, she resigned her responsibilities into the hands of the official board, and all the work of the Church began to move forward smoothly in its regular grooves. A new Christian organization had taken its place among the Christian Churches of Calcutta, and henceforth was to do its full share in evangelizing the eight hundred thousand souls of that great city.

It would be too much to say that the work of revival which began at this time was the real beginning of all the revival work which has followed in Calcutta, but perhaps no one would now deny that it had a most important influence upon it. The spiritual life of the Calcutta Churches had been at a very low ebb, and very little success had attended the labors of the missionary societies during the previous two or three years. It had been affirmed in the columns of the leading non-Christian paper in the city that not a single baptism had taken place for a year, and beyond all doubt an impression was abroad among the Hindus and Mohammedans that it was no longer possible for Christian missionaries to make converts. All this was changed in the year 1874. Mr. Moody had just commenced his great meetings in Scotland, and the

evangelical pastors of Calcutta were moved to unite in a series of revival meetings, which God richly blessed. A deep and powerful impression was made upon the whole city, and a new faith and courage took possession of Christians of all names and denominations. The Bengali Christians felt the impulse of this movement, and not only were there numerous baptisms of converts during the year, but these baptisms have been of frequent occurrence ever since, and no longer excite surprise or even attention when they are reported.

It had been my firm conviction that a genuine work of grace among the English-speaking Christians of India would inevitably affect the non-Christian people around them, and hence I made no formal attempt to begin what is called "mission work" in the city, but hoped to see the people reached through the agency of our own converted people. From the first we had a small sprinkling of Hindus in our congregations, and very soon we had the nucleus of a small congregation of Bengali Christians. Native Christians in India are very much like native Christians in America. They are made up of saved and unsaved people, and as in America many are very ungodly, so in India many who bear the Christian name have no conception whatever of the power of a Christian life. In Calcutta a large number of nominal Christians were to be found, many of whom had renounced every semblance of the Christian life, while others

were maintaining an outward form, though wholly ignorant of the inward power of the Gospel. One of this latter class was powerfully awakened in one of our meetings in 1874, and soon after obtained the clear witness of the Spirit to his adoption into God's family. He was a man of intelligence and respectable position, and became our first Bengali class-leader, and in due time our first Bengali local preacher, and at times he has since acted as pastor of our Bengali Church. Around this brother a little Church gathered, growing thus out of the roots of the English Church, and when, two years later, we left our first place of worship, it was made over to our Bengali brethren. This Church has now an active membership of about one hundred, a Sunday-school and day-school with over a hundred pupils, and a substantial brick parsonage, in which their European pastor, himself born, educated, and converted in Calcutta, finds a comfortable and happy home.

Note.—The reference in the preceding chapter to the Rev. George Bowen calls for a further word of explanation. This excellent missionary not only relinquished his entire salary as a missionary, but strictly limited his income to a mere subsistence allowance. Acting from a conviction of duty, he accepts only enough as payment for his literary labors to enable him to live in a style of rigid simplicity, and when he entered upon this course he deliberately fixed this compensation so low as to leave "a margin for trust," that is, to leave him in part dependent upon such help as God might send him. For many years he has, while living so simply himself, been the chosen steward through whom God has helped many others. J. M. T.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SECOND YEAR IN CALCUTTA.

WITH the approach of the cold season of 1874–5, it became a very serious question with us how to provide for the increasing numbers who thronged our little church. It seemed probable that the congregation might be nearly doubled if we could only provide room for the people, but no larger place could be found in the city, except the Town Hall, which could not be made available for our purposes. Meanwhile a new theater was soon to be opened in our street, and it occurred to me that we might solve our difficulty, and at the same time carry the war into Africa itself, by securing this place for Sunday evenings. This was accordingly done, and a lease of the theater secured for Sunday nights at a rental of one hundred rupees a night. The announcement of this new step created no little interest in the city. The project was warmly attacked in the daily papers, and as warmly defended, and the somewhat heated discussion which followed served admirably to advertise the meetings. When the first meeting was held the place was crowded in every part, the doors were packed, and many stood on the flat roof of an adjacent house. The second meeting convinced us that the

theater would be as much too small as the church had been, and almost immediately the question of building a new church, or tabernacle, began to be discussed. The necessity for such a place was so apparent that there was very little room for controversy, but the ways and means of proceeding with an enterprise of such magnitude were as yet hidden from our view.

Meanwhile the work of salvation went steadily forward in the theater as it had done in the church. Large numbers were awakened and converted, and we were all soon quite at home in our new and strange surroundings. The offense, however, which our procedure had caused did not cease. Many people, who paid freely to see and hear the actresses perform their parts on the stage of this same theater, were grieved in spirit when they heard that Christian ladies were permitted to lift their voices in prayer and testimony within the same walls and on the same stage. They could endure the idea of woman's voice being used freely in the service of the world and the devil, but their pious prejudices could not be reconciled to such an act of sacrilege as the employment of woman's voice in her Master's service, especially in this high place of the world. One evening I shocked the prejudices of many by an unpremeditated act which I have never found any reason to regret. Among those who professed conversion was a young man from Ceylon, a Buddhist in religion, who seemed to be clearly converted. I spoke to him about baptism,

and he at once expressed his willingness to receive the ordinance then and there. Assuming that no one would forbid water for such a purpose, I asked one of the brethren to get some, while I proceeded with an improvised form of service to baptize the new convert. It so happened that no water could be found in the theater, and a request had to be sent to an adjacent house, the inmates of which, under the impression that some one wanted a drink, sent in an ordinary tumbler filled with water. I took this in my hand without a thought of impropriety of any kind, and baptized the young man in the name of the Holy Trinity; but, in doing so, I had unwittingly shocked and grieved many tender souls. To their minds the procedure had in it all the elements of an act of glaring sacrilege. To do such a thing in a theater, and to baptize out of a common tumbler, and to ignore the usual forms of service, and to combine all these improprieties in the case of a youth who had not been a Christian more than thirty minutes, was a little too much for many who had been all their lives accustomed to rigid forms, and who were in many cases falling under the influence of the reviving ritualism of some of the Anglican Churches.

My first year in Calcutta closed in the midst of these scenes, and as I reviewed its events I was amazed at the wide door which God had opened to us. The anniversary of the lonely first Sunday which I had spent in the city came round, and I sat in my room

thinking of my long walk up the muddy street, and of the dark cheerless evenings, and the dull meetings in the obscure little chapel, and contrasted this with what I then saw, and with the amazing prospect which God had set before me. While thus engaged a messenger brought me a note from a very poor widow, not at that time a member of our Church, who begged me to accept the sum of sixty-three rupees, as an offering from her sister and herself toward the erection of a new and larger place for worship in Calcutta. The money had been saved by close and long-continued economy, and had been intended for another purpose; but finding that it would not be needed for the first object, this devoted successor to the widow who cast in the mites in the temple, determined to send the money to me, as an offering for the work which as yet existed only in her own faith. To Mrs. Maria Littlepage, now a saint in glory, belongs the credit of initiating what was to us at that time an enterprise of most formidable proportions. I read her note, and was at once impressed that it was a token from God for me to undertake boldly the work for which this first payment had been made. "If God," I reasoned, "can move one of the very poorest widows in the city to give this amount, he can easily move upon the hearts of others to give whatever amounts may be needed. My decision was made, and at the close of the service in the theater the same evening I related the incident,

and announced that we would forthwith undertake the erection of a building large enough to hold all the people who wished to hear God's word preached. God had greatly blessed us during the year, and yet we were a very poor people, and it seemed most improbable that we would be able to accomplish such an undertaking. I went home feeling that I had crossed a very wide Rubicon. It was too late to retreat, and impossible to stand still, and there was nothing left for us but to advance boldly, trusting for success to Him "who only doeth wondrous things."

The next Sunday evening I asked for a collection in the theater, and received four thousand four hundred rupees in cash and pledges. This was considered an astonishing sum to receive at a Sunday collection, and most of our people were greatly elated; but I knew very well that this was the merest fraction of the ultimate cost—in fact, not one fourth of the cost of a site alone. We were more fully committed to the enterprise, but that was about all. The great work was still before us, and it was abundantly evident that every nerve of every member of our Church must be put upon its utmost strain in order to succeed in our undertaking; and right royally did the people devote themselves to the work. Scores of collecting books were in circulation, old and young were alike busy, and the whole Church and Sunday-school seemed as if transformed into a vast ant-hill on which every one was incessantly working. Mean-

while generous friends rallied to our aid, and some liberal subscriptions were received; but after doing our utmost it was nearly a year before we had enough money in hand to enable us to purchase our site, for which we had to pay nearly twenty thousand rupees. Sixty thousand more would be needed to pay for the building and its equipments, and our enterprise began to look more formidable than ever. Our people could now see clearly, not only the gigantic proportions of the work which they had undertaken, but also the measure of their own ability, and it is to their credit that I am able to say that their enthusiasm showed no signs of flagging, and their faith seemed to rise with the clearer discovery of their difficulties. One year after the first public collection had been taken, I made another appeal to a smaller congregation, and although they had been drained almost constantly throughout the year, they actually gave three thousand rupees more than on the first occasion. They were evidently learning how to give, but they had not yet reached the full measure of their liberality.

I had some difficulty in getting a plan for the building, and as I was to leave for America at the close of February, I began to feel a little uneasy about getting the work put in hand before starting. In India all substantial roofs are made of solid mortar, five or six inches thick, as a protection from the heat, and in order to hold up the enormous weight

of such a roof, nearly all large churches and halls are disfigured by rows of pillars, which offend the eye and often interfere seriously with the hearing of the congregation. I was determined, at whatever cost, to have an audience-room without pillars or roof-supports of any kind, and at last, within a week of my departure, an experienced architect offered to give me what I wanted. My instructions were very brief. "I care very little for the outside of the building," I said, "but insist on a good audience-room. I am like the Irishman, who told how a cannon was made by taking a big hole, and pouring melted brass around it. I give you a big hole, one hundred feet long, sixty wide, and thirty high, and wish you to show how it can be covered in with bricks and mortar." My friend accepted the commission, and in two days not only gave me a good plan, but his firm offered to have the building ready for me on my return from America, at the close of the year, and nobly did they fulfill their promise.

The reader must not suppose that the whole of this year was given up to this building enterprise. So far from it, our work moved steadily forward, and some of its most important developments occurred at this time. Our ladies had heard of the famous Woman's Crusade in Ohio, and during the cold season of 1875 a few of these devoted sisters resolved to make an attempt of the same kind in Calcutta. They accordingly made their appearance one Sunday afternoon

in a street infested with liquor shops, and began to talk, sing, and pray with the seamen whom they found there in large numbers. Their success surpassed their most sanguine expectations. They were received with great respect, and many of the rough but really generous-hearted men wept beneath their words. Several sailors were won from the ways of sin on that first Sunday, and every Sunday since, through the nine long years which have passed, this blessed work has been going steadily forward. At present two parties of ladies go out every Sunday afternoon, and it is not probable that a work which has been persevered in so long, and which God has so richly blessed through all these years, will soon be given up. It must not be supposed, however, that our ladies limited their efforts to the sailors who visited our port. They were instant in every good word and work, and in every department of Church labor rendered most timely and efficient service.

It would have been contrary to all experience, and to what might have been expected in the case of even good and devoted Christian men, if our sudden irruption into Calcutta, and our demonstrative ways and aggressive measures, had not provoked a little opposition, and created a certain kind of misgiving in some minds. In those first two years I found it necessary to step somewhat tenderly, and at times to hold my own just rights in abeyance lest some little one might be offended. It was commonly supposed

that I was engaged in vigorous efforts to make proselytes from other Churches, whereas I observed what I now regard as an extreme reticence upon the subject of Church membership. Many who were nominal members of other communions sought the Lord at our meetings, and when left to their own spiritual guides were either neglected, or taught to regard their new experience as illusory. If the work of those two years were to be done over again, I should not feel it my duty to let so many of the converts go practically uncared for as I did then. And yet, while making this slight reference to the little friction which in some instances took place, I am glad to put it upon record that the pastors and Christian people generally gave us a more cordial and fraternal welcome than would have been accorded to a new and demonstrative people in an English or American town. From the very first some of our best friends were found among the members of the other Churches, and all through the years which have followed we have been placed under constant obligations to good men and women whose hearts have been turned toward us, but who remain loyal members of their own organizations. It was a Baptist missionary, the Rev. G. Kerry, who placed his chapel at Father Taylor's disposal when every door in the city seemed closed against him, and ministers and members of other Churches rendered us very valuable services in our meetings. Among these was Miss

Mary E. Leslie, the daughter and granddaughter of a Baptist missionary, a gifted writer and devoted worker in her Master's vineyard. This Baptist Phœbe threw herself heartily into our work, and proved so successful in training new converts that I formally appointed her a class-leader, and in this capacity she rendered us most efficient service. At the close of every quarter she would present one or more probationers as suitable persons for admission into full membership, and always seemed as glad to see them admitted as if they were becoming Baptists. I was well aware that I was doing a very irregular thing in appointing this Baptist lady to fill the position of a Methodist class-leader, but it was one of those acts of audacious irregularity which God seemed in a special manner to approve, and which during the four years that she filled this office, we never had the slightest reason to regret.

At a very early stage of our work in Calcutta the claims of the seamen in port were brought prominently before us. Many of these men came to our meetings, where they were awakened and saved, and Christian captains frequently asked us to hold meetings on their vessels. From the very first I was struck with the extraordinary readiness with which these children of the sea received the word. It was a very common occurrence to see half a dozen or more sailors converted in a single meeting. One evening I was invited to preach on a large ship, and

found about sixty men and boys collected "between decks," the place having been tastefully fitted up for the occasion. At the close of the sermon I made a direct and earnest appeal to them to decide the question of their salvation at once by giving up their sins and giving their hearts to God. I then called upon all who were willing so to decide to raise their hands, when, to my surprise, it seemed as if more than half of those present at once responded by holding up the right hand. At first I supposed that I had been misunderstood, and that many of those who gave the token did not really mean to take so momentous a step as that of forsaking sin and becoming true Christians, but I very soon discovered that they understood perfectly what they were doing. Many of them were deeply convicted, and all seemed thoroughly in earnest. God was manifestly in our midst, and was clearly indicating that he had a rich harvest for us to reap among these strangers from the sea. I have never been able fully to account for the undoubted fact that seamen, as a class, are more impressible than any other men in the world. In those days, in 1875, I was just making this discovery, and it was to me a very great surprise. During the nine years which have since passed I have had abundant opportunities for further observation, and have become convinced, beyond all possibility of doubt, that such is the fact. I have often preached to a thousand persons, among whom there would be perhaps fifty

sailors, and when, at the close of the meeting, a call would be made for seekers, a dozen of the fifty seamen would come forward, while perhaps only one or two of the nine hundred and fifty landsmen would respond in like manner.

At the close of 1874 our work among the seamen had become so important that one of our young preachers, Thomas H. Oakes, was set apart exclusively for this field. He had himself felt a call in that direction, and, when released from other duties, he gave himself to the work with great enthusiasm, and was greatly blessed in his labors. It was still our day of financial small things, and as each man was thrown for support upon those to whom he ministered, the outlook was not very cheering for our young missionary to the seamen. The support, however, was not lacking. At first he took up his quarters on board a ship lying in the river, and when her time for sailing came the Christian captain of another vessel invited him to shift his quarters on board his ship, and thus he moved from one ship to another as he received invitation, and literally found his support from those to whom he ministered. In due time, however, this plan was found to be attended with serious difficulties, and a room was rented in the fort, which served as head-quarters until we were ready to make a new advance. This advance was not long delayed, and when it came it led us out into a wider field than we had anticipated. From the first we had

felt the need of some place of refuge into which poor Jack could be led when taken out of the liquor shop, or to which he might go when he came ashore. For a year or more some of our people opened their houses freely to these friendless men, but a few private houses could not be made to meet the wants of two thousand men, especially when, as very often happened, a pretty large proportion of the men were tipsy. A coffee-room, with a chapel and reading-room attached, seemed to be the thing required; but the opening of such a place involved an amount of expense which, at that day, made the project seem impossible. For months we talked about it, and made plan after plan, but each in turn came to nothing.

One day Mrs. May, who from the first had taken a leading part in our seamen's work, asked me to go with her to see if we could rent a suitable building in a street frequented by sailors. Supposing that she had some special building in view, I went with her at once, and when she stopped the carriage in the middle of the street I asked her to point out the house. "O, any of these houses will do," she said, "I merely wished you to see if we could rent one of them." I laughed heartily at her simplicity. "The cheapest of these houses," I replied, "will cost us two hundred rupees a month, and with our new church to build where are we to find the money?" It was simplicity, indeed, but it was the simplicity of faith.

Two years later we rented one of those very buildings for *four hundred* rupees a month, and have kept it at the same rate ever since. We are often stronger than we know, and even after God has rebuked our unbelief by a hundred striking interpositions we still remain "fools and slow of heart to believe."

Our first beginning with a coffee-room was in the little suburb of Hastings, which lies below Calcutta, on the river bank, and near enough to a part of the shipping to make it accessible to the sailors. Here Mr. Oakes rented a one-storied house, and by subletting some of the rooms, and husbanding his resources carefully, he was able to keep an attractive place for the sailors, and also maintain religious services, which were richly owned and blessed by God. In due time this work became exceedingly fruitful, and much of its fruit still remains in various parts of the world. At a single meeting, held in March, 1876, no less than forty men professed conversion. This seamen's work has had a wide development since those earlier days, and still is abundantly blessed, but never has it enjoyed more signal tokens of God's favor than during that earlier period of foundation-laying.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE SOUTH INDIA CONFERENCE.

IN a previous chapter mention has been made of the organization by Bishop Harris of the "Bombay and Bengal Mission." By this arrangement all of India which was not included in what was then the India Conference was placed on the basis of a foreign mission, the members of which held their membership in the India Conference, as missionaries in Japan retain their connection with Conferences in America. This arrangement was only intended to be temporary, and while it afforded an important relief for the time being, it was attended with serious difficulties in its practical working; and when the General Conference of 1876 drew near, there was a common understanding that a better organization would be asked for. The Conference met in January of that year at Cawnpore, and as the whole of India was represented in the body, the discusssion of the future position of Methodism in the empire was a most important feature of the session. It was not the first choice of these missionaries that the future Conference should be divided according to missionary policy rather than geographical convenience, and at one time a resolution had actually passed the Conference asking for two

Annual Conferences of about equal geographical extent; but other complications having arisen, it was finally decided that the original Conference should remain unchanged, while all the rest of India should be included in a new Conference. The General Conference adopted this plan, and thus was organized what has since been known as the South India Conference.

For one, I regarded this unwieldy organization with a measure of misgiving from the first. It had some elements of strength in it, but others of weakness. It was made up of about a dozen churches, or circuits, for the most part isolated from one another, so that each missionary was left almost wholly to himself. These churches had developed a remarkable spiritual life and activity, and had proved themselves worthy of the high responsibility now placed upon them. The missionaries had proved themselves men of faith and pluck, and there was no discount upon the integrity of any one of their number. The work was essentially indigenous, and not only did the churches sustain all the ministers, but they were thrusting out their own sons into the field, and thus showing that they would continue to live and flourish though every American missionary should be withdrawn. But while these strong points could be mentioned in favor of the new Conference, there were other weak points about its organization which were seen and pointed out at the time, but which were not

sufficiently appreciated by those on whom responsibility rested.

In the first place, the work was to be missionary in its character, and its main object was to be the conversion of the heathen; but no provision was made for initiating the missionaries into this work. There were only two men in the Conference who had ever had any experience in actual missionary work; each man was left in his isolated station to adopt such plans as he pleased, or to adopt no plan at all; and the result was that some blundered, while others worked unsatisfactorily. It was clearly understood that the distinctive policy of the new Conference was to be that of attempting to enlist the English speaking Christians of India in missionary work, but very few seemed to have any idea of the immense difficulty of such an undertaking, and no attempt was made to adopt any particular method of work. Hence some had recourse to the old-time policy of collecting money and hiring native Christians to preach or teach; others tried to enlist the English-speaking people in voluntary work; while others again did nothing, and in a short time became mere pastors of small English churches. It is no reflection upon the personal worth of the men who were intrusted with this work, to say that a majority of them were unfitted for the peculiar duties which were laid upon them. Scarcely any one among them had developed any aptitude for learning languages; some were young

and raw, with no experience whatever as preachers, while others were above the age at which missionaries are usually sent abroad. For ordinary work among English or American people the whole band would have been effective enough, but for the very peculiar work which we had undertaken, a work which required special qualifications, these brave and true men did not seem, in all cases, to be the right men in the right place. One of our older members, himself no longer in India, once said to us, with most humorous frankness, "Brethren, if we succeed in this work God ought to have all the glory, for it is certain that *we* cannot lay claim to any share of it." Another mistake which was made was that of assuming that we had solved our problem before we had really comprehended its terms. A few natives had been converted, but they had been very few, and not many of our missionaries had any conception of the immense tide of difficulties which the conversion of fifty Hindus would bring upon those who effected the work. We had two great tasks before us, and both were formidable enough. We had, in the first place, to enlist our English-speaking people in missionary work, and then to lead them forward to aggressive and victorious efforts to win the people to Christ. It was a great undertaking, and one which was beset with peculiar difficulties; but its real nature was not very clearly understood.

It is a strange thing to say, but I have often thought

that our somewhat vaunted, and also much criticised, principle of self-support was just a little of a snare to some in those first days, and has remained so ever since. It was not clearly defined at first, and has been a shifting term all along. It was assumed, to some extent, that this principle would prove an element of power, and great things were expected of us by reason of it; but it was easy enough to see that a self-supporting Conference in India need not differ materially from a self-supporting Conference in America. We adopted this principle for several reasons. Some of us had been distinctly called to this kind of work. It was considered very desirable to try, at least, to develop a self-supporting work among the natives; and it was believed that such a work, commenced among English-speaking people, would propagate itself among the natives. Moreover, there was no possibility at that time, and certainly there was no necessity, of getting aid from the Missionary Society. In 1872 it might have been possible, but the long financial depression which followed kept the Missionary Society for years in a state of serious indebtedness, and had we waited for money from home with which to do our work, it is safe to say that it would never have been done. But there was nothing in this principle which of itself could give us either life or power. When a man, or a number of men, receive a divine call to a work, and are endued with power for their work, the principle of

trusting God for support may become an important part of their commission; but, after all, it is a subordinate principle, and becomes perfectly lifeless when separated from the call, and from the holy anointing which makes obedience to the call possible. In our own case, there is reason to fear that too much has been made of an incidental principle, and too little of the great call which God in his providence gave us.

And yet it ought to be said at this point, that this principle of self-support has been, and still is, one which cannot be lightly given up. If the Conference has not worked out its problem in all respects wisely or successfully, it has, nevertheless, done a good and great work. It has stimulated others; it has led the Church forward to advanced positions; it has demonstrated that great results can be achieved by earnest labor coupled with dependence upon God and his promises; and it has kindled holy fires all over India which will burn on until the whole empire is aflame. In the somewhat heated discussions which have at times been raised over the peculiar policy of the Conference, it has been felt too generally that this its peculiar glory was the special object of attack, and that nothing short of an unconditional surrender of principle would remove the objections of those who looked upon its plan of operations with misgivings. A more excellent way would be thankfully to accept this principle, carefully to guard it, and prayerfully and cautiously to extend it. The time must very

soon come when the mistrust, if I may use so strong a term, with which this new work has been viewed will give place to a better feeling, and when it will be found practicable to utilize in India all the money which the Church can possibly spare, without stifling developments of this kind which deserve the most tender encouragement and the most unreserved confidence of the Church.

The immense territorial extent of our Conference was one of the weakest features of its organization. At our first session a married brother received an appointment which involved a removal of twenty-five hundred miles, and year after year we have had the spectacle of preachers going from five hundred to two thousand miles to Conference, and families moving like distances to new appointments. The cheerfulness with which our people have paid the cost of these immense journeys has really been wonderful. The loss of time, too, which these long journeys involve is very serious. Some preachers have to be absent from their work a full month, while others are kept away two or three weeks, making an aggregate loss of labor which can illy be spared in such a work as ours. The same question of distance has made the administration of the Conference very difficult. The presiding elders have been, for the most part, pastors as well, and have, consequently, found it impossible to make prolonged, or even frequent, visits to the isolated stations. The result has been that the work

has been badly superintended, and this has been one of its chief defects from the very first.

I point out these peculiarities of the South India Conference freely and frankly, but I do not underrate the success which has attended it, or the noble opportunities which even yet are set before us. It is too soon to write the history of the Conference, but in due time, probably after its present members are all dead, the story will be told, and a worthy story will it be. We have done well, but we might have done much better. We have not realized the high hopes with which we set out, but we have accomplished enough to afford us ground for profound gratitude and renewed faith and courage.

The reader in America will perhaps wonder why we did not adopt a better organization, or at least correct the one we had as soon as its defects were discovered. It is more than probable that we would have done so had the whole matter been left to the men in India, but we were hedged in by various powers and laws. We wanted, and knew that we must have, a legal organization, and a legal standing before the Church. We could only make choice of the Annual Conference. A foreign mission at that time had no legal status in the Church, and even if we had chosen that form of organization, it would have had the same drawbacks, without the compensations which we found in the Annual Conference. We were in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and wished

to remain in it, and hence had to adapt our measures to the forms of organization which the Church offered, and that within lines which the authorities in America approved. Perhaps the real lesson which the history of those years teaches is, that the Church should adopt more flexible machinery as her work extends to the ends of the earth, and not insist on applying uniform cast-iron forms of organization among all nations and in all ages. The Church which aims at universality must not shrink from flexible methods. As Dr. Punshon once said, when speaking on a kindred subject, so may we now say of the Church of Asbury: "Let the grand old tree stand firmly rooted as ever; but for God's sake do let its branches wave freely in every breeze of heaven." Thus far the Methodist Episcopal Church has not acted upon this wise policy in administering her foreign missions, and while the branches have been kept from free motion in the healthful breeze, the roots have sometimes refused to strike deep into the soil beneath.

The extension of our work to important points in all parts of the great Indian empire has accomplished one providential purpose, the ultimate effects of which can hardly be overestimated. It has not only opened the doors of the whole vast empire to us, but has laid upon us a responsibility from which we cannot shrink. Our converts already speak a dozen Eastern tongues, and among the people who speak each of these lan-

guages a field of labor opens before us far wider and more important than that which our Church regarded as in a special sense her own a quarter of a century ago. At no point can we retreat, while at every point we are urged forward. No other Protestant organization, except the Church of England, has stretched out its arms so far, or has undertaken a task of such gigantic proportions. Perhaps when the history of our Conference comes to be written it will be recorded as its chief achievement, the special service for which God raised it up, that it led the Church forward to a work which otherwise never would have been assumed. What this means very few even now can in any measure realize. The founding of churches and schools, the organizing of Conferences, the creation of a literature in a dozen or twenty different languages, the adaptation of ecclesiastical machinery to new conditions, the provision to be made for ever-recurring new emergencies, these and other like tasks lie before us, and must be resolutely taken up in the near future.

The South India Conference, as a single body, has very nearly finished its course. It has been generally conceded from the first that its vast distances must be reduced as soon as possible, and a division of its territory will, no doubt, take place in a few years at furthest. The new bodies which may be formed out of it will, no doubt, inherit much of its spirit and some features of its policy; but the Conference

itself will have run its course, and its work will be left to speak for itself. In the past there has been an almost unreasonable impatience in demanding results, an impatience in strange contrast with the cheerful waiting for harvest-time in other fields; but as the years go by the true value of the work accomplished will, no doubt, become more clearly manifest, and both friends and doubters enabled to see that God has been with his servants and has guided their steps. The first division of the Conference may be into only two bodies, but very soon there will be five Annual Conferences where now there is but one. And when the five, fully equipped and organized, begin to move forward in their respective fields, winning victories and gathering resources for still greater achievements in the years to come, it will be clearly seen and everywhere admitted, that our present day of small things was the ushering in of that brighter day of prosperity and progress.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AT GENERAL CONFERENCE.

THE occasional visits which many missionaries are permitted to make to their native lands do much, if properly improved, to complete their training, not only for service in the mission field, but for an intelligent support of the great cause to which their lives are consecrated. In May, 1876, it was my privilege to attend the General Conference, at Baltimore, as a delegate from the India Annual Conference, and while there I had ample opportunities for learning new lessons. Our missionaries all over the world are accustomed to look forward to the sessions of the General Conference with a great deal of interest and hope. Indeed, throughout the Church generally, there is a disposition to look to this body to initiate all new measures, and direct all the great movements which may from time to time engross the attention of our people.

Nothing could have exceeded the kindness with which I was received by the delegates. It was enough to let it be known that I was a missionary from India to secure the most considerate attention, and I was soon convinced that any measure which the missionaries, as a body, might ask for, would be

considered cheerfully, provided always that it could be kept disentangled from interests in America. Delegates from all sections of the country were all alike in their manifestations of kindly feeling, and if at any point we failed to receive the attention which the importance of so great a work demanded, the fault certainly could not be laid at the door of our personal unpopularity. It was very soon evident, however, that we could expect very little from such a body at such a time. The great question of that session was a proposal to make the Presiding Eldership an elective office, and a feverish state of excitement prevailed upon this subject, which made it practically impossible to secure prolonged attention to any thing else. A few measures were passed in the interest of foreign missions, some of them of an important character, but no attempt was made, or at that time could have been made, to go very deep beneath the surface of our general missionary interests. A very few days' observation convinced me that great measures, of whatever kind, must be elaborated, and in a manner popularized elsewhere, so as to command the confidence of the Church, and then be brought forward for formal sanction. A busy, overweighted, and somewhat mercurial legislative body of this kind is the last place in which to inaugurate a movement which is designed to affect the whole Church.

Another observation which I was not long in mak-

ing was, that this great body, with its immense responsibilities and limited time, would never be able, as a permanent arrangement, to legislate for a Church spread out over the whole globe. In the first place, it must necessarily be a physical impossibility. The work in hand could not be attended to satisfactorily, and it was manifest at a glance that the new and strange questions which must from time to time arise in twenty or more foreign countries, could never obtain a fair hearing, to say nothing of a proper solution, from such a body. In the next place, it was quickly evident that all questions from abroad would be pressed into American molds, and that antipodal legislation would not in every case adapt a proper means to a desired end. Lastly, it was constantly evident that every proposed measure would be, first of all, weighed in the balance with American interests, and if it were found to interfere with these it would stand a very poor chance of adoption. One week at the General Conference convinced me that in the fullness of time there must be a legislative body, with carefully defined powers, in each separate nationality.

The real work at a General Conference session, as is generally known, is done in large committees. The Committee on Missions on this occasion was a very large one, having eighty or more members, and its sessions were sometimes enlivened by very animated and thorough discussions. At the first regular

meeting I asked for the appointment of a subcommittee on the revision of the Chapter on Missions in the Discipline, and the request was not only granted, but I was courteously named as chairman, and thus found an opportunity of doing what had been before my mind for nearly seventeen years. By introducing a few slight changes into this chapter, the legal status of a foreign mission was established, the duties of a superintendent specified, and, for the first time, a legal standing was given to him, while the Annual Meeting was elevated to the position of a District Conference. The Committee readily adopted our report, and it passed the General Conference without a word of discussion. Had this very simple, and manifestly necessary, step been taken thirty years earlier, it would have been better for the interests of more than one of our foreign missions, and Dr. Butler, I am sure, would have found a less perplexing problem to solve when he organized our first work in Oudh and Rohilcund. I was very sorely tempted to ask for further changes in this chapter, but quickly discovered that it would be wiser to reduce our demands to the narrowest possible limit, and especially to ask for nothing which would in any way affect any parties in the Church at home.

A number of missionaries were present at the General Conference, among whom Drs. Scott and Wilson, of India, and Mr. Ohlinger, of China, were courteously invited to take part in the discussions of

the Committee. Dr. Scott was exceedingly anxious to have the question of the separation of the home and foreign work discussed, and when it was brought forward he spoke with great clearness and force in favor of a division; but he might as well have spoken to the winds. No one contended that our people did not wish to give more to the foreign work, but all seemed perfectly content with the statement that the money was needed in the West and South, and when the vote was taken only five or six favored a change. Still more significant was the treatment of a motion to amend the article in the Constitution of the Missionary Society, which makes it seem that a donor may specify to what field he wishes to have his contribution sent, while, as a practical fact, it is ordinarily distributed equally among all the different fields to which the Society sends its money. There was no possible evading of the question, and the only defense set up was that the accounts were so kept that it would appear on the books that the money was credited to the mission specified, as if the question were merely one of book-keeping! It was contended by the missionaries that the principle was wrong, that a healthy liberality could only be stimulated and maintained by letting the people know what was done with their money, and allowing them, as far as possible, to give it for the West, South, or foreign field, as they might choose; and it was earnestly, and as I still believe truthfully, represented that both the home and

foreign work suffer seriously because many people see no way of giving their money according to their convictions of duty. It was useless, however, to talk. The missionaries received a patient and kind hearing, but, amid jokes and laughter, it was decided by an overwhelming majority to leave the article in the Constitution unchanged, and where it still remains, a big fly in a pot of very precious ointment.

The proposal to organize the South India Conference, with immensely extended boundaries, met with no opposition, and excited very little discussion. I briefly explained that the division would be a most unequal one. "If you were to organize," I said, "the State of Connecticut into one Conference, and all the rest of the country east of the Mississippi into another, you would have a division very much like that which is proposed for India." One of the leading ministers of the Church replied, "That is all right. We pursue the same policy at home. The older Conferences are small and compact, and those on the frontier large and sometimes inconvenient." I did not reply that in India we had no "frontier," in the American sense of the word, but thought it best to accept the inevitable, and wait till a better arrangement could be made.

My position at this General Conference, and throughout my brief stay in America, was, in one respect, a very awkward one. I had returned to America with an earnest hope of finding a band of

young men for our new work, and I had also hoped to secure some help for our new church in Calcutta; but it soon became evident that I must work with both hands tied, and that at best I could do very little. The Missionary Society was heavily burdened by debt, and could not have rendered any material aid under any circumstances. Moreover, the old-time policy of the Board was still in force, by which missionaries from abroad were precluded from soliciting money for any object outside of the regular appropriations, and all contributions were made to pass through the Missionary Society's treasury. A missionary from Alabama or Colorado could range through the length and breadth of the land, and collect money freely for any church or school in which he had an interest, but not so with his brother from China or India. As I was no longer in the pay of the Missionary Society, it seemed doubtful whether I should be longer bound by this rule, but another difficulty met me from quite a different direction. Father Taylor had not at that time adopted the policy of soliciting money for his work, and to avoid misunderstanding, and at the same time keep any from saying that he was lessening the ordinary collections, he begged me to abstain from all direct solicitation of money. He regarded our new work as his own, in an important sense, and, in view of all the facts, I thought it right to respect his wishes, but I quickly found that while thus hedged about I could accom-

plish very little, and that my visit to America must prove a practical failure.

One day during the General Conference session a young man sent for me, and after making certain inquiries offered himself unreservedly for our South India work. He had excellent recommendations, and seemed admirably adapted to our work, but there was no money with which to pay his passage to India. I suggested that he should collect the amount needed himself, but he replied that he could not possibly do it. "I could do it, and would gladly do it," he said, "for any one else, but I cannot do it for myself." I was sorely perplexed over this case, and began to feel keenly that I was placed in a very embarrassing position. This feeling was intensified as I discovered that many entertained the gravest doubts in regard to the permanence of our work. One of the highest officials of the Church said to me, in the presence of one of the Bishops, "In a year at the farthest you will be out of that work. It will not hold together." An elderly minister took me aside and asked me to tell him, confidentially, just what I thought of it. Was it worthy of confidence, or was it not? I had come home fondly anticipating a generous and enthusiastic support, and to my surprise I found my way blocked up, and many regarding the work, on which I had staked every thing, with undisguised distrust. It is too late now to correct the mistakes of those days, but I have never ceased to regret that a better policy

had not been agreed upon. Had the Church placed her broad seal of confidence upon us, and had I been authorized boldly to search out six or more choice young men for our field, without restriction as to the means of getting them to their destination, the past eight years of our history would almost certainly have been, in some important respects, very much more prosperous than they have been. It was a critical period in our work, and we threw away a golden opportunity by not acting promptly and vigorously.

During the few months that I remained in America I did not wholly refrain from soliciting money, especially during the camp-meeting season. I only went so far, however, as to ask persons to pay the cost of one or more chairs in the church, and a few contributed to other incidental expenses. The total amount of money carried back to India by me was fifteen hundred rupees, and, as the event turned out, I was not sorry that the amount was so small. I could well afford to do without the aid for the Church, but it was not so easy to refrain from direct and earnest efforts to secure efficient young men for our work.

One day, during the session of the General Conference, the pastor of the Metropolitan Church, at Washington, rose and asked that sanction might be given to a proposed special effort to collect money for the payment of the debt on that building. I had preached in that church a few days previously, had

seen the large congregation of very thrifty-looking people, and wondered that such a people could not pay their own debt. As the debate on the motion went on I thought of my distant church, a metropolitan building also, and having claims of no secondary importance, and felt that, so far from asking the General Conference to help me to pay for it, I would count myself more than happy if authority could only be given me to attend to that duty myself. I only asked that my hands might be untied, but this could not be done, and now I am thankful that it was not done. Nearly eight years later I read in the home papers that Chaplain M'Cabe had at last paid the balance of that long-standing Metropolitan debt, and by a singular coincidence I was at that very time paying over the last rupee of the debt on our Church property in Calcutta.

CHAPTER XXIX.

BACK AGAIN IN CALCUTTA.

I SAILED from New York on September 26, 1876, and reached Bombay on the third of November. Bishop Andrews joined me at Alexandria, and I enjoyed the rare privilege of his company from that point to Bombay. Our new Conference met for the first time on Thursday, November 9, and we had an interesting and very delightful session. Under the guiding hand of Bishop Andrews every thing was arranged to the satisfaction of the members, and we all parted in affection and hope. My appointment was a double one, that of presiding elder of the Calcutta District and pastor of the Calcutta church. I lost no time in getting back to Calcutta, and reached that city, now endeared to me by many happy recollections and many delightful associations, on the morning of Saturday, November 18. The next day I was at my old post of duty, and at the evening service God gave me a token for good by moving seven persons to seek salvation. For a colleague I had the Rev. F. A. Goodwin, a young man whose career was to be short, but who was to leave a lasting impression upon the city.

The district over which I was appointed presiding

elder was more a geographical expression than a real district. It had only four appointments outside of Calcutta, and these were scattered over an immense extent of territory. To reach one appointment required a journey of about twelve hundred miles, while the nearest of the five points to be visited was three hundred miles from Calcutta. It quickly became evident that my duties on such a district would be restricted to one or, at most, two visits annually, and that no such supervision could be exercised as the initial character of the work and the inexperience of the missionaries demanded. This might have been regarded as a relief, but it hardly proved so in the end. It is often much easier to do a full measure of work than to be intrusted with a responsibility which cannot be discharged, and to chafe constantly while looking in helpless impatience at golden opportunities slipping forever from our grasp. Had the district been smaller, I could not have done justice to it. A man who does his duty as pastor of a church can never assume permanent duties which call him frequently from his home.

My first duty on reaching Calcutta was to look after the new church, and a very urgent and somewhat trying duty did I find it. The building had been erected, and was nearly ready for dedication, but an enormous debt stared us in the face, and we saw no possible way of escape. During my absence the collections had not been vigorously pressed, and at

times idle rumors had been started to the effect that the whole enterprise was about to collapse. At our recent Conference the brethren had faithfully called me to account for incurring so large a debt, and I had not made a very successful defense of a proceeding which at every step had been exceptional. I could not tell how we were to solve our problem, could not indicate any measure whatever which would probably remove our mountain, and to say that I had faith in God and felt no misgivings was not a very satisfactory answer to give to men who also had faith in God, but whose faith at that particular time was not exercised in that particular way. It was a critical time, as I very well knew. Our cause in Calcutta was at stake, and my own reputation would be hopelessly lost, both in Calcutta and throughout India, if we failed. Bishop Andrews visited us and looked into our affairs carefully, and although he gave me his cordial support, and assured me of his approval, he did not succeed in concealing from me the fact that he regarded the situation with no little anxiety.

Our debt at that time amounted to about fifty thousand rupees. By selling the old church we hoped to reduce this amount to thirty-six thousand, but even this sum seemed hopelessly beyond the means of our people. The benevolent people of the city had all been importuned, and most of them had given freely, so that we could not hope for much more from that source. I started out one day to

make a new and thorough canvass of the city, but met with such poor success that I felt constrained to give it up. We had twice had public collections for this object, the last one in the early part of the same year, on which occasion our people thought they had surpassed themselves, and it seemed like sheer madness to expect them to do more. But God expected them to do much more, and at the right moment he came to our aid.

One day it occurred to me that we could easily lift the burden if only the payments could be spread out over a term of years. A man who would gladly give five hundred rupees found himself only able to give one hundred, but this ability could be maintained through a period of five years, and thus he might have the satisfaction of putting a comparatively large amount into an enterprise which he dearly loved. I called the official members together, and laid this plan before them, and it was approved by them, and arrangements made for a new canvass of our people.

The new church was to be formally dedicated on Sunday, December 31, and the dedication to be followed by a watch-night service. On the previous Thursday evening we met for a farewell meeting in the little church where we had spent two eventful years, and which was greatly endeared to our people, most of them having been born again within its walls. We had an informal meeting, and at its close I explained the plan on which we had agreed, and

said we would have a collection before separating. The cards were passed round, and in three or four minutes, in the midst of perfect quiet, and without a single word of urging, those dear devoted people pledged over *twenty thousand rupees!* I went home with a heart lighter than ether. The debt was not paid, it is true, but its back was effectually broken, and I needed no one to assure me that He who had, over and over again, showed us through the darkness bright gleams from the pillar of fire, would guide us still, and help us to finish successfully the work he had given us.

On the last day of the year we formally dedicated the new church—nearly two years after the time that the determination to build it had been first announced. It was considered an immensely large church, for India, and many had prophesied that it would be impossible to fill it, but when the hour of service came it was found quite too small for the people who thronged for admission. Its wide galleries and every part of the floor were packed, while a crowd of people filled the large vestibule and blocked up the doors. The service was a simple one, and at the close the people were again asked to subscribe toward the building fund, and a further sum of sixteen thousand rupees was easily secured, making a total of thirty-six thousand at the two meetings. It was the Lord's doing, and it was marvelous in our eyes. The people were more than happy; they were joyous in the

Lord, and rejoiced to do his bidding. The watch-night service came on, and the vast crowd lingered till the midnight hour. A pointed appeal was made to the unsaved to decide for God before the close of the year, and in response to an invitation twenty awakened persons asked the prayers of God's people in the presence of the great congregation. It was a fitting close to a long year of struggling but now triumphant faith.

For days and weeks after this Red-Sea crossing I seemed to live and move in a new atmosphere. God seemed to come nearer. I had often and long tried to trust him in the realm of grace, and hoped that, when my spiritual strength increased sufficiently, I might be able to trust to him more fully in the realm of providence; but now it seemed as if the process had been strangely reversed, and that his providential interpositions were to teach me to trust him more fully for saving grace. Clearer light beamed down upon me, faith had plumed her wings for loftier flights, and as I saw God's hand in all I was doing, I began to fathom anew the meaning of the words—"In Him we live, and move, and have our being."

If our original plan had been adhered to, our task would now have been accomplished, but, gaining courage from these tokens, we ventured to change the plan, and determined to keep the old church as a place of worship for our Bengali members. This was, in effect, almost the same as buying an additional

church, although in form it was the payment of the cost of the new building. It was quickly pointed out by our critics that these long-term subscriptions would never be paid, and that this would prove another of those loudly trumpeted cases of debt-paying which are only paid on paper, the pledges to pay never being redeemed; but such was not our fate. A few subscribers died, and a few failed to make good their promises, but others came forward to take the vacant places, and the whole thirty-six thousand rupees were paid in four years, instead of five. In addition to this, the attempt to save the old church proved successful, and thus, by God's blessing, our trustees now hold two churches, both located on a central and crowded street, and both free from debt.

The new church has not been found too large. While the sailors attended it in large numbers it was actually too small, and even after the opening of our coffee-rooms had drawn off most of these attendants, the place was found none too large. On Sunday evenings it is always fairly well filled, and on some occasions densely crowded. Hundreds of souls have been converted within its walls. Many of these converts are strangers who chance to be in Calcutta for a time, while many others belong to the city. The membership, however, is not as large as might be expected. Society in India is a shifting quantity, and seven years is the average duration of an Anglo-Indian generation. Some return to England, while

others move to other parts of India, and it thus happens that a church which would maintain its strength must renew its membership every five years at least. We are constantly losing members, and hence we must be constantly winning converts, or else make up our minds to grow feeble, and before very long have our candlestick removed out of its place. We cannot afford to depend on intermittent revival seasons, but must live in an atmosphere of revival from January to December.

As soon as the care of opening the new church was off our hands, another problem, but not a difficult one, confronted us. When I had landed in Calcutta, in 1859, I had found a temporary home with Mrs. Lish, the widow of a Baptist missionary, and when I returned to make my permanent home in the city, I found this excellent lady living with her son-in law, Mr. S. J. Leslie. These kind friends proposed in the latter part of 1874 to open their house to the three Methodist preachers, and their home accordingly became our head-quarters, and remained so until March, 1877. As our work developed, however, it was thought best to have a parsonage in the very heart of the city, and as near as possible to the church. This did not seem a very formidable undertaking, but our people had just assumed heavy burdens in connection with the building fund, and we could not reasonably expect them to give more than a very moderate sum as a pastor's fund. The parsonage was

sought for the good of the work, rather than the comfort of its inmates, and by a very singular combination of circumstances, we found ourselves, after long and diligent search for a cheaper place, lodged in an eligible house immediately opposite the church. The rent and taxes of this building cost us a hundred and seventy-five rupees a month, while the total monthly allowance for myself and colleague was two hundred and fifty rupees. Living in Calcutta is as expensive as in an American city, and I knew at once that, leaving myself wholly out of the account, the remnant saved out of our monthly allowance would be wholly insufficient to keep my colleague with his wife and child. Here again was room for faith. A living was pledged to us, and God was faithful to his unchanging word. Kind friends rallied and filled our parsonage with furniture and other domestic equipments, and as time passed we were never permitted to lack for any real comfort or necessity.

In the midst of this new emergency an additional work was suddenly thrust upon us. I had often been importuned to establish a school, but had not seen any practicable way of doing so. One day a Roman Catholic gentleman asked me why I held aloof from school work. I replied that it was a question of money. A school could not be started without money, and with all the work I had in hand, I had not been able to look up the necessary funds. "If that is the trouble," he replied, "I am willing to

help you. You may depend on me for a hundred rupees a month, if that will be of any use to you." Thus encouraged, we began to look around, and in a short time opened a day school in our little church, one of the teachers rendering voluntary service, and the others receiving very moderate compensation. Almost immediately we received applications for boarders, and having no other place we admitted half a dozen boys and girls into the parsonage, and thus increased our slender income, while at the same time forming the nucleus of what in the end developed into two flourishing boarding schools. But even with this aid our resources were very limited, and I did not draw a rupee from the Church for my own personal use during the year. Meanwhile, our success in raising money, and the fame of our crowded congregations, had given us an immense prestige, and I began to receive applications for aid from far and near. I had never been poorer, and yet people were asking me for money, as if I rolled in wealth. In those days I began to learn a lesson which I have often had to bring into practice since, but which I was very slow to comprehend. I had always supposed that God's stewards were persons of substance, and that a penniless man could not fill such an office, simply because he had no gifts to account for. I began to learn that this was a great mistake. When I put my hand into my almost empty pocket I often found that more coin seemed to remain than I had

taken out. My light purse was often like the widow's barrel; it refused to become empty. People a thousand miles away would send me money to be given to the poor, or to be disbursed in whatever way I saw fit. I could not, it is true, relieve all who came for help, and often a dozen would be turned away in a day, and yet month by month I was able to assist many needy people, to soothe many sorrowing hearts, and to live in the delightful consciousness of ministering to earth's needy ones by a special commission from the Master himself.

On the approach of the hot season of 1877 our young missionary to the seamen, Mr. Oakes, completely broke down in health, and it became absolutely necessary for him to seek a change of climate. He accordingly left for America to pursue a course of theological study, while my colleague, Mr. Goodwin, was transferred to the seamen's work. This brother was brimfull of irrepressible energy, and when he went among the seamen it was quickly manifest that he had found a most congenial sphere of labor. In the preceding year Colonel (now General) Haig had established a successful coffee-room for sailors in Bentinck Street, and early in 1878 he proposed to us to unite this with our rooms, on condition that we opened up in the very heart of Lal Bazar, the street were seamen were found in largest numbers. Mr. Goodwin threw himself into this enterprise with all his energy, but for a

time the project seemed utterly beyond our resources. A large building was for rent, and it not only suited our requirements, but stood in the very spot where we wished to take our stand. Its rental was four hundred rupees a month, with thirty rupees to be added for taxes, and at first it seemed utterly useless for us to think of taking it, but several parties offered liberal help, and we determined to make the venture. The place was taken, a reading-room and a chapel were fitted up at a heavy expense, the whole building put in order, and its doors thrown open from six in the morning till ten at night. The success of this enterprise surpassed all our expectations. The rooms were thronged, and meetings were held every evening. The word preached to the sailors was greatly blessed, and the influence of the work was so marked, that the police authorities mentioned it in their official reports, and thus the coffee-room and our seamen's work were brought to the notice of the lieutenant-governor. That gentleman visited the place, observed carefully what was going on, made minute inquiries about every thing connected with the work, and then asked if we could not open a similar place for the benefit of that part of the shipping which lay lower down the river. I replied that the question was simply one of funds, whereupon he promised us liberal assistance, sanctioned a monthly grant to our existing rooms, and not only gave three thousand five hundred rupees to start the

new enterprise, but secured other large sums as donations from private parties. Thus encouraged and assisted, we lost no time in lengthening our cords. Mr. Goodwin threw himself into the new enterprise with all his indomitable energy, a house and lot were purchased in the suburbs of Hastings, the building was enlarged to suit our purposes, and early in 1880 this additional place was opened for seamen. Mr. Goodwin removed to these new rooms, and undertook the work with his usual, but, alas! fatal energy; but he was not to remain long at his post. He had a genius for work, and was never happy unless engaged in some form of intense activity. His face was familiar on every street and on every ship. His name had become known in three short years all around the globe. His task was quickly done, but his works still follow him. His health gave way about the middle of the year, and he was ordered to Natal, in the faint hope that a change might benefit him, but it was too late. He came back only to take his family and return to his native land, whence he soon after was called to his eternal rest.

The departure of this leader of our seamen's work did not, however, affect the work itself. At the beginning of 1880, the Rev. G. I. Stone came out specially for this work, and has ever since been in charge of the chief head-quarters in the Lal Bazar. The work has gone steadily forward, year after year. Hundreds of men are converted in the meetings, and

up to the present day this remarkable work shows no signs of abatement. Taking it altogether, from the first beginning of this unique part of our Calcutta mission work down to the present hour, I think it may safely be said that it would be difficult to find any thing fully equal to it in any part of the world. It has gone on so long, without cessation and without abatement; it has been so simple in form, and yet so deep and powerful in its effects; it has scattered its converts so widely, and made its influence felt to such remote points, that I cannot but regard it as a work of God's own appointment, and one upon which his special blessing abides.

I have spoken of the unexpected development of our two boarding schools. At the end of nine months the day school had outgrown the capacity of the building in which it was held, and it became necessary to make some other provision for it. At this point the secretary of a long-established boarding school for girls, known as the Calcutta Girls' School, proposed to me to take the management of that institution on terms which were acceptable to us, and I accordingly transferred it. The school had been gradually declining for several years, and I determined to place it upon a new basis, by bringing it in from the suburbs to the heart of the city, adding our few boarders and one hundred day pupils to its rolls, and striking out boldly in the direction of a higher grade of scholarship. Again I was con-

fronted by a mountain of financial difficulty. I found that the school was much more heavily in debt than I had supposed, while the only suitable buildings which could be obtained in the quarter of the city which I wished to occupy could not be rented for less than four hundred rupees a month. It seemed like a desperate venture, but there was no other way open before us, and I thought it best to assume the obligation. Some of our best friends shook their heads, and urged me to stop before it was too late; but every time I reviewed the case, and examined the situation anew, it seemed more clear that we were following the guiding hand of Providence. We were now under an obligation to pay, in rent and taxes, a sum of more than a thousand rupees monthly, and at times the situation seemed serious enough, but every time I carried our troubles to God in prayer, the conviction was more deeply impressed upon my heart that God was leading us, and that he would carry us safely through every sea, and across every desert which might lie in our pathway. Slowly but steadily the school emerged from its difficulties. Early in November, 1878, Miss M. E. Layton, who had been sent out by the Woman's Missionary Society, arrived in Calcutta and assumed charge of the institution, and under her able management it has held on a steady course of prosperity and usefulness. It is full to overflowing with pupils, and many applicants for admission have to be turned away. The

nucleus of a fund for a new building has been formed, and in cash and pledges more than fifty thousand rupees have been secured.

The boys' school has not had so prosperous a career, but after passing through a long series of mishaps and discouragements it has at last entered upon a course of steady prosperity. Two spacious houses have been rented for its accommodation, and these are now beginning to be uncomfortably crowded. Both of the schools must be speedily provided with homes. A few years ago we thought the task of building our large church enough for a life-time, but now we are confronted by the necessity of providing buildings for these two schools, each of which will cost more than the church. God will help us to accomplish both enterprises, and, no doubt, when these tasks are finished, others of still greater magnitude will rise upon our horizon, to be approached and overcome in like manner.

CHAPTER XXX.

FOUNDING A NEW MISSION.

SOON after arriving in Calcutta, in 1874, I received an invitation to visit Rangoon, the growing capital of the flourishing province of Burmah, and from time to time similar invitations were received, not only from that city, but from other points on the south-eastern coast. It was, however, not till June, 1879, that I was able to respond to any of these invitations, although I had definitely decided to make an attempt to gain a foothold in Rangoon a year earlier. As it was our policy to do permanent work, and to build upon whatever foundation God might permit us to lay, I had written to America during the previous year for a missionary to take charge of the church which we should organize. The project was brought before the Rock River Conference by Father Taylor, and the members of that body quickly pledged money enough to send a man to Rangoon, and about the first of June I was greatly surprised to receive a telegram announcing the arrival of the Rev. R. E. Carter and Mrs. Carter in Rangoon. I had hoped to be there to receive them, but they had "prevented" me, as King James's translators would have said, and so I had to make all haste to go down and get the strangers

settled in their new home. Mr. Goodwin was to go with me, and I asked him to be good enough to procure tickets for our passage by the next steamer. "Where shall I get the money?" he asked. "It was one of Napoleon's maxims," I replied, "that war must support itself. We must depend on making conquests in Rangoon, and getting the sinews of war from our converts."

The agents of the steamer gave us return tickets for a nominal sum, and, after a stormy passage of four days, we arrived at Rangoon on Wednesday, May 11. A young man who had been converted at one of our Dasahra meetings in Lucknow met us on the dock, and took us to his home. Mr. Carter meanwhile had been hospitably received by Baptist friends, and had preached several times in a hired hall. The American Baptists maintain a very strong missionary force in Rangoon, but at that time they did very little for the English-speaking people. They had a small chapel in which they preached on Sunday evenings, and held a prayer-meeting on Wednesday evenings; but they had not been able to give attention to pastoral work, and gave us a cordial reception when we came among them with the avowed intention of making work among the English-speaking classes our chief objective point. Their chapel, which held about two hundred persons, was placed at our disposal, and there we opened our commission, and most of our services during this visit were held in it.

Going to Burmah from India was like going from home to a foreign country. We were in a strange land and among a strange people. The number of European and Anglo-Burman inhabitants in Rangoon was at that time estimated at three thousand. Very few of these had ever seen a revival, or knew any thing about revival methods, and we were to begin our work in fallow ground. I found that a much larger proportion of the Europeans could speak the vernacular of the province than in Calcutta, and this afforded a ground of hope that we might more easily and quickly reach the natives than we had been able to do in the latter city. We had no caste rules or caste prejudices to encounter, and altogether the way seemed to lie wide open before us.

The next evening after our arrival we began our meetings in the Baptist chapel. The small room was not full, and it was at once apparent that a revival meeting had as yet very little power to "draw" an audience in Rangoon. I announced meetings for both morning and evening, and the next morning about forty persons were present. After a quiet talk I called for seekers, and eight persons at once responded. A deep feeling was manifest, and I felt assured that a blessed work of salvation had commenced. At each succeeding meeting the interest seemed to increase, and awakenings and conversions took place daily. We secured the Town Hall for Sunday evening, put up posters on all the streets,

hired and borrowed seats from far and near, and at the appointed hour an immense crowd filled the place. I had a rare opportunity to deliver the message of reconciliation, and God stood by me and helped me. The immediate fruit was not very apparent, but a new impetus was given to the meetings in the chapel, and our hands and hearts were burdened with work. At the two meetings on Tuesday we had thirty-two seekers, and at the close of one week's services thirty-eight persons publicly professed to have found salvation during the previous meetings, and two days later the number of persons who had publicly come forward for prayers had risen to eighty. The amount of work, in the shape of visiting from house to house, and patient instruction and prayer with inquirers one by one, which the presence of eighty awakened sinners involves, will be readily understood by every one who has had experience in winning souls. In Rangoon this kind of work was new, and as we had very few who could help in such an emergency, Mr. Goodwin and myself were soon worn down with the incessant work into which God had thrust us. Our strength, however, was as our day, and we were able to hold up under the heavy strain to the last.

On the second Sunday evening it seemed as if almost the whole city had come together in the Town Hall. God helped me again to declare his word, and when at the close of the sermon I called on awakened persons who wished to be prayed for to rise, some

thirty persons stood up in the presence of the congregation. It was a solemn hour. I have seldom at any time seen a meeting in which divine power was so manifestly present. Again a fresh stimulus seemed to be given to the meetings in the chapel, and by the end of our second week in the city the total number of seekers enrolled by us had risen to one hundred and thirty.

As my stay in Rangoon was to be short, we had not neglected for a day the great work of foundation-laying which we had in view. Our first class-meeting, or fellowship-meeting, as we say in India, was held on the fourth day after our arrival. Our church was formally organized on the second Sunday, with twenty-nine members and probationers, but the number rose to fifty during the next three days. A Quarterly Conference was duly organized, three men licensed to exhort, a pastor's fund secured, and thus a thoroughly organized and fully equipped church was established in Rangoon within two weeks of our arrival. Nor was this all. We had applied to the authorities for the free gift of a site for a new church, and had received assurances which virtually made us owners of a fine lot at the junction of two leading streets, and we had also collected about one third of the cost of a new church. Mr. Carter, unfortunately, was prostrated with fever most of the time of my visit, and as he was still very feeble I left Mr. Goodwin to help him for another fortnight, while I

returned again to Calcutta. As I came away I looked back upon the brief days of my hurried visit to this most interesting city with simple amazement. We had gone forth without a rupee, and had set up our banner in a strange land and among a strange people, trusting solely in the unchanging and unfailing promises, and mountains had melted down before us. The banner was left waving, and it is waving still. God had been in the work, and the gates of hell were not to prevail against the humble band which had been gathered in his name. Christ had gained another victory, Satan had been again defeated.

The work thus started in Rangoon has gone forward, on a smaller scale, it is true, but in much the same way as in Calcutta. A church was speedily erected, and soon a parsonage was built by its side. Four leading classes of non-Christian people live in Rangoon—Burmese, Chinese, Telugu, and Tamil people, the last two being settlers from Southern India. A few Burmese have been baptized, but our chief native work has been among the Indians. A Tamil church has grown up out of the roots of the English church, its Tamil pastor having been for several years an official member of the English organization. A coffee-room has also been opened, and is conducted very successfully. Open-air preaching to the natives takes place every evening when the weather is favorable, and every year our work in Rangoon becomes more and more what we wish all

our work in India to be, a mission to the non-Christian people.

The Rev. J. E. Robinson was placed in charge of the mission in Rangoon at the beginning of 1880, and has pushed forward the work with unflagging energy ever since. One of the first questions which arrested his attention was the necessity of establishing an English school, both for the children of our own people, and for others whose parents wished a more distinctively evangelical school for their children than any then existing in the city. This was the more necessary in connection with our work, not only in Rangoon, but throughout India, because of our settled policy of training up our people for active usefulness in the Lord's great Indian vineyard. But important as this enterprise appeared, as soon as we seriously proposed to attempt it we found ourselves confronted by another Red Sea. We had no money, and we knew that a good school in the expensive city of Rangoon could not be either founded or kept up without a large outlay of funds. I shall long remember a walk which I had with Mr. Robinson through cheerless, drizzling rain, to look at various plots of ground which seemed suitable for a large school building. We talked much of our possible sources of help, but they were few and uncertain. I returned to my room and wrote a letter to one of the home papers which I hoped might move some one to come to the rescue, but I might as well have saved the postage.

No response came from any quarter. And yet we went ahead. In response to an appeal from us the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society sent out Miss E. H. Warner, of Berea, Ohio, to begin the enterprise, and meanwhile the Chief Commissioner of Burmah, who took a kind interest in our work, came forward with a liberal grant from public funds, while private parties aided with subscriptions. Best of all, the city authorities, with the sanction of the Chief Commissioner, gave us, free of all cost, a splendid plot of ground, large enough for two separate institutions for boys and girls, and admirably situated for our purposes. A large and tasteful building speedily rose upon this ground, and, under Miss Warner's successful management, the school has so prospered that we have already found it necessary to add a wing to the building. It is only three years since Mr. Robinson took me out on that cheerless walk through mud and rain in search of a possible resting place for an institution yet unborn, and now the institution is flourishing before our eyes, and comfortably housed, with a property worth fifty thousand rupees, or perhaps more. Again may we well confess that it is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes.

It may not, perhaps, be wholly out of place to make a single remark before dismissing the story of God's dealing with us in Rangoon. Had we been wholly dependent upon missionary funds, there would never have been any such story to write. The ortho-

dox mode of procedure is, first of all, to secure an appropriation for the purpose of buying a mission house and the erection of a place of worship. This always involves delay, and often ends in a disapproval of the project in hand. Then a year or two is spent in preliminary operations, and every successive advance must be sanctioned and provided for from the other side of the globe. Precious time is thus lost, the edge of enterprise and courage is dulled, and the quick and decisive movements by which battles are won and positions gained are discouraged if not rendered impossible. I do not for a moment say that missionary money should never be given and received, but it certainly ought to be given in such a way as to encourage aggressive movements at the front, rather than to hamper them. It would have been well if some money could have been given at various stages in this Rangoon work, as an encouragement to people who were nobly helping themselves, but it would have been very unfortunate if the gift of the money should have involved a virtual suspension of the work for long months, or possibly years. If any kind of work deserves generous, hearty, and confiding support it is that which has in itself all the elements of independent life and activity.

CHAPTER XXXI.

SERVING TABLES.

EVERY missionary in India who mingles freely with his converts is regarded as the head of a tribe rather than a pastor of a church, and is expected to busy himself with all manner of cares and duties pertaining to the welfare of the community and of individuals. Parents consult him in every thing pertaining to the welfare of their children. Wives bring complaints against their husbands, and husbands report the misconduct of their wives. When a man loses his situation he expects the missionary to find him another, and when sickness or misfortune overtakes a family, relief in some form is expected from the one who is regarded at once as pastor, parent, and ruler of the flock. The missionary hears the various proposals for the marriage of the young people, listens to complaints of wrong or injustice, settles many petty quarrels, and too often is obliged to exercise the functions of a detective in trying to ferret out the schemes of mischievous men or women who are making havoc among the flock. Then beyond the limits of his own little community he often has many friends, and is worried by the importunity of many applicants for favors. All manner of men

come to him upon all manner of errands, and it sometimes becomes a very serious question with him how he is to find leisure either for study or rest. I knew one missionary, in Moradabad, who was so beset by the continual coming of all manner of callers that he could not find any leisure for his private devotions, and in order to secure a quiet retreat from intrusion during this sacred hour he had a small room built on the flat roof of his house. The little sanctuary was prepared according to orders, but almost immediately its purpose was discovered, and when the missionary was on his knees within he heard a slight rustle at the door, and, looking up, saw a young man from the city bowing to him with the most profound expression of respect.

Interruptions such as these would be serious enough, but they by no means exhaust the list of the hinderances which stand between the missionary and the work to which he feels especially called, and to which he wishes to devote his life. His constant desire is to give himself wholly to the ministry of the word and to prayer, but he has a multitude of other duties pressing upon him daily. He has schools to maintain, chapels to build, preachers and teachers to superintend, accounts to keep, journeys to make, books to write or translate, studies to pursue; and it is not strange that he reads of the escape of the first apostles from the worry of table-serving by the appointment of the seven deacons with a peculiar interest. In

former years I often read that brief story with certain qualms of conscience. I felt that my time and strength were both sacrificed by work and worry to which I did not feel called, and from which I was exceedingly anxious to escape. When I left North India for Calcutta I was foolish enough to fancy that I was making a complete and final escape from this serving of tables; but it was not so to be. I did escape, it is true, from the irksome duty of keeping mission accounts, and ceased to be troubled with the thought that I was, in a sense, paymaster to my native brethren; but it did not take a long residence in Calcutta to convince me that a fish might as well try to escape from the sea, as a missionary, engaged in a work like mine, to try to escape from the ever-rising tide of care and worry in which he is called to live. In India a pastor of a church is expected to exercise many paternal functions which are seldom exacted from him in America, and which are hardly regarded as belonging to the pastoral office at all. The village converts are a little more childlike in their manner of throwing responsibility upon the missionary; but in the city congregation the pastor is none the less both parent and servant, not only to many of his own people, but also to many who do not belong to his congregation.

I was once in attendance at the High Court in Calcutta as a witness in a divorce suit, when an attorney remarked to me, "I suppose you have

happily but little experience in cases of this kind."

"I wish I could say so," was my reply, "but, as a disagreeable matter of fact, I am but too familiar with such cases."

"Why, how is that? I am surprised to hear you say so."

"It happens in this way: nearly every one of these wretched affairs is carried to the *padre* before they are taken to you. They go through our hands before coming into yours."

And so it is. Over and over again I have had to deal with sad cases of separation between husband and wife, sometimes with good results, and sometimes in vain. Much of this kind of work is heart-sickening in its very nature, but, on the other hand, it is a blessed work to be able to bind up a bleeding family wound, to reunite a broken and scattered family, or to prevent the final rupture of the most sacred bond which is known among mankind. So, too, with many other irksome duties thrust upon me. They did not seem to belong to me, especially when the parties were utter strangers, but it often happened that I could do much good, help the weak or poor, comfort the sorrowing, lift other men's burdens, and thus be made to feel that I was not living and working in vain.

Calcutta, like all the large cities of India, is overrun with unemployed persons, of all races and languages, who are untiring in their efforts to secure

assistance, either by gifts of money or recommendations to employers. The city is also filled with poor people, of all grades, both of character and social standing. I could have fully occupied all my time in listening to the stories of these sufferers, without being able to do them much good, and without feeling that I was spending my time profitably. At an early day the Church detailed a number of stewards to disburse its poor fund, but this afforded only partial relief. The multitude lived beyond the pale of our Church, and knew nothing of stewards or poor boards. Nor was it the poor alone who trespassed on my time. All manner of people, with all manner of errands, seemed to come in one long procession to seek assistance for themselves or others, and I seemed to be every body's servant without being able to render any body service.

But it was not alone the pressure of miscellaneous cares which tried me at times as our work in Calcutta expanded. The opening of schools involved both labor and responsibility. The work among the seamen brought with it many serious questions of ways and means, and at the end of my first three years in Calcutta I found myself more hampered by what we often call the serving of tables than I had ever been in North India. There seems to be no escape from it. A flying evangelist may keep himself absolutely free from entanglements, but one who organizes and builds cannot do so. The apostles at Jerusalem suc-

ceeded wisely and well in their experiment of appointing seven deacons to distribute alms among the poor, but in due time we find the greatest leader of the apostolic age burdened daily with the heavy cares of the churches which he had founded.

Two mistakes may be made in dealing with this question. On the one hand, a rigid attempt may be made to abstain from every kind of work and care, except what may be considered strictly evangelistic in character, with the result that the missionary will seem like a man of narrow sympathies, and will inevitably in time be shorn of much of his power. On the other hand, work of all kinds may be accepted as it comes, and no attempt made to transfer its burden to other shoulders, with the certain result that the missionary will be hindered and hampered for a season, and prematurely break down, or perhaps quit the field in utter dismay before the crisis arrives. A wiser and better course is to distribute new tasks as they arise to new workers as far as it can possibly be done, and, failing to find substitutes, to accept what comes to hand as if sent from God, and undertake its performance without a misgiving, and without a fear of failure.

I was once taught a lesson on this subject in a few simple words, which I shall not soon forget. I had some work in hand which I was exceedingly anxious to complete, but from morning to night other tasks were thrust upon me, and days were passing without

any sign of relief. I spoke of the hard necessity which seemed laid upon me to a Christian lady, who listened attentively, and then asked what particular interruptions had occurred during the day. I gave a brief account of the day's doings, telling how I had been interrupted so and so, and when I had finished the good woman quite silenced me by saying: "What you have been doing could have been done by no one else, and you ought to accept it as your special work, given you of God, and done for God."

True enough. Our natural indolence is sometimes too ready to rebel against what we please to call the serving of tables. If a work is at hand, and needs to be done, and if no one else is at hand to do it, we may very safely accept this conjunction of affairs as an indication from God that the work is given us to do. No man, no body of men, have a dispensation from the universal law of hard labor written into the constitution of the human race. Not only must all really useful men work, but they must work hard, and much of their work must seem to go for naught. The missionary is no exception to the general rule. He must be a worker, and a hard worker, and he must have sense and grace enough not to try to shrink from the share of the great task which God allots to him, under pretense of wishing to escape table service.

But if a patient submission to all that is manifestly one's own work is a clear duty to the missionary, it

is no less a duty to lay all possible burdens upon other shoulders just as soon as God provides shoulders for the purpose. Division of labor is a law of Christ's kingdom, and it is more than a blunder for Christian leaders to neglect to utilize all the varieties of labor which God puts within their reach. Every Christian has a special adaptation to some form of Christian work, and it is doing him a personal wrong to withhold from him the task which God would have him perform. On the mission field the temptation, or at least the tendency, to shrink from intrusting native churches with responsibility is very strong, and hence it happens that some missionaries are breaking down under burdens for which there are ready and willing shoulders all around them. It is easy, of course, to go too fast, and lay upon a feeble native Church responsibilities which it is not able to carry; but the danger of mistakes is almost wholly in the other direction. It is the natural method, the universal law of the kingdom of God on earth, that in every land, among every people, Christians should be taught to manage their own affairs and carry their own burdens.

But relief cannot always be found on the ground, especially when new agencies are developed, and new work taken in hand. In such cases the missionary very naturally turns his eyes toward his native land, and looks for help suited to the emergency which meets him. In very many cases he looks in vain.

A man may be sent to his aid, but it is by no means certain that he will be found suited to the peculiar work in hand, and, if not, his coming may prove more of a hinderance than a help. The Roman Catholics are much wiser in their generation in this respect than the Protestants. They send out trained men, that is, men specially trained for special service, while, as a general rule, Protestants send out the same kind of men for all kinds of work. As an illustration of the disadvantage which such a policy creates, I need only mention our school work in Calcutta. For several years I have been trying to build a good school for boys, but from the first I have had the utmost difficulty in finding a suitable staff of teachers. To get even one or two young men from America is a great undertaking; and even if secured we have no guarantee that they will be the kind of men we need, trained for and adapted to the special work which we have in hand. In the same city the Roman Catholics have a school which flourishes greatly. The principal is assisted by a staff of over *twenty* European teachers, all trained in Belgium for this special service, and all tried and tested thoroughly before being sent abroad. It is no wonder that we have to carry many miscellaneous burdens while pursuing a policy which seems to put a premium on failure, and discount freely every chance of success.

As time goes on it will become less difficult for us to make such a division of labor as will relieve the

missionary of much of his table serving. The Holy Spirit wonderfully distributes all needed gifts for useful service in the Church, and if a wise discrimination is used in the employment of the workers, it will generally be found that with the development of a Christian congregation workers of all grades, and prepared for all kinds of service, come to the front when needed. We must not despise the service because it is lowly. Too many are ready to take it for granted that God only calls men to what they regard as sacred or spiritual service, and hence they are startled to hear it suggested that a devoted woman has a call to minister to the sick, although quite willing to admit that her brother or husband may have been called to preach the word. It will be a happy day for the Christian Church when every form of Christian labor is dignified by being recognized as a part of God's service, and when all grades and classes of workers are recognized as equally honorable in God's sight, and alike heirs to a blessed reward. The seven deacons were not inferior to the twelve apostles whose burdens they, in part, assumed; and one of them speedily rose to a position of great eminence in the Church, and but for his untimely death would probably have eclipsed the fame of the most illustrious of the twelve. As in the case of Stephen, so with many a modern worker has it happened that a humble form of service is made a stepping-stone to greater responsibilities. We never know when initi-

ating a new disciple into some lowly form of service for the Master what the outcome may be. "To him that hath shall be given." To the faithful worker will be given higher service, and success in one trust becomes the earnest of still greater success in other spheres.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE ANGLO-SAXON DISPERSION.

WHEN the apostle Peter wrote his epistle from Babylon he addressed it, in the language of the Revised Version, to the "sojourners of the Dispersion" in Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, Asia, and Bithynia. James, also, who does not seem to have had any theory of ten lost tribes, addressed his general epistle "to the twelve tribes which are of the Dispersion." The many Israelites, known at that period by the common name of Jews, who had become scattered throughout the Roman world, were familiarly spoken of by their brethren as the *Diaspora*, or Dispersion, and their presence in every city and large town of the empire contributed very greatly indeed to the success of the first preachers of the Christian faith. It is a very great mistake to suppose that, because a large majority of these dispersed Jews rejected the Gospel, no aid was received from any members of the scattered communities which the early evangelists found in their itinerations. In every place the Jews opened the door of access to the Gentiles, and in every place they had prepared the way by familiarizing their Gentile neighbors with many of the truths of the new faith. The leading

evangelists of the first generation were nearly all converts from Judaism, and most of them belonged to the Dispersion. The multitude rejected the word, but the chosen few in every place received it gladly, and rendered invaluable service in helping to carry it, both to their own people and to the outer world. They formed the connecting link between the original Church at Jerusalem and the Gentile nations.

In modern times another great race has, in the strange providence of God, become scattered over a much wider world than that which was known to Paul and his fellow-missionaries. The Anglo-Saxon race, in its several families, has its representatives in almost every quarter of the globe. Wherever ships sail and roads penetrate, wherever trade is carried on, mines opened, or the puff of the steam-engine seen, the Anglo-Saxon may be found holding a leading position, and struggling hard to maintain himself against all competitors. England and her colonies, by the direct exercise of political power; and America, less directly, but hardly less powerfully, by the force of example and by the commanding position which she is destined to hold, seem as if chosen of God to gain and permanently maintain the world's leadership. The Anglo-Saxon race is admirably fitted for missionary service, and to this service the race is manifestly called. God has something nobler for the scattered bands of English-speaking people to do than amass wealth, and the time has fully come to ask, What can

be done to utilize the services of those who constitute the Anglo-Saxon dispersion of our day?

In India the number of Europeans is not large, but they are scattered widely, and their influence is felt in every part of the empire. For administrative purposes British India is divided into 224 districts, corresponding somewhat to counties in an American State, although usually larger and much more populous. The average of these districts is about 5,000 square miles, and many of them contain more than a million of inhabitants. In every district there is a "sudder station" or capital, where an English magistrate, with one or more assistants, an English doctor, a superintendent of police, with, perhaps, an engineer, to look after roads, canals, and other public works, have their offices. In addition to these higher officers, there are usually six or a dozen other Europeans living in the station, and employed as clerks or in other subordinate positions. The whole number of Europeans, of both sexes and of all ages, at the smaller of these stations, may not exceed 20 or 30, but at larger places the number may be increased to 100 or more, while in the larger cities as many as 500 or 1,000 may be found. In addition to these 224 official subcapitals, there are other large towns at which small European communities may be found, and also a few large military stations where a settlement of civilians is nearly always found in addition to the military residents.

Of late years the opening of railways has more than doubled at a stroke the number of stations at which European residents may be found, and at the same time has made the European element a much more important factor in the social and religious problems of the future than it has ever been in the past. There are now about 15,000 miles of railway open, and it is altogether probable that the railway system will expand steadily until the present mileage of open lines will be more than doubled. Wherever these lines penetrate European settlements follow. Many Indians are employed in railway work, and year by year they will encroach more and more upon their European competitors, but the more responsible positions are all given to the latter, and will be held by them for many years to come. We may thus count upon the presence of a permanent European railway population in India, and the probable influence of this population on the future of the country is a subject worthy of much more careful study than it has yet received. For good or for ill these people are in the country, are scattered all over it, are mingling with the natives, and will either represent or misrepresent Christianity to a most serious extent in coming years.

The religious condition of the Europeans in India is, in many respects, peculiar. In many of the smaller stations preaching is rarely heard, but a government chaplain is expected to visit each place at least once

in three months, and in his absence it is a very general custom for the highest official present to read the Church of England service. Until recent years Non-conformist services were unknown throughout large tracts of the country, and even in the large cities such worship held a very subordinate place. The Roman Catholics, having been first in the field, gained, and still hold, a very strong position in India. In Calcutta they comprise fully one half of the Christian population, and in some places farther south they are still stronger. The Indian government maintains four or five Presbyterian chaplains, belonging to the Established Church of Scotland, but the Presbyterians, as a separate community, are hardly known beyond the limits of the cities in which these chaplains reside. The Baptists have maintained a few English churches since the days of Dr. Carey, and of late years have extended their work among Europeans; but, as a community, their influence is local rather than general, and they have never aimed to carry their English work into all parts of the empire. The Wesleyans have been in the country for a long time, but until recently confined their operations to the Madras Presidency and Ceylon, and did not attempt to reach the Europeans generally throughout the whole of India. Until recent years all Non-conformist bodies in India were, if not unknown, at least overlooked, and even at the present day the only distinction recognized by many is that of Cath-

olic and Protestant. It is very common, when we invite people to attend our services, to receive, even from intelligent persons, the answer, "I cannot go; I am a Protestant, and can only attend my own Church." The word Protestant is supposed to be but another name for the Church of England; but unfortunately for this fine old tradition, many of the Anglican chaplains who have been sent to India in recent years teach the bewildered public that the Church of England is not a Protestant Church at all, and that its best possible destiny would be to become reunited with the Church of Rome.

When I first arrived in India the bishop of Calcutta, the late lamented Dr. Cotton, who was also metropolitan of India, was an evangelical man, and exerted an excellent influence throughout his wide jurisdiction. At his death, however, there was a distinct change for the worse. Slowly but very steadily Ritualism began to invade the country, and it has gained ground to such an extent that it may almost be said to be the distinctive form of Anglicanism which prevails among the Europeans in India. A few clergymen and a few congregations hold out bravely, but the general sentiment and practice are in the sacerdotal direction. Many chaplains are so much like Roman Catholic priests, both in garb and teaching, that those not familiar with the peculiarities of the two sects find it hard to distinguish the one from the other. The confessional has been set up

in not a few churches built in the name of Protestant Christianity. For a time there is a protest, sometimes a very vigorous protest, and, perhaps, a large portion of the congregation may cease to attend the services, but in due time the agitation subsides, the protest is allowed to drop, the wanderers come back, and sacerdotalism fixes itself firmly in the seat which it has gained.

In previous chapters I have spoken of the strong conviction which I held at one time against giving any of my time to preaching to the scattered Europeans in India. When I reached this conviction I had not learned how to take a survey of India, as a vast empire, held together by influences which are felt in every part of the political and social fabric; but thought rather of the little corner where my lot had fallen, and of the part of the work which I was expected to do. As, however, I began to interest myself in the general affairs of the country, this narrow vision was enlarged, and I quickly perceived that the religious situation was a most unsatisfactory one. The English churches were manifestly exercising a most important influence upon the native Christians, and it was evident, too, that this influence would increase with the lapse of years, and thus India would be made to think that sacerdotalism was the ordinary phase of European Christianity. A few evangelical churches, here and there, did not lessen the force of the general rule. Another view that in-

fluenced me profoundly was the sad conviction that the Europeans in India, as a class, were doing little to glorify God; but on the contrary, like the Jews of the first Dispersion, they were profaning God's holy name before the heathen. No men in the world stood in more pressing need of a saving Gospel than many of those belonging to these scattered bands of self-exiled Englishmen in India. Still another view was presented to my mind, and had its due share of weight in leading me to throw away my scruples and give myself, without reserve, to the work of preaching and founding churches among these people. I began to see clearly that these scattered bands might be utilized in missionary work, directly and indirectly, with the very best results. Like the Jews of old, they had been scattered over an empire larger than that of Rome, and if not all men leading saintly lives, they were yet Christians by education and profession, supposed to hold Christian truth, and able when enlightened to work for Christ, both by precept and example. In what way and to what extent these people could be used, in connection with our work, I could not see, and did not try to see, but the conviction became rooted and grounded in my mind that every converted European in India could, in some way, be made practically useful in leading the teeming millions of the empire to Christ.

The term European, as used in India, is very often made to include the Eurasian community; that is,

persons of mixed European and Asiatic descent. These people are scattered all over India, but throughout North India they have never been very largely utilized in missionary work. A notion prevails very widely throughout the country that they are not adapted to this kind of service, but I have never been able to see any reason for accepting such a belief. If trained according to a false standard, as many of them have been, they will fail to commend themselves to the Hindus and Mohammedans; but there is no necessity to give them a false training. They are in India, and of India, and in the providence of God can, no doubt, be used to do a good and great work in connection with the evangelization of the empire.

When we entered practically at Lucknow upon the settled policy of not only preaching to Europeans, but of gathering them into the churches, laying upon them ecclesiastical responsibility, and thus utilizing them in building up a permanent organization, one that would endure and perpetuate itself through all the years to come, we quickly discovered that we had undertaken a task beset with difficulties. As preachers, we were acceptable enough to the people, but when we attempted to exercise the usual functions of ordained ministers, very few were prepared to stand by us. In the latter part of 1870 we announced a communion service in connection with our regular Sunday evening service. I preached on the occasion,

and the chapel was crowded; but when we proceeded to administer the Lord's Supper all left, except eleven persons, five of whom belonged to our own missionary circle. In other words, only six persons out of our large congregation cared to receive the communion at our hands. We were not altogether unprepared for such a result, but it reminded us that a vast change must take place in public opinion, and public feeling as well, before we could secure much of a foundation for a Church composed of Europeans.

Several influences combined to make our work difficult. First of all, we were a new people in India, and our methods were new, and probably a little more startling to strangers than we could then appreciate. Revivals were unknown, and were generally supposed to be scenes of wild excitement and disorder. Our rules were strict, and, to many, must have seemed to border on fanaticism. A Church composed of total abstainers seemed like an impossible conception, while the proscription of attendance at races, cards, dancing, and the more popular forms of Sabbath-breaking, made many think that we were binding burdens upon men's shoulders which never could be borne. Then our ministerial standing was openly challenged by official chaplains and others, and not a few timid people shrank from committing their interests to us while in doubt about our position. Even to this day I often find persons who are glad to

hear me preach, and who do not scruple to send for me to pray with any member of their families who may be ill, but who would not think of asking me to officiate at a wedding, a baptism, or a funeral. I am good enough to minister to the dying, but not to bury the dead!

Another singular but sometimes adverse influence which we encountered was the power of the social current which sets in every-where in the direction of the Church of England. It is regarded as the official Church, and the notable men of the empire may be expected to be seen at its services, that is, if they attend any service at all. Even many Scotchmen, who have been brought up in the Presbyterian faith, and who have no shadow of respect for the ritualistic forms which they find in most of the Anglican churches, do not hesitate to go with the current, and affect a respect which they do not feel, and engage in a service which to them can hardly be the sincere worship of God. In small communities, such as we have in India, this social attraction often becomes almost irresistible, and at the outset it required no ordinary courage for any one to unite with a new people, to assume a name as yet hardly known in India, and to enter upon a life of rigid obedience to rules which seemed too exacting for human endurance.

If the people had all been *bona-fide* members of the Anglican Church, or of any Church, it would have been wrong to disturb them, or to regret their par-

tiality for their own communion; but just here was the point of difficulty. Vast numbers of those who regarded themselves as members of the official Church had no actual connection with any church organization, and their nominal membership really stood in their way when the Gospel was preached to them. Many of them made it cover a multitude of sins, by supposing that a Gospel to sinners could not be for members of a Christian Church, and it was very common to hear persons who were leading notoriously wicked lives defend themselves by simply referring to their church membership. A hundred times in my own experience, when urging drunkards, adulterers, and other open transgressors to forsake their evil ways and seek salvation, it has been said to me, "What you say is all well enough, but I am a member of the Church of England." A similar reply is sometimes given by Roman Catholics, the error in each case being the same. In vain have I told them that I was not speaking against their Church, or that until they broke off their sins God did not reckon them as members of any Church, or that they would become all the better members of their chosen communion if they would only repent and be saved from their sins. They would cling to their pernicious fancy, and go on with the multitude to do evil. Their nominal membership in a Christian Church was to them at once a delusion and a snare.

In the midst of these and other adverse influences it seemed a formidable task for us to attempt to found churches among the Europeans in India; but the attempt was made and churches were formed. The rules were respected, and very soon it was discovered that it was possible to have a merry wedding without wine, and a cheerful party without dancing. Our communion services were no more shunned, and people began to accept the fact we were Christian ministers, and worthy to be respected and trusted as such. In the course of time our communion services became so largely attended in some places by Christians of other denominations, that our own membership would be in a minority, and at the present time our pastors probably minister to twice as many persons as are reported in the statistics of membership.

The formal inauguration of a permanent work among the Europeans in India has brought with it heavier responsibility than was at first foreseen. Schools of a high grade must be maintained, especially if we wish to raise up a people imbued with a missionary spirit, and prepared for missionary work. Of all the work which we have attempted in India this has proved the most difficult and perplexing. It is not easy to find good teachers; it is not easy to retain their services when found; and it is nearly impossible to give the schools that high character, either in a religious or an

educational sense, which we deem essential to their real success.

But the work must be done, and, with God's help, it can be done. Every year that passes convinces me more and more that to the English-speaking Christians of India God has committed a great work, and that, for the sake of that work, we must give to these people a large share of our sympathies, our prayers, and our labors. Every year the number of English-speaking Hindus and Mohammedans increases, and thus every European finds a prepared people able to understand him when he speaks of Christ and his salvation. There are thousands of young men in the schools and colleges of the country who are acquiring a marvelous facility in the use of English, and in the great cities the proceedings of all public meetings are held in that tongue. In Calcutta alone more than ten thousand Bengalis can be found who both speak and write English with great accuracy, and among such people no European need plead his ignorance of an Indian vernacular as an excuse for not attempting informal missionary work. All over India little communities of English-speaking natives can be found, corresponding in numbers to the European settlements, and for the most part living at the same stations. These people, like their European neighbors, will, no doubt, have an important part to play in the developments of the future. God is preparing a wonderful way for the ultimate

conversion of India to Christ, and he who maketh all things work together for good will, no doubt, in the fullness of time, cause workers to rise up in every part of the vast Indian empire to lend a helping hand in bringing in this glorious consummation.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE PAST AND THE FUTURE.

RETROSPECTIVE.

THESE sketches have waxed too long, and must be brought somewhat abruptly to a close. The events of the last five or six years are left almost untouched, and it is, no doubt, best that it should be so. The perspective is too near for faithful sketching, and the time has not yet come for taking up the lessons which these recent years teach. If spared through another twenty-five years, the story may possibly be resumed in the year 1909, but that is a remote contingency.

And now, after twenty-five years of missionary service, I may, perhaps, be allowed to take a brief survey of the past, and state some of the impressions which these years have left upon my mind. In the first place, I would say, somewhat paradoxically, that my expectations have not been realized, and yet I have not been disappointed. The golden hopes of speedy success with which I came to India were not founded upon a correct knowledge of the work to be done, and hence I have no right to feel disappointed over their partial failure. Missionaries cannot, any more than other people, make their own plans, and then expect the Almighty to carry them out. They

must wait for orders, must follow the pillar of fire and cloud through the sea and over the desert, and must not regard the failure of their self-made plans and the withering of their hopes as evidence that God's plans ever come to naught, or that the Angel of the Covenant ever fails or is discouraged. The glowing visions of more youthful years have, for the most part, given place to an intelligent faith, and instead of disappointment there has come to me a deeper conviction that this is God's work, that it is in God's hands, and that God will carry it through to a glorious consummation. The word which he sends forth will not return void.

Another lesson which the past has taught is, that God does not carry on his work with the feverish impatience which is so often the offspring of our unbelieving hearts. Without a particle of sympathy with the procrastinating unbelief which forever talks about "God's own good time," and yet never reads any promise in the present tense, I can, nevertheless, wait for God's appointed hours and seasons as formerly I could not. The majestic movements of Omnipotence often seem slow to our dull vision, and nowhere in the world is this illusion more apt to deceive us than in the mission field. It is not easy to convince a child that the evening star which hangs above the horizon is flying on its course with the swiftness of an angel's wing, and in like manner it is often difficult to make the little ones in the kingdom

of grace understand that God's slowest movements are only slow to our narrow vision.

Another lesson learned during these past years, has been that of a more implicit trust in the immediate guidance of our heavenly Father. Moses met with many disappointments during his long sojourn in the wilderness, and, instead of marching triumphantly into Canaan at once, was obliged to submit to long delays and bitter trials, and at last had to die without finishing the great enterprise to which he had been called. And yet every year of hope deferred only made God's presence more real to him, and God's guiding hand more visible to his faith's vision. In every age God's people are taught in the same way. Again and again we are baffled and driven back from our own way, and as each time we seek in our trouble a shelter beneath the cherubic wings, we are made to realize anew that God leads, that his ways are above our ways, and that across the desert sands there is a safe and sure pathway marked out for us, and known to him alone. The past twenty-five years have been utterly unlike the eager anticipations with which I began my work in India. The path in which I have been led has literally been one which I knew not, but as I look back along the now lengthening way, I can see clearly that I have never been left to walk alone, and a visible pillar of fire could not make the Divine Presence more real to me than I find it by simply following the Master along life's untried paths.

PROSPECTIVE.

It is with a deeper feeling than cheerfulness that I look forward to further service in the Indian mission field. My heart is filled with profound gratitude to God that he has given me a part in such a work, in such a land, and at such a time as the present. The country is one of the best in the world, and I have learned to love it above my native land. I am stronger for work than I was twenty-five years ago, and have no misgivings about the climate, or the manifold forms of disease which are supposed to lure every stranger in India to an early grave. As a missionary in India I feel that the lines have fallen to me in pleasant places, and that I have indeed a goodly heritage. I am more than happy in the work, more than cheerful in viewing the future, and more than hopeful of enlarged success.

Christians sometimes speak of passing a point in their experience beyond which temptations to doubt never reach them. It sometimes seems to me that in relation to this great work I have passed the doubting point. I never think of quitting the field, never doubt my call to the work, and never for a moment despair of success. I feel as much assured that the Lord Jesus Christ will yet possess this empire, as that he will receive me to himself when life's work is done. This precious work has so grown into my heart, has so interwoven itself with the very roots of my inner

life, that it seems inseparable from my spiritual self. To ask me if I am content with my calling, and hopeful in it, seems like asking me if I am satisfied with my Saviour, and really expect to see him when he shall appear in glory.

The field which opens before me to-day is vastly wider than that which I entered twenty-five years ago. A province lay before me then; a mighty empire stretches around me now. From Singapore on the extreme south-east, to Kurrachee and the Indus towns in the far-off north-west, I receive invitations to go and preach the word. The opportunities of the hour are such as are seldom found in any part of the world. God's great plans are fast developing all around us, and in the midst of these transcendent opportunities, with the pathway behind me strewn with blessings, and the horizon before me illuminated with hope, I grasp the hand of Him who leads his people evermore, and start joyously forth for another term of restful toil.

THE END.

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